THE CENTURY

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The Magazines of the Trenches

By GELETT BURGESS

Author of "Are You a Bromide?" etc.

IN the dining-room of a village inn, dingy and dim, two officers sat one rainy afternoon smoking at a map-strewn table. It was November 28, 1914, "somewhere in France." I may mention confidentially that it was in Champagne, only three kilometers from the front line of trenches; that one man was Brigadier-General Nodaillac, and the other was that Lieutenant-Colonel Paty du Clam who became famous at the trial of Dreyfus. He was in command of the 17th Regiment of Territorials.

"Colonel," said the general, "it looks to me as if we were in the trenches here for some time. There 'll be no great advance until spring, anyway. Don't you think the men need cheering up a bit? It strikes me that it might be a good idea to give 'em a little fun, something to talk about except mud and blood and Germans; put 'em in good humor, you know; prevent their fretting too much about home." Pulling at his mustache thoughtfully, he added: "I wonder if we could n't find some one to get up a little paper of some sort—print it on the mimeograph, say, at the surgeon-major's headquarters—comic journal, you know. I hear they started one in the 18th a couple of weeks ago, and it 's a great success."

Said the colonel, enthusiastically:

"Holy blue! General, I know the very man! Literary chap, too, a Parisian. *You* know, Reboux!"

"Good! Put him on the job at once; tell him to be as funny as he can." And the general turned to his orderly, who had just entered and saluted.

As three haughty German officers with monocles, prisoners of war, were escorted in to be interrogated, Colonel Paty du Clam threw on his cloak and went out into the rain. Between lines of shattered walls, mere shells of houses, blackened, broken, like decayed teeth, with the fallen bricks neatly piled in rows on the narrow sidewalk; past roofed-in corners, desolate kitchens where old women and old men, and even children, too, seemingly as old, still managed to exist and smile; down the little crooked, cobbled street, crowded, noisy with automobiles, trucks, auto-buses, bicyclists, horses, and soldiers,—soldiers everywhere, going and coming,—ambulances, horse-shoers clinking at anvils, peddlers of wine, brave little laundresses, he walked till, just outside the village, in the great square courtyard of an abandoned farm, now the regimental hospital, full of wounded, he found a soldier with a Red Cross badge on his arm. This smallish, clean-bearded, brown-eyed man was Paul Reboux, secretary to the surgeon-major. A few months earlier he had been known as the author of a famous book of paro-

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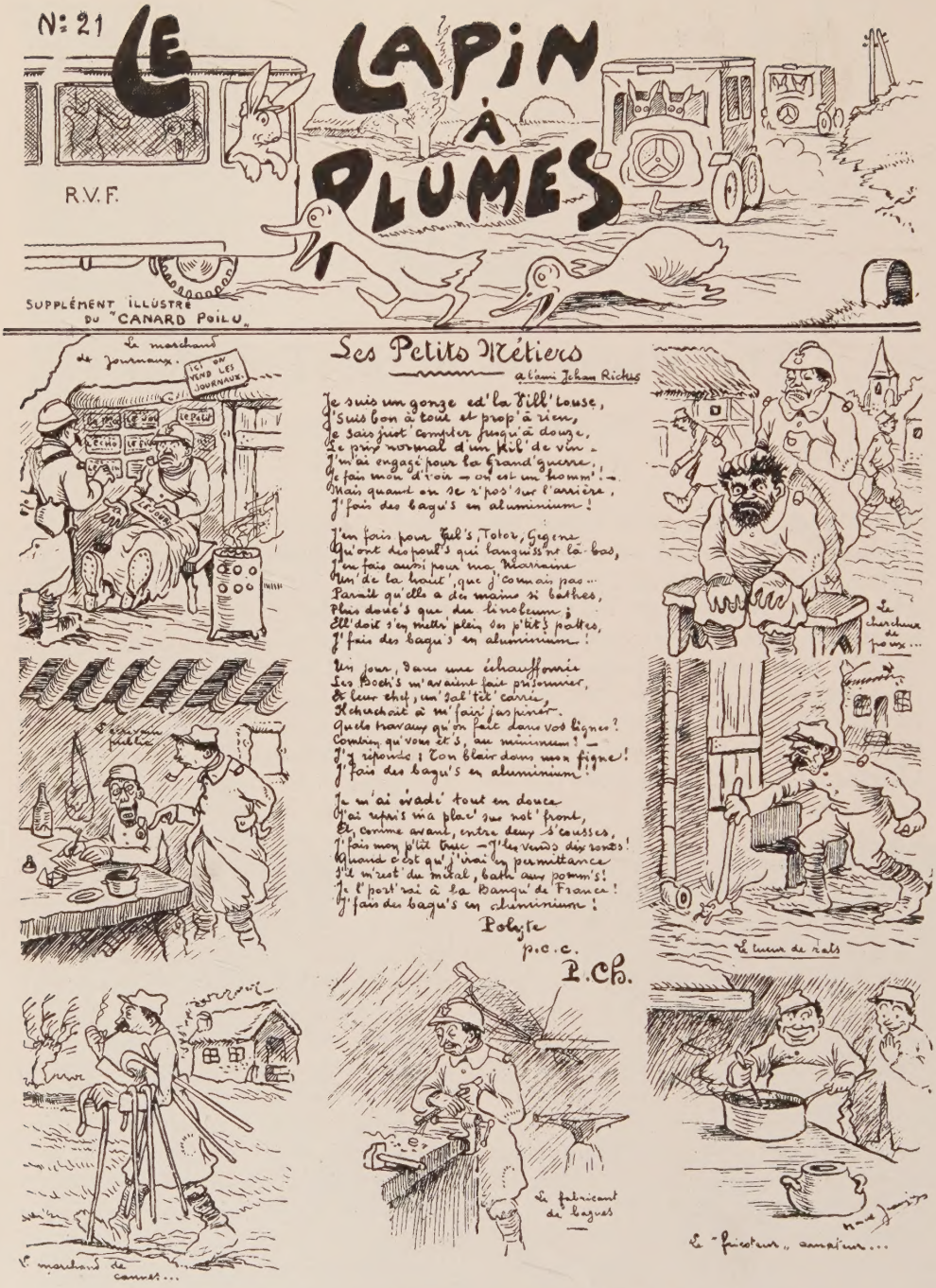
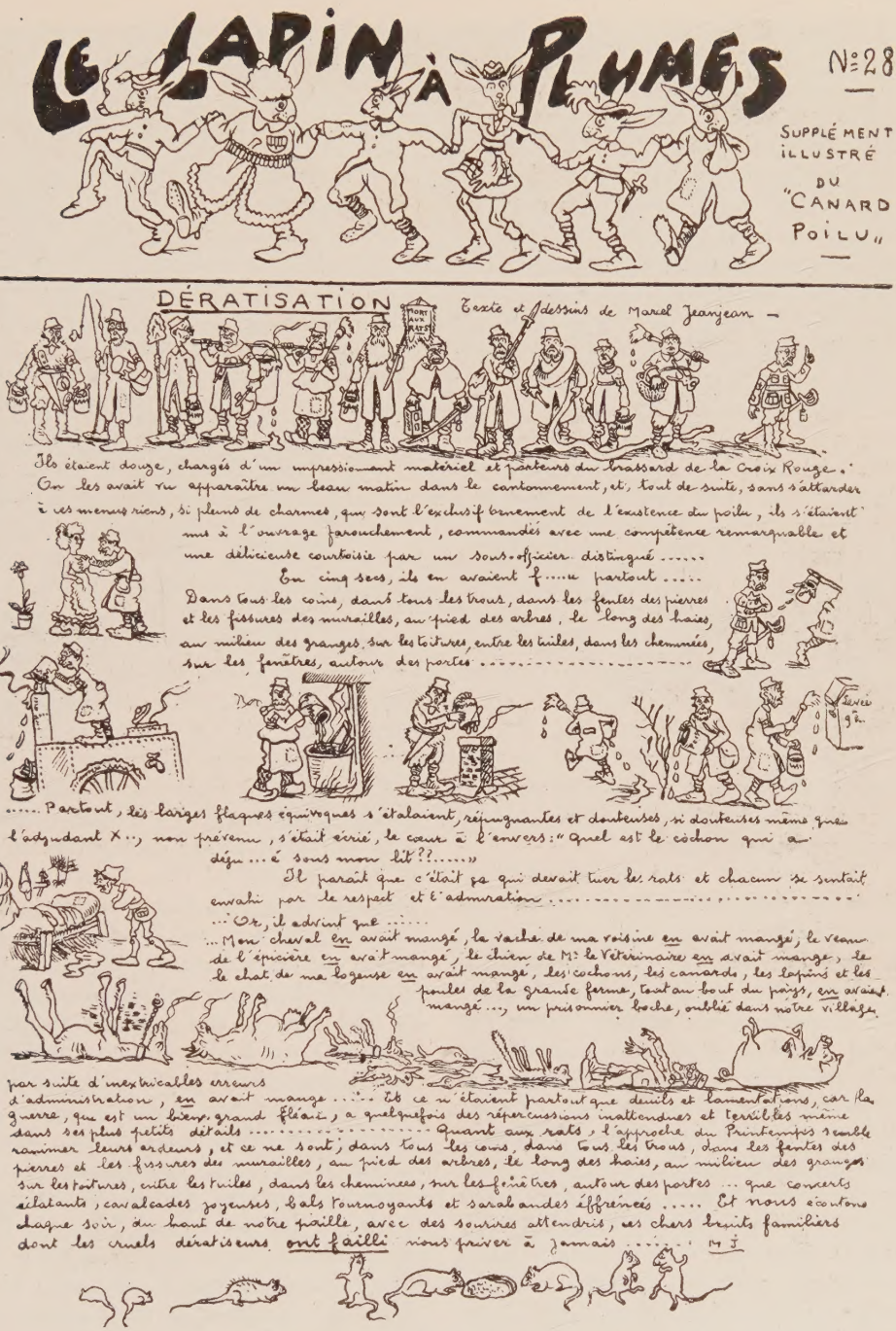

N° 21
LE LAPIN À PLUMES
R.V.F.
SUPPLÉMENT ILLUSTRÉ DU "CANARD POILU"
Ses Petits Métiers
à l'ami Jehan Richer
Je suis un gonze ed' la fill' louse,
J'suis bon à tout et prop' à rien,
Je sais just' compter jusqu'à douze,
Le prix normal d'un litr' de vin.
J'm'ai engagé pour la Grand' guerre,
Je fais mon d'voir — où est un homm' ! —
Mais quand on se r'pos' sur l'arrière,
J'fais des bagu's en aluminium !
J'en fais pour Joff's, Tolor, Gygene
Qu'ont des poul's qui languiss'nt là-bas,
J'en fais aussi pour ma Marraine
Qu'a de la haut', que j'connais pas...
Paraît qu'elle a des mains si bath's,
Plus doué's que du linoleum ;
Elle doit s'en mettr' plein ses p'tit's pattes,
J'fais des bagu's en aluminium !
Un jour, dans une échauffourée
Les Boch's m'avaient fait prisonnier,
Et leur chef, un' sal' tête carrée,
Me cherchait à m'faire jaspiner.
Quels travaux qu'on fait dans vos lignes ?
Combien qu'vous êt's, au minimum ! —
J'ai répondu : Ton blair dans ma figne !
J'fais des bagu's en aluminium !
Je m'ai évadé tout en douce
J'ai repris ma plac' sur not' front,
Et, comme avant, entre deux s'cousses,
J'fais mes p'tit's truc — J'les vends dix sous !
Quand c'est qu'j'irai en permittance
J'le m'rest' du métal, bath aux pomm's !
Je l'porterai à la Banqu' de France !
J'fais des bagu's en aluminium !
Polyte
p.c.c.
P.Ch.
Le marchand de journaux.
Ici on vend les journaux
Le Petit
Le Matin
Le Journal
Le Rire
Le Canard
Le fabricant de bagues
Le marchand de cannes...
Le cheveux de yeux...
Le tueur de rats
Le "facteur" amateur...

A typical page by Marcel Jeanjean, the comic artist of "Le Canard Poilu"

dies, *"À la manière de——,"* and as the literary critic of "Le Journal." At present he was opening a wooden case of medicines with a German bayonet.

Here, with the incessant thunder of the artillery in their ears,—no uncommon sight there to see the earth half a mile away suddenly jump up in big fountains, —the project for the new publication was discussed. And that night, after the des-


LE LAPIN À PLUMES
N°28
SUPPLÉMENT ILLUSTRÉ DU "CANARD POILU"
DÉRATISATION
Texte et dessins de Marcel Jeanjean —
Ils étaient douze, chargés d'un impressionnant matériel et porteurs du brassard de la Croix Rouge.
On les avait vu apparaître un beau matin dans le cantonnement, et, tout de suite, sans s'attarder
à ces menus riens, si pleins de charmes, qui sont l'exclusif tourment de l'existence du poilu, ils s'étaient
mis à l'ouvrage farouchement, commandés avec une compétence remarquable et
une délicieuse courtoisie par un sous-officier distingué .....
En cinq secs, ils en avaient f..... partout .....
Dans tous les coins, dans tous les trous, dans les fentes des pierres
et les fissures des murailles, au pied des arbres, le long des haies,
au milieu des granges, sur les toitures, entre les tuiles, dans les cheminées,
sur les fenêtres, autour des portes .....
..... Partout, les larges flaques équivoques s'étalaient, répugnantes et douteuses, si douteuses même que
l'adjudant X..., non prévenu, s'était écrié, le cœur à l'envers: "Quel est le cochon qui a
déjà ... é sous mon lit??....."
Il paraît que c'était ça qui devait tuer les rats et chacun se sentait
envahi par le respect et l'admiration .....
... Or, il advint que .....
... Mon cheval en avait mangé, la vache de ma voisine en avait mangé, le veau
de l'épicière en avait mangé, le chien de Mr le Vétérinaire en avait mangé, le
le chat de ma logeuse en avait mangé, les cochons, les canards, les lapins et les
poules de la grande ferme, tout au bout du pays, en avaient
mangé ..., un prisonnier boche, oublié dans notre village
par suite d'inextricables erreurs
d'administration, en avait mangé ..... Et ce n'étaient partout que deuils et lamentations, car la
guerre, qui est un bien grand fléau, a quelquefois des répercussions inattendues et terribles même
dans ses plus petits détails ..... Quant aux rats, l'approche du Printemps semble
ranimer leurs ardeurs, et ce ne sont, dans tous les coins, dans tous les trous, dans les fentes des
pierres et les fissures des murailles, au pied des arbres, le long des haies, au milieu des granges
sur les toitures, entre les tuiles, dans les cheminées, sur les fenêtres, autour des portes ... que concerts
éclatants, cavalcades joyeuses, bals tournoyants et sarabandes effrénées ..... Et nous écoutons
chaque soir, du haut de notre paille, avec des sourires attendris, ces chers bruits familiers
dont les cruels dératiseurs ont failli nous priver à jamais .....
M J

A page of "Le Lapin à Plumes," the illustrated supplement of "Le Canard Poilu"

The text and sketches, by Marcel Jeanjean, tell the story of some Red-Cross rat-chasers who poured rat-poison in every conceivable place and succeeded in killing everything but the rats

perately wounded had been treated, and mere trifles such as broken arms and legs had been hustled away in ambulances bumping to the rear, Paul Reboux sat down on a shoe-box and tried to be witty. By candle-light he began to write, all

alone, the first number of "L'Echo des Tranchées."

Next day, at odd moments, he copied his compositions on wax stencil-paper for the mimeograph, designed and lettered a fancy title, and little by little filled two closely written sheets. It was not long before he was pressing over his jokes and pleasantries the same roller that only that afternoon had printed off the surgeon's reports of dead and wounded and missing.

Early next morning a priest in spectacles appeared, but no such priest as *you* ever saw—a priest in faded, blood-stained, mud-worn uniform of what had once been blue and red; for this was before the shoddy "horizon blue." To his back was strapped a package containing a few hundred copies of the new journal, and he gaily bicycled to the trenches.

Just behind the firing-line the soaking reserves, huddling over their little fires in the rain, seized the papers as Parisians mob a news-kiosk on the boulevard at four o'clock when a battle is raging. Grinning, one by one they withdrew to their dugouts and shelters to sit down and roar over the quips and puns of their newly discovered merry-maker.

Then forward went the newsboy-soldier-priest with the rest of the edition, entering the long, narrow *boyaux,* weaving in and out through the labyrinth of trenches, each marked with a facetious name; stooping at "Sardine Street" to avoid German sharp-shooters, spattered with earth as a big shell exploded at "Without-Fear Cross-Roads," passing solitary sentinels at unexpected corners, turning right, turning left, picking his way over the slippery foot-boards of "The Boulevard de la Gaiété," crouching back against slimy clay walls to let stretcher-bearers pass with their groaning burdens in the narrow "Street of Pretty Girls," through mud and blood and puddles, clear to the first line.

Here sat men playing cards or stretched out asleep under the roofs of logs and earth, or stood ready with rifles and field-glasses at the loopholes, or listened with telephones at their ears. And here the men of the 17th read and re-read the new paper, laughed, quoted, criticized; then folded it carefully away to be sent home to their wives.

It was a brave little number, that first single sheet of foolscap, breathing the life of the trenches. It began with a short article entitled "At the Front," telling how glorious that term would be to future generations. There was a characteristically Rabelaisian quotation from Rabelais —Reboux had n't yet got quite into his stride—and a description of the trenches regarded as a system of little villages. "So much good humor [in the naming of the streets] under shell-fire," the editor remarked, "is a form of smiling heroism." Then followed an essay on Teutonic pastimes, with special reference to the brutality of dueling in German universities. There were skits on the kaiser, of course; for no trench journal is complete without a reference to Guillaume, the *Kronprinz,* K.K. bread, and *Kultur;* and there was other Gallic wit not easily translatable into our more-restrained tongue.

The next issue was of four pages, and thereafter the paper was published about every ten days, except during the Battle of Champagne. "The Echo of the Trenches" was a hit from the start. But Paul Reboux was not satisfied with his success till he had made the man at the front feel that those at home were thinking and praying and working for him. The result was a journalistic victory. In that "limographed" paper of a few hundred circulation there began to appear the most brilliant names of all France. Mme. Bartet, the popular comédienne of the Comédie Française, contributed a stirring article, so did the famous Marcelle Tinayre. Brieux wrote for it, and Henri de Régnier and Alfred Capus and Paul Deschanel, president of the Chamber of Deputies. More academicians volunteered—Théodore Botrel, Paul Hervieu, Gabriel Hanotaux, Edmond Rostand.

But even these names did not satisfy the editor of "The Echo of the Trenches," and so one day he made bold to write to the president of the republic himself. On

The staff of "L'Echo des Tranchées" at work

the day the reply was received the regiment was "in repose" at a little village some twenty kilometers from the front. M. Reboux hurried excitedly to headquarters with the news.

Now, in this war scarcely anything is more dangerous than for a wife to visit her husband at the front, and, naturally, among women, nothing is more desirable than to penetrate the army zone. Wherefore, despite man-made laws, they do it, and thus provide the merriest chapter in the history of the conflict. Dressed as *demi-mondaines,* I have known those who have made their way, trembling in terror at the flirtatious officers in railway-carriages, clear to the regiment's cantonment, there to pass their husbands on the streets of the villages without daring even to bow. One countess I could name bought a lace-seller's stock and walked ten miles to meet her husband. But, once there, it was fatal to be seen in his company. With other men she could promenade, drink tea, flirt; but the only way to see her lawfully wedded spouse was to hide with him in a furnished house and never go outside in his company.

Well, on this day, gendarmes had just arrested and brought to headquarters two such ladies, charged with the crime of undue intimacy with their husbands, and tearfully awaiting their sentence. Paul Reboux entered, waving a sheet of paper at the colonel.

"What d' you think," he exclaimed—"I 've got a contribution from Raymond Poincaré, president of the republic!"

The gendarmes drew themselves up with a jerk and gave the military salute.

"Sacré bleu!" cried the colonel, "is that so? Officers, let these women go—with a reprimand."

Now, long before this, however, the

ABONNEMENTS

France un an. . . . 5 fr.
Étranger un an. . . 10 fr.

S'adresser à l'*Echo des Gourbis*
131e Territorial de Campagne
SECTEUR POSTAL 54

Le Numéro
5 c.

Directeur Général : Pierre CALEL. | *Directeur Artistique :* Franc MALZAC. | *Directeur Administratif :* Jean CAZES.

POUR NOS MARRAINES

Elles sont tout à fait gentilles les marraines des poilus. Elles ont pour leurs filleuls des attentions pleines de délicatesse. Elles leur donnent un peu de bien-être, des gâteries, ce n'est pas de trop, un peu de beau rêve, ce n'est pas de trop non plus. Ce sont des fées lointaines, mystérieuses et bienfaisantes. De même qu'autrefois *ses anciens* se battaient pour leur Dame, le poilu, aujourd'hui se bat un peu pour sa Marraine. Il faut qu'elle soit contente de son filleul. Ne lui a-t-elle pas envoyé sa photo? Ne lui dit-elle pas à la fin de chaque lettre qu'elle l'embrasse? Pour qu'elle soit fière de lui et pour qu'il soit digne d'elle, le poilu fait des exploits.

Et elles?... Eh bien, nous les avons vues pendant une courte permission. Elles les aiment aussi leurs braves filleuls. Elles attendent leurs lettres; elles parlent d'eux; elles content leurs mots naïfs et héroïques. Vous verrez qu'à ce petit jeu-là, il leur arrivera bien sûr d'avoir sauvé la France. Mais il faut régulariser tout cela.

Ça ne peut finir que par un contrat en bonne et due forme. Aussi pour immortaliser ces unions patriotiques, nous avons décidé de créer le *Certificat de Marraine.*

Plus tard ce ne sera peut-être pas le souvenir le moins émouvant de cette guerre où les émotions ne manquent pas. Les marraines garderont précieusement leur certificat et le mettront à la place d'honneur qu'*elles* méritent.

Naturellement, il faudra autant que possible remplacer sur le certificat les dessins qui représentent le filleul et la marraine par la photo de la marraine titulaire du certificat et par la photo de son filleul.

Et maintenant, poilus, envoyez à vos marraines leur *certificat* que voici à la première page de l'*Echo des Gourbis.* Je vous *certifie* que vous leur ferez plaisir.

CERTIFICAT DE MARRAINE

créé par *L'ÉCHO DES GOURBIS*, journal des Tranchées, 131e Territorial, Secteur 54.

N° 2913

Je soussigné (1) .....

soldat au (2) .....

certifie *que M* (3) .....

a été ma marraine pendant la guerre, à partir du (5) ..... *191* .

Fait à (4) ....., *le* (5) ..... *191* .

Signature :

(1) Nom et prénoms. (2) Indiquer le régiment, la compagnie, etc. (3) Madame ou Mademoiselle, suivie des nom, prénoms et adresse. (4) Au front ou à l'hôpital, etc. (5) Date.

The *marraine's* certificate of "L'Echo des Gourbis"

trench journals had become an established institution, the idea flowering rapidly all along the front. The first one published was a small sheet called "The Echo of the Argonne,"—the names run much to echoes: echoes of the trenches, of the *boyaux,* of the "marmites"; echoes of the ravine and cross-roads and huts (*guitounes*),—and it called itself "the best informed of the region," though just what region the censor

Janvier 1916
(Paraît le 8 Février)
Le Poilu
- Né le 2 Xbre 1914 -
3e Année - N° 12 -
- CHEZ LA MARRAINE -
- « C'est mon 'filleul' ! Comme il est gentil ! »
Rédacteur en chef : Gabriel Courtial - 303e R. I. - Secteur 1

The *marraine* meets her *filleul*

did not permit it to say. After two typewritten numbers the editor sent his copy back to the nearest town and had the issue regularly printed.

But meanwhile "Le Son du Cor" had discovered a press and type in the ruins of a village, and printed its own paper back in the second line, or at cantonment, farther in the rear. These three journals, therefore, became typical of three different kinds of papers. All are written and edited in the trenches. One group is actually printed there, also, on hectograph or cyclostyle or mimeograph; another class

is printed in the nearest village, on the regiment's own printing-press, or, as in the case of "Le Lapin à Plumes," for instance, on a lithographic press; while those of the last group are sent farther away, and return with a more professional appearance. I have discovered so far the existence of some ninety different papers, and the number is still growing. The English army already boasts sixty-three exclusively trench journals, most of which, however, are printed in England.

The editors of these frisky sheets are for the most part found in the surgical staff of the army, where a semi-permanent establishment and a more convenient *cagna,* or domicile, make journalism practicable, though even in those semi-ruined houses an occasional shell is apt to fall, as it did one day on the editorial room of the "Echo des Marmites," sadly interfering with the forthcoming issue; or bursting in the *guitoune* of the "Poilu du 37e" while the commandant was correcting and censoring the copy, and calmly continuing to correct and censor it! The whole libretto of an operetta, in fact, subsequently played in cantonment, was composed by two men of the 509th by the light of a night-lamp in a bomb-proof excavation while a strong German attack was in progress less than a mile away to the left. But business does at times interfere with the editor's pleasure. The three young sergeants, Lavaud, Ferré, and Salmon, who write, illustrate, and print on a hand-press the "Poil de Tranchée" near the bloody and now historic little town of Vaux, have often had of late (during the Battle of Verdun), as one of them wrote me, to "leave the pen and take up the bayonet."

The largest and most important sheet,—the most important-looking, at least,—a very professionally dressed affair, is the "Poilu," printed at Châlons-sur-Marne with upward of eighteen thousand circulation, although the "Diable au Cor," the organ of the Chasseurs Alpins, familiarly called the Blue Devils, claims an edition of eighteen thousand copies. The smallest of all is "La Voix du 75" (62d Artillery), a printed four-paged sheet less than five inches long and three wide; and one, "L'Echo des Marmites," is unique in being beautifully and painstakingly engrossed and lithographed in Paris. The machine-printed journals publish on an average two or three thousand in every issue, while the hectographed and cyclostyled sheets content themselves with only a few hundreds.

Several lay claim to being issued the nearest to the front lines, but I think no one of them can be actually printed much nearer than the "Petit Boyau." That blurred little sheet I gave up in despair until one day I received a letter from Lucien Blondel, the editor, a type-setter who, with a priest and a silk salesman, composes its almost illegible contributions. Now it seems to me one of the most interesting of them all.

"Since July," he wrote me, "our journal has been printed in the trenches only eighty meters from the *Bosches;* and it is n't so funny, either, always, with the earth falling into the ink and the machine. The rain and the German shells are also frequently of the party, not to speak of the rats, which frequently eat up our gelatin roller."

As for the writing itself, I doubt if any magazine can beat the record of the adventurous little "Poilu du 37e," which is also one of those published not by Territorials, but by the active army. Guy d'Abzac, the grenadier editor of the 3d Battalion, wrote me that the articles in his paper are often composed within twenty-five meters of the *Bosches.* "Our newsboy distributes the paper even during bombardment of the trenches, and the soldiers recklessly go out to meet him, and then return to read the little *canard* by the flickering light of a candle fixed in the wall while the tornado of machine-guns rages outside."

But my favorite, I confess, is "Le Canard Poilu,"—*canard* is the slang name for the trench journals,—or, rather, its still more brilliant supplement, "Le Lapin à Plumes," illustrated by Marcel Jeanjean. Jeanjean, before the war, was a clerk in

Les Joies de la Permission

Ah ! zut... vivement la tranchée... que je me repose!

The joys of the *permission*, as pictured in "L'Echo du Boyau"

the Bank of France. Now he is famous as an artist through his screamingly funny, naïve sketches, almost devoid of technic, which give by far the best idea of the life at the front that has yet been vouchsafed.

But how choose among so many! Humor and sensation, pathos and poetry and horror! To dip into those sparkling little magazines is to be inspired again with the wonderful vigor of French art, French wit, French *verve*. "Rigolbosche," "Marmita," "Chéchia," "Le Mouchoir," "Le Son du Cor," "Crapouillot," "La Première Ligne"—why, their very names thrill one. The "Anti-Grouch," the "War-Cry," the "Echoes of Trenchville," the "Fusillade," the "Indiscreet Poilu," the "Periscope," the "Terrible Poilu-torial," the "Flea," the "Glow-worm," the "Voice of the 75!" France has banned the "Merry Widow," but she has the "Merry War," and even "Our Laugh," and "Oh, Fine!" (*"Ah, Bath!"*). And under those vivid names, bit by bit, in prose and verse, in riddle and fable, essay and story, is written the thrilling epic of the trenches.

You remember your college weekly? Well, except that these are published in the great open air University of Patriotism and Pain, these trench papers are, in their amateur abandon and enthusiasm, not unlike the fooling of college boys. Almost all affect comic subtitles, and announce editorially that they are "connected with special (barbed) wire." A subscription to "Le Diable au Cor" is good "forever, or for the duration of the war." "L'Echo des Guitounes" (144th Infantry) calls itself "a political, economic, fantastic, and intermittent journal, the only great intermittent possessing a re-

frigerating-apparatus enabling it to furnish the news perfectly fresh in all weather. Also the only one enterprising enough to publish the news before it occurs!" "Bellica" is a "heroico-gay" magazine. "L'Echo des Marmites" (309th Infantry) is "the only daily published once a week." "L'Echo de Tranchéesville" (258th Brigade) is a "decadent organ, not at all political and only very slightly literary."

Parodies, of course, abound. There are also puns innumerable; some, notably "Le Mouchoir" (73d Division), are all puns. Turning the blurred pages printed in black and violet and green, one finds multitudes of good laughs that cannot be translated into English; and many more, likewise, that, as the journals are "for men only," one would not care to if one could.

Strong meat is not for babes, and "the *poilus* of 1914–15–16," as Jacques Bompard says, "have proved in more than one way that they are not young ladies. . . . Don't forget that it is a case of enlivening men virtually half buried in the snow."

"No, we wrote little about the tragedies of the front," said M. Reboux to me. "You see, we are so used to suffering and fatalities that, if a comrade is shot at our side, after the first shock, the first aid, the clutch at the throat, and the heartache, our next thought is of dinner and when the hot coffee will arrive. And so, though we did insert lists of the dead and wounded and missing in our paper, we usually followed it with a joke to keep up the men's spirits."

But not always, evidently. Gabriel Courtial, the editor of "Le Poilu" (of the 303d), was not afraid to trust his readers with this poem:

THE DEAD MAN

For eight long days at Les Eparges it rained.
In open burial-pits our dead still lay
In muddy water, rising higher each day
As at our long, grim task our muscles strained.

It was a sturdy Norman lad we bore.
He had been strong; well had he done his part
Before that German bullet found his heart.
The stretcher-bearers struggled on, and swore,

Stumbling at every step, saved every time,
Till one at last, side-slipping, lost his hold.
Feet-first, down fell the body, stark and cold,
Splashing our faces with the pit's dank slime.

We wiped our eyes and looked. And oft, indeed,
The memory weighs upon me like remorse;
For, fallen upright in the mud, the corse
Down in the pit, eyes open, seemed to plead.

He seemed to supplicate, "No! no! not *there!*"
Poor lad! We knew what horrors were beneath.
I seemed to hear the chattering of his teeth
In the chill dampness of that cruel air.

'Mid the infernal guns' incessant din
We paused, till huskily the sergeant said:
"We have no time to waste. Bury your dead!"
We pushed the body gently down—and in.

And as he fell, his eyes, I thought, expressed
One last reproach; then, like a docile child,
Into the mud he sank, and almost smiled,
As lying down to his eternal rest.

Alas! our hearts are hardened with much pain;
But when I think sometimes of that brave lad
I shiver still. It was as if I had
Seen him, once dead, before me die again.

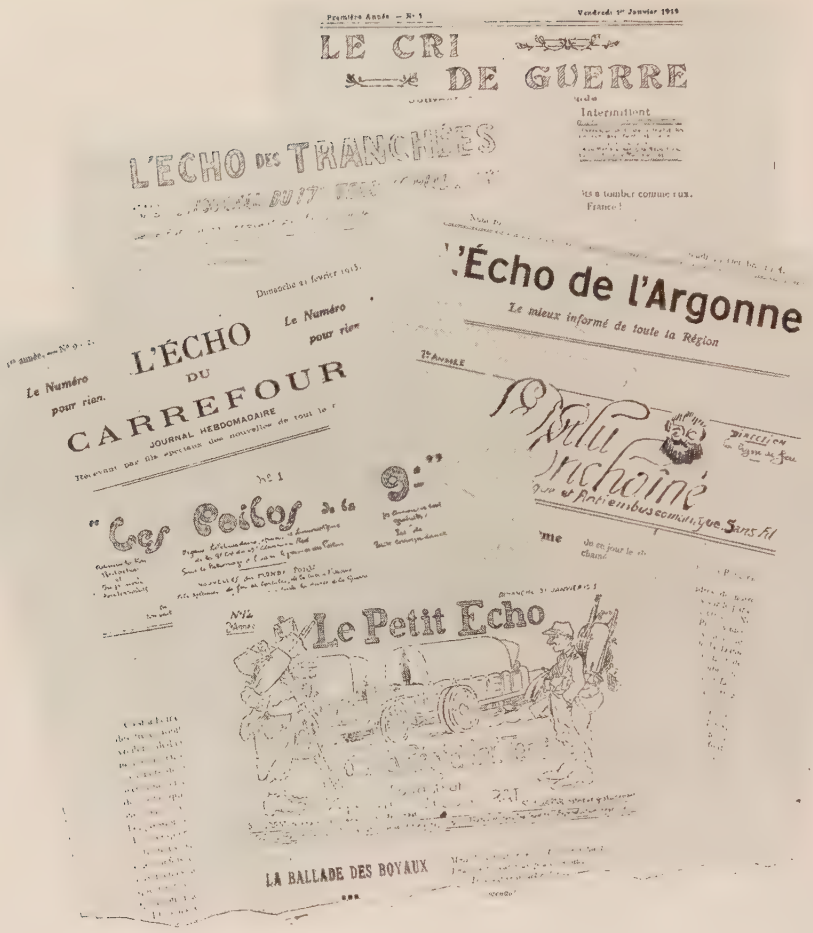
But even death is often made a jest in the trenches, and the commanders now know well the priceless value of these laughs. Perhaps not the least of the reasons why the French have held on so tenaciously is because the army chiefs have encouraged so willingly these merry little magazines. Often the editors are excused from all other work. How pay the expenses? Why, every officer in the regiment gladly puts his hand into his own pocket. In fact, so adjuvant has proved this spirit of mirth that even the official "Bulletin des Armées" has at times been disapproved for its good humor and its comedies; as early as August 19, 1915, the minister of war telephoned to Marcel Sembat, "Write me an article for the bulletin; nothing grandiloquent or resounding, you know, and above all not a bore!"

Entrance to the editorial office of "Le Poilu"

Indeed, the "Bulletin des Armées de la Republique," since it changed its character on March 22, 1915, has become virtually a journal of the trenches, though openly recognizing the need to distract the *poilu* from his hardships. Edited under the supervision of the minister of war, one of its functions is that of a sort of review of reviews, reprinting the best drawings, contributions, and jokes from the trench magazines. The lively change in its color is due to the wisdom of General Gallieni, who, before retiring, announced the idea thus: "Founded at the beginning of hostilities in order to replace the daily papers in the army zone, little by little it has, in virtue of the nature the war has taken, lost its utility as a mere newspaper." Strategy, in other words, being now a matter of complicated details rather than large movements of troops, there is little active news to print. The "Bulletin" appears as a sixteen-page sheet every Wednesday, with a supplement on Saturdays. It is a real magazine, modern style, and extremely readable, with science, poetry, history, and an original feature—a series of competitions, puzzles, problems, etc., bringing in thousands of answers from the *poilus* every month. It contains humor quite as fierce as any little violet-ink journal of the trenches.

If the famed *furia francesa* therefore, when denied physical expression with the sword and bayonet, turns at times to a rather ferocious wit, surely we, who sleep in beds and keep our feet dry and warm and eat three times a day, should not criticize too severely the wit of the trenches. At any price gaiety is cheap if it enlivens with laughter the ordeal of patience in the strain of this war of locked horns.

Jokes at the expense of the *Bosches* are, of course, always in order. One popular tale in "Le Poilu," apropos of the proverbial German treachery on the battlefield, tells of two French soldiers who, after an engagement, came across a heap of German slain, and heard a moaning voice: "Help! help! I 'm alive!"



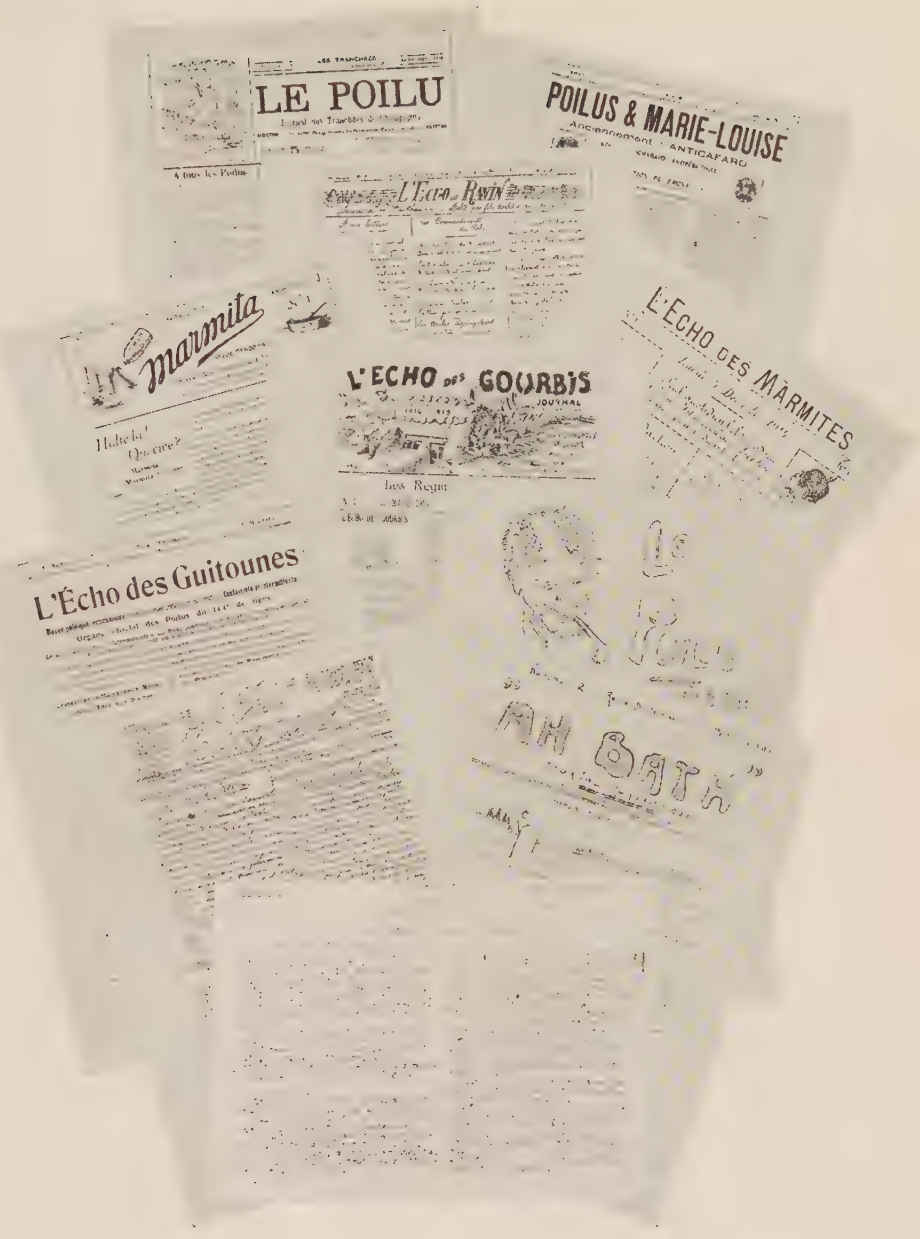
A group of the leading trench magazines

"Don't you listen to him," said one Frenchman to the other. "Come on; these *Bosches* are such damned liars you can't believe a word they say."

One of course expects patriotic and sentimental poems of all kinds to fill these French trench papers. But whom would you expect to find the most popular man in the French army? Joffre? Castelnau? Gallieni? Navarre, the aviator who has brought down fourteen German aëroplanes? Never, not in an army of France! No, it is the company cook, the beloved, the ridiculous, the courageous, the even heroically reckless *cuistot,* God bless him! who often disdains the shelter of the *boyaux* and carries his kettles of soup right through shell-fire, whom all French poets delight in praising. A score of poems in his honor I might quote. But looking for a more original note, I found this spirited marching-song, written to an air from "The Belle of New York." I wish I might give more than this first stanza of its splendid jauntiness, that confident, rakish mood of *ne pas s'en faire,* which is the modern trenchant French for "I should worry!" It was written by Captain Faure and Lieutenant Comte of the 296th.

NOBODY KNOWS

We have obeyed, but who commands?
  Nobody knows!
Nobody questions or understands.
  Nobody knows!
And what it is we march to meet;
Whether it 's victory or defeat,



A few representative title-pages

As along the road our column goes?
Nobody knows!
Perhaps in good warm straw we 'll lie;
Perhaps we 'll fight; perhaps we 'll die.
Nobody knows!
Perhaps our destiny leads the dance
Again across the fields of France;
Perhaps to Belgium, hunting our foes.
Nobody knows!

Nobody knows; but in private life,
Safe in the rear of this din and strife,
Are the shirks who know *we* will ward
the blows;
And that we 'll hold, and win, we suppose
Every one knows!

Really to appreciate the wit of the firing-line, one should know something of

French argot. Now, there is an almost complete dialect of French slang; many dialects, in fact. Every trade, every province, every class of life, every quarter of Paris, indeed, has its own private vocabulary. But not enough even is a knowledge of the idiom of the boulevards nowadays; for new conditions have arisen, creating a new language to express them. Thousands of Frenchmen who never spoke slang before now speak scarcely anything else along the long intrenched line where college professors and millionaires rub shoulders with Apaches and countryfolk, and royalists with socialists, for on the "Boum Voilà!" (3d Zouaves) an editor of "l'Action Française" now actually collaborates with a once-ardent opponent on "La Guerre Sociale"!

Scarcely any one who has read anything of the war, however, has failed to learn at least a few of the most-used words. He knows, of course, that *poilu* (hairy) means a soldier at the front, that *marmite* (pot) means shell, and *pruneau* (prune) means bullet, *Bosche*, a German, and *copain* (a good old-French word lately revived) a comrade. But the words which have created a whole literature in the trench journals and in the Parisian papers are *permission, embusqué,* and *marraine.*

The *marraine* really needs a chapter to herself. She and her adopted *filleul* have furnished the great jokes and the prettiest romances of the war. It all began seriously and even sadly enough. The pathetic condition of the soldiers from the invaded Northern districts of France appealed immediately to the warm hearts of Frenchwomen. Thousands of men were fighting in defense of France whose own homes had long since been abandoned and overrun, whose mothers, wives, sisters, and children were missing, whether dead or imprisoned it was impossible to know. For months they had heard no news of those whom they best loved. Not a letter, not a package, not a cigarette, no warm clothing or money, came for them. Why should not their countrywomen who sympathized with their suffering, mental and physical, each adopt as a godson some soldier from the North, and treat him as a true godmother should? So proposed a Paris paper. The idea, once started, spread like wild-fire. There were other soldiers, too, without friends. Officers recommended deserving men, and a stream of friendly, consoling, affectionate letters began to arrive for the lonely *poilus.* Mufflers and warm clothing came; chocolate and sardines, pipes and pencils, books and knives, came. The list of volunteer *marraines* grew daily.

Men began to find not only a *marraine* apiece, but several, and the *vaguemestre* at the front was loaded daily with packages. The relationship began to be flavored with romance; working-girls took up the work with enthusiasm not wholly altruistic; shopkeepers wrote; ladies of the aristocracy boasted of their own *poilus;* one told another, and she told a friend. The correspondence became enormous.

The idea, of course, was captivating to the men in the trenches, and the scheme has now developed into the most picturesque flirting system ever conceived. Not that there are many who are not *sérieuse* and in dead earnest, and not that all do not faithfully fulfil the first duty of a *marraine*—that of sending regular friendly letters and as regular gifts; but, with such opportunities for romantic correspondence now open that were never before possible for the *jeune fille,* it is not to be wondered at that the correspondence is apt to grow interesting when an imaginative young woman writes to a lonely, susceptible man.

Mothers that, before the war, would have been horrified, now calmly look over their daughters' love-letters and smile; after all, it is only her *filleul,* and every *poilu* wears a halo these days. Of course the women of the upper classes take good care that their daughters adopt men from low-enough walks of life, so that Joséphine or Angèle shall be in no danger of a *mésalliance;* but love laughs at locksmiths. Only the other day I heard a handsome officer, home on permission, say to an indulgent baroness, "For Heaven's sake!

Editorial staff of the "Echo des Marmites," 309th Infantry, now in the Vosges

Kitty, *can't* you find me a young, pretty *marraine?*" And I fear he had many strings to his bow already. Well, these long winter nights are dull in the trenches. If they really *want* to write letters, why—

And so the poems multiply on the subject. Let me choose one, Beaufieuron's (Captain Marquiset) in the "Poilu" as the prettiest suggestion of these charming flirtships:

EXCUSES TO MY MARRAINE

Godmother mine, after eight days of pleasure,
Not to refer to the pleasanter nights,
Now I appreciate fully the measure
Of your delights.

Theaters, dinners, and joys beyond telling,
Presents and teas and affairs just as nice,
Wine, fruit, and nuts (I was used to the shelling),
What paradise!

By far the best moment was just when I started,
Drunk with your loveliness, reckless with bliss,
Back of your ear I pressed, nowise faint-hearted,
One little kiss!

Siren you were, and you charmed me completely;
I lost my head, just as sure as you live!
Won't you excuse, if I beg of you sweetly?
Won't you forgive?

When the war 's over (please pray for it nightly),
The very first moment I see your sweet face,
That which I stole I 'll return quite contritely
Back in its place!

"L'Echo des Gourbis" (131st Territorials), however, took the subject more seriously. It has published, and distributes free to soldiers, a certificate they may fill out in due form, acknowledging that they have been duly adopted by Madame or Mademoiselle So-and-so, and have received kind treatment at her hands. These proud records are presented to the *marraines,* and doubtless thousands are framed and hung on the wall in pride.

There is one precaution, however, which makes the game safe for the most timid little godmother. It has become an unwritten law that when her adopted *poilu* comes from the front on *permission,* the *marraine* has the privilege of either receiving him or refusing to see him.

Most of the comedies in the magazine are founded upon the surprises of this first meeting with the unknown correspondents. The obvious mismatings fill the comic artists' soul with glee.

Regarding those same *permissionnaires* who, since the spring of 1915, have been familiar sights on the streets of Paris, the trench journals have much to say—those slouching, weary, shop-window-gazing, muddy, bearded men with their *musettes* slung over their shoulders, with, apparently, nowhere to go, and not much desire to go anywhere except to sleep. One of them meets a young recruit who is growling at the hardships of his *dépôt*.

"Why," says the youngster, "we have to sleep on beds no more than two feet wide!" It takes Jeanjean to depict the look of utter contempt upon the face of that *poilu* who has not even seen a bed for eighteen months.

"Above all, *don't* ask him how he killed the *Bosche!*" says one *marraine* to her husband while her *poilu* is at dinner. "Every time he tells about that fight he gets so excited he smashes all the dishes!"

Of these precious eight days' leave the following list from "l'Echo des Marmites" gives some typical delights:

THE GREATEST JOYS OF THE *POILU*

At a little village in the rear

To walk on a real sidewalk, and stop and look at shop-windows.

To give yourself up to the joys of buying a lot of things you have no need of.

To see women who dress a little like *Parisiennes.*

To come across a pastry-shop when you least expect it—and fill up.

In Paris

To be received at the Gare de l'Est as a real *poilu.*

To sleep in a bed with lace-trimmed sheets.

To ride in a taxi after having known nothing but your own legs as a means of locomotion for months and months.

To walk as far as you like without fear of forgetting your mask for asphyxiating gas.

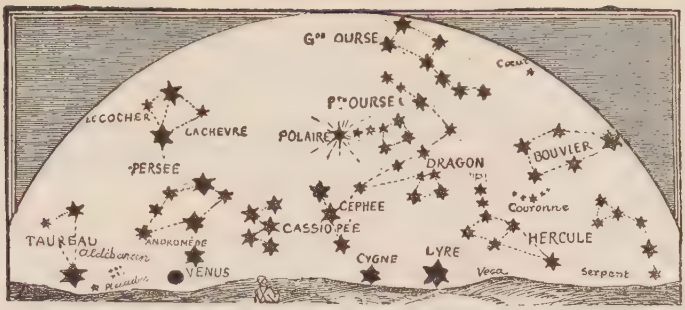
To press the button of a house elevator and be carried up.

To go and see your adopted godmother, and find that she is young and pretty, while your chum discovers *he* has been writing to an old lady.

New slang, too, since the war, is the word *embusqué,* which means one who, through cowardice or selfishness, plus influence, stays at home, or obtains some situation in the army far from the front. It is a term of opprobrium worse even than *Bosche.* I have actually seen boys well kicked for calling it out to suspiciously clean and sleek-looking Parisians. But the *piston,* or "pull," works powerfully in France, and there are many uniforms in Paris far too clean and neat for the trenches. The men at the front, however, say little on this topic; it would be too much like boasting of their own devotion. Those who cannot contain their contempt make up choice packages of assorted live specimens of the *Pulex irritans,* and mail them to the more notorious shirks, to be opened as "souvenirs from the front."

Oh, the fleas, the cannon, the rats! Oh, the mud and the everlasting tinned "monkey," and the hours of waiting, waiting to be relieved! But men must be busy at something; they can't play *manille* all day. And so they began first to make little lanterns out of hollowed turnips, with wicks of string coated with beef fat, then penholders out of German cartridges, ornaments of German helmets, and inkstands. And then came the rings, and rings and still more rings, and rings till they were seen on the fingers of everybody in France. Several trench journals offered prizes for the best specimens, which became more elaborate, more artistic every day.

The fuses of the German .77 shells offered tempting material for ingenuity. You melt one up in a little pot, and pour it into a gun-barrel mold; you saw up the



Astronomy for the common soldier: a map of the sky from the official "Bulletin des Armées"

tube so obtained into little sections, and in the trenches and in the second line, back "on repose," you file and whittle, and whittle and file, carving ornamental forms or inlaying with copper; and, if you have it,—and sometimes if you don't,—you put in a bit of red or green glass "from the cathedral at Rheims."

But every mother and wife, every sweetheart and daughter, wants a genuine trench ring, not to speak of the *marraine,* who, of course, *must* have one, or two or twenty. A *genuine,* yes; for, alas! every other shop in Paris now has its machine-made imitations. Last Christmas week I was walking along the grands boulevards with a crafty *poilu* on *permission.* As we passed the booths on the sidewalk he stopped at each to pick up a ring from the plateful on the counter.

"Hand made?" I would ask.

Scornfully, he would examine it with an expert's eye, only to put it down with a contemptuous *"Jamais de la vie!"* No file-marks.

Among the innumerable stories and poems on the subject, P. Fichter, in "Rigolbosche," best shows how the craze has affected the men in the trenches. I need translate only the two last stanzas:

BAGUOMANIA, OR RINGO-MANIA

A humble carpenter am I,
But now deliriously I ply
The unfamiliar trade of making rings.
The aluminium I need
Is getting scarce, so scarce, indeed,
I 've melted up my pannikin and things.
I 've melted up my cup and spoon,
I 've melted fork and plate, and soon
My pals will find *their* dishes taking wings.
I 'll beg or borrow, steal or buy;
What stratagems I 'll have to try!
I *must* have aluminium for rings!

I fear I 'll never finish all
My orders. Every day they call
For every form, for every shape of rings.
They write for clover-leaves and hearts,
For buckles, flowers, Cupid's darts.
Each day the mail a new entreaty brings.
I have no time for grub or booze,
And even when I try to snooze,
In dreams the thought of aluminium clings!
I rise at night to saw and file;
I 'm sure I 'm going nutty while
I tinker in the trenches at my rings!

Read this list of experiences from "L'Echo des Tranchées," knowing that every one has been actually lived not only by the men of the 309th, but by thousands and hundreds of thousands of men along the line from Nieuport to Ferrette, and you will have small doubt that men who can laugh and hold like that will fail to win.

THE GREATEST SENSATIONS OF A *POILU* AT THE FRONT

In the night to run against a corpse and fall on it.

To eat only one meal, day or night, for eight days running.

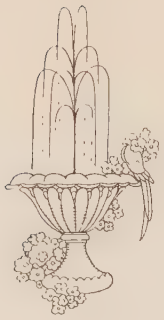
Not to eat at all for two days.
To go over a field of battle two days after an engagement.
To sleep, with no trenches, in the open air near the enemy.
To live for forty-one days in a trench without getting out.
To stay for six days in water half-way up to your knees, with only one meal (at night) and no shelter.
To endure for twenty-four hours a precise and copious bombardment by the enemy's big guns.
To watch for the first time the seriously wounded taken to the rear.
Not to wash for fifteen days.
Not to shave or change your linen for thirty-five days.
To keep awake every instant for three days and three nights.
To throw yourself down, to avoid deadly shells, your nose in the middle of a pile of dismembered corpses.
To spend a night as sentinel beside a cow that has been dead for fifteen days.
To sleep, sheltered only by branches, under the snow for eighteen days.
To be grazed by a spent shell that falls at your feet without exploding.
To see your best friends killed at your very side.
To be awakened in cantonment by a shell bursting on the roof.
To crawl three or four hundred feet on your hands and knees.
To tramp through an unknown wood in a dark night with the mud over your ankles.
On patrol, at night, to be suddenly illuminated by a light-bomb a few feet from the enemy's barbed wires.

And so now we may read a part of the letter which Paul Reboux that day waved so triumphantly in the headquarters of Colonel Paty du Clam. We may understand a little better, perhaps, these lines written by Raymond Poincaré, President of France:

> This gaiety, which you keep even in the face of danger, is one of the most charming forms of the French spirit. Every time I find myself among you, your heroism seems the greater because of your joyous spontaneity and freedom from care. May the "echo of the trenches" be heard not only to the extremes of France, but in every part of the world!

Does it sound a little inadequate, perhaps even a little banal? But who can speak adequately of this sublime spirit of the trenches? We are so used to banality, to the same inevitable superlatives, that, in the face of such smiling fortitude and determination, we have no words left to express our admiration. All the old heroics have come true; so common is bravery and loyalty and self-sacrifice in the anonymous nobility of the French army that it is only through such glimpses of gaiety and pathos as are given in these journals, written by the *poilu,* of the *poilu,* for the *poilu,* that one can guess at the character of that five hundred tangled miles of patriotism.

Yes, surely, the inspiring echoes of the trenches *will* be heard, the laughter of heroes rising over the roar of cannon, as he said, and will be reëchoed by the lovers of liberty, equality, and fraternity in every corner of the world.



The Red Month

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

I

GOLDEN morning!
Hello! hello!
Echoes of song—the meadow-lark twittering,
Spill of the swallow.

II

Dance on the slopes of bright dew, and come singing,
Beloved girl!
On the grass red with apples come dancing, come running!
Hark, how the thrush sings!
Mark, how the wind leaps!
Morning is here,
Bold morning is here.

III

Come across the grasses!
Come swift across the grasses!
Quicker! quicker! Leap with your hands up!
Dance with knees up,
Gold hair flying,
White teeth bare!

For we shall go laughing straight through the orchard, and scatter
Dew lit with sun,
And we shall go romping beneath green boughs low with apples
And over the stone wall,
Scrambling through briers,
Race in the woods—the wind-loud woods,
The woods with the dead leaves flying.

V

Your cheeks, belovèd, are fresher than pansies to the touch,
Dewy pansies.
Pluck handfuls of wild grapes;
And here 's a grape for you,
And here 's a grape for me,
Tart, sharp, to crush against the palate,
Staining red lips blue.

VI

The thrush—is he up?
The mole—peers he forth?
Is the young dog running in the scent of the squirrel?
Who has washed the heavens blue,
And set the sun there?
Oh, make a cup of your hands, and in the clearing
Catch cups of sunshine, loveliest, for me!

VII

And come now in coolness where the thin spring tinkles,
And the brown wren dips her wings.
O my beautiful!
Come now and gathered be all in an armful,
Under leafy oak-boughs, here where the wasps sing,
O my beautiful!
Kiss my lips, and let me know
That the ripe month, the red month,
September, the glorious,
Has tapped the gold-wine of the sun
And sluiced it into our hearts,
And piped it into our hearts, darling,
So happy, happy are we!

VIII

And, hark! the warbler!
He whistles! whistles!
This kiss, and *this* kiss!
Golden morning!
Hello! hello!

Like Michael

By H. G. DWIGHT

Author of "Stamboul Nights," "Exit the Turk," etc.

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

WHAT was he like?

H'm, what are people like? Some of them are like dogs, perhaps; some of them are like pigs; some of them are like hyenas. A few of them are like sunflowers; more of them are like white mice; a lot of them are like fishes in aquariums. I have an idea that most of them are like you and me. But what are we like? If we happen to be like Greek gods,—which we are n't,—if we have red hair or yellow eyes or humps on our backs, if we stammer or compose operas or put poison in our mother-in-law's soup, it is possible to make out for us a likely enough *dossier*. How far does that *dossier* go, though? It tells less than a tintype at a county fair. Yellow eyes or godlike legs, even the ability to compose operas, have nothing to do with the way we react when we inherit a billion dollars or lose our last cent, when our wives get on our nerves or the boiler of the ship we are on blows up at sea. And what on earth are you to say about people like Michael, who are neither tall nor short, fat nor thin, good nor bad? Or people whose wives never get on their nerves and whose boilers never blow up? Yet they have their *dossier*. Why not? They do nine tenths of the work of the world. They lay its stones one upon another, after furnishing an inexhaustible supply of hands to lay them. They commit its follies, suffer its sorrows, and pay the bill.

What was Michael like? My good man, you loll there with your ungodlike leg over the arm of your chair and you

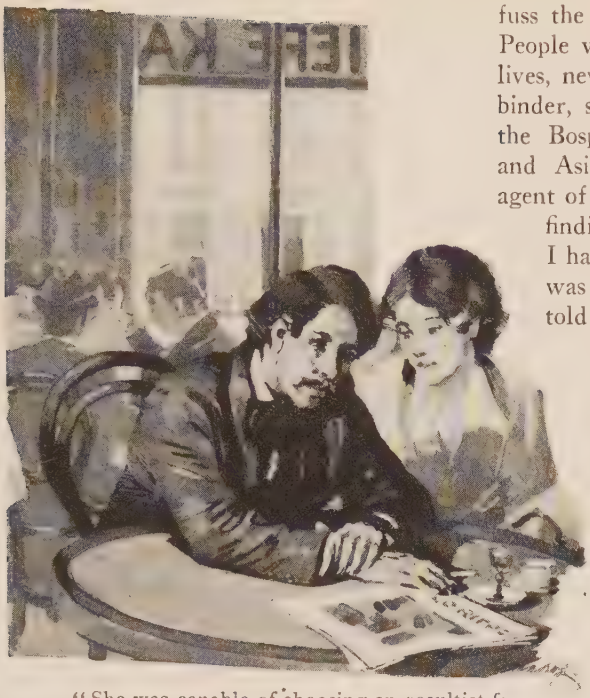
lightly propose to me the ultimate problem of art! One would think you were Flaubert,—or was it Guy de Maupassant?—who made it out possible to tell, in words that have neither line nor color, that are gone as soon as you have spoken them, how one grocer sitting in his door differs from all other grocers sitting in doors. I have spent hours, I have lost sleep, over that wretched grocer of Maupassant's, and I have n't learned any more about him than when I began, except to suspect that Maupassant—or was it Flaubert?—wanted to be Besnard and Rodin, too. I grant you that no grocer looks exactly like another; but that is n't Maupassant's business—to tell how a grocer looks. The thing can't be done in words. Nor is it enough for your grocer to sit in his door. He must say something, he must do something, or words won't catch him. And then how do you know why he said or did that particular thing or what he would say or do at another time?

And you have the courage to ask me, between two whiffs of a cigarette, what Michael was like! How the deuce do I know? I never had anything particular to do with him. He was like fifty million other people with darkish hair and lightish eyes and youngish tastes whom neither their surroundings nor their inner devil have beaten into distinction. If I tried to tell you what a man like that is like, I should land you in more volumes than *Jean Christophe*. I can only tell you what he was like at two very different moments of his life, in two entirely different places. Perhaps you are naturalist enough to construct the rest of him out of that. I am not.

Michael, now—why should a man like that disappear? Surely not for the few thousand dollars that disappeared with him. Nothing was the matter with him. He had a good enough job. He was married to a nice enough girl. He would have prospered and grown fat and begotten a little Michael or two to follow his example. But those reaping and binding people suddenly take it into their heads to send him over there, and he disappears like a collar-button in a crack. And we all make a terrific hullabaloo about it, when the thing to make a hullabaloo about is that one man may get all geography to reap and bind in while another may never get outside his village. The business in itself was far simpler than one of Michael's confounded reapers and binders.

I SUPPOSE you know Aurora, Mrs. Michael that was? I began stepping on her toes at dances twenty years ago, and I could tell you what she is like. This country is a factory of Auroras. Dozens of her go by that window every day, all turned out to sample as if by machinery, all run by the same interior clockwork, all well made, well dressed, well educated in the American sense; also well able to milk a cow or to carry one on their backs, but preferring to harangue clubs all day, to dance all night, in any case to circumvent the ingenuity of life in playing us nasty tricks. They won't do anything they don't like, and they shut their eyes to the dark o' the moon.

Aurora lived to learn that there are other ways of circumventing the tricks of life than by reaping and binding. She longed for higher things, for wider horizons than those of North Bluff, Indiana. Above all things she burned for two which cohabit not too readily under the same roof—culture and romance. So when Michael was unexpectedly sent to the East she accompanied him only as far as Paris. My relations with her, I regret to say, were such that she did not confide to me what she thought when Michael failed to turn up again. You can easily see, however, that Michael translated, Michael probably murdered, Michael made, at all events, for once in his life, mysterious, was a very different pair of sleeves from the Michael whom she had not considered important enough to see off on his Orient Express. Aurora was not the one to miss that. It put her in the papers. It made her a heroine. It invested her with the romance for which she thirsted. It also invested her with ex-



"She was capable of choosing an occultist for her second husband"

tremely becoming mourning. Yet I fancied once or twice that I detected in her a shade of annoyance. She was capable of choosing an occultist for her second husband, but in the bottom of her heart she hated people to be as indefinite as Michael had been. She naturally did not like, either, a rumor of which she caught echoes, that Michael had run away from her. Well—

When Aurora heard that I was going to Constantinople, she asked me to find out what I could. It was quite a bit afterward, you know, and she had already entered the holy bonds of wedlock with her occultist. But she could n't quite get over that exasperating indefiniteness of Michael's. She wanted to put a tangible tombstone over him, with a quatrain of her own composition, and the occultist's symbol of the macrocosm. Wayne, too,—Michael's uncle and one of the reaping and binding partners,—suggested that I look quietly about once more. What the partners principally minded, of course, was their money. They got no end of free advertising, you know, what with the fuss the state department made, and all. People who had sat in darkness all their lives, never having heard of a reaper and binder, suddenly saw a great light when the Bosporus was dragged and Thrace and Asia Minor sifted for an obscure agent of reapers and binders. I ended by finding out about Michael long after I had given up trying to find out. It was nothing but an accident. I never told Wayne. I never told Aurora. I never intended to tell you. Another accident! But is n't it aggravating how one's best stories always have to be kept dark?

So the romantic Aurora, as I told you, sat in Paris like a true American wife, inviting her soul in the Louvre—both *musée* and *magasins*—while the unromantic Michael set forth for that bourn whence he was not to return with his reaper and binder under his arm. I believe he did very little with it. He was n't born to reaping and binding. Reaping and binding had been thrust upon him by the uncle to whom he applied at a desperate moment for a job. Like most of us, you see, he did n't know what he wanted. I 'm not sure he ever found out. Aurora, however, must have helped him, in a back-handed way, to find out that he had n't got what he wanted. And so did that sudden journey of his. He had never been anywhere before in his life.

Michael was caught by Stamboul; took an astonishing fancy to that bumpy old place and those mangy dogs and those fantastic smells and those inconvenient costumes and those dusty bazaars and all the trash that is in them. He bought quantities of it. Rugs and brasses and I don't know what kept uncannily turning up long after he had dropped through his crack. Aurora received them tearfully as tributes to herself, and I believe they paved the way for her next adventure. Michael's successor is an antiquary as well as an astrologer, and he keeps an occult junk-shop on a top floor in Union Square.

That junk, as it happened, was just what played so fateful a part in Michael's adventure. He bought a good deal of it from a certain antiquity man who knew English better than any one else Michael ran across in the bazaars. Finding Michael a promising customer, the antiquity man said he had better stuff stored away in a khan outside the bazaars. And Michael of course was delighted to go and look at it. Do you wonder? The khan was one of those old stone houses in Mahmoud Pasha that have a Byzantine look about them, with their string-courses of flat bricks, the heavy stone brackets of their projecting upper stories, the solid iron cages of their windows, and their arched tunnels leading into courts within courts, where grape-vines grow and rugs lie fading in the sun. The antiquity man took Michael up some stone stairs into one of the galleries overlooking a court, and then into a series of dirty little stone rooms full of all sorts of queer-looking boxes and bundles. And some of the boxes and bundles were opened with great ceremony, and Rhodian plates were brought forth for Michael to admire, Persian tiles and Byzantine enamels. You know the sort of thing.

Michael, our reaper and binder, liked it. I can't say how intelligently he liked it; but he had discovered a new world, and he liked it well enough to go back again and again. I must say that I don't remember very much about it myself. I do remember, though, that the most fantastic-looking people—Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Persians, Tatars, Heaven knows what—carry on fantastic-looking activities there. Any number of blowpipes and forges flare in those dark stone rooms, where goldsmiths and silversmiths make charms, amulets, reliquaries, little Virgins to hang around your neck, little votive hands and feet to hang on an icon, silver rings for Turks who think it wicked to wear gold, and filigree chains, pendants, and lamps in the Byzantine tradition. That 's where most of the antiques sold in the bazaars come from.

Michael liked it so much that he spent more time in that extraordinary maze than was good for his reapers and binders. The people got to know him by sight, and they let him rummage around by himself. So when Michael turned up at his particular antiquity man's one afternoon to look at some pottery, and the antiquity man happened to be out, he was given coffee and left more or less to his own devices. Nobody could talk to him, you see, and the antiquity man was coming back. Michael prowled mildly about, finding nothing much to look at but packing-cases and kerosene tins, those big rectangular ones that everybody in the Levant hoards like gold. He presently recognized, however, on top of a pile of boxes, a basket that he had seen at the antiquity man's shop in the bazaars—a basket, with an odd little red figure in the wicker, containing embroideries. He managed to get it down, and found it unexpectedly heavy. It turned out to be full this time of broken tiles. He poked them over. Each bit was worth something for a flower on it or an Arabic letter or a glint of Persian luster. But as he poked down through them, what should he come across but some funny-looking metal things, some round, some square, some with clockwork fastened to them. Bombs! He proceeded very gingerly to replace the bits of tile.

Just then he became aware that the antiquity man had come in quietly and was looking at him.

"What the devil have you got here?" asked Michael, with a laugh. "An ammunition factory?"

The antiquity man shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I have better than that. I have a Rhages jar for you to look at if you will come this way."

A Rhages jar! I don't suppose Michael had ever until that moment heard of a Rhages jar. However, he followed the antiquity man into another room even more crowded with boxes and tins; and there, to be sure, the Rhages jar was put into his hands. But the place was so dark he could hardly see it.

"If you will excuse me another moment," said the antiquity man, "I will get a light."

He was gone, as he said, only a moment. When he came back a servant followed him, carrying a candle—a big porter whom Michael already knew by sight, in baggy blue clothes and a red girdle. Michael nodded to him, and the man salaamed. Then the antiquity man pointed out to Michael, by the light of the candle, the beauties of the Rhages jar. As he did so another man came in, an older man with extraordinary scarlet streaks in his beard. He gravely saluted Michael and took the candle from the porter, who went out. The porter very soon returned, however. This time he carried a tray on which was one of those handleless little cups of Turkish coffee in a holder of filigree silver. The antiquity man set down the Rhages jar.

"Won't you have a cup of coffee?" he said, making a sign to the porter.

"No, thank you," replied Michael. That was one thing about Stamboul he did n't altogether like—that eternal sipping of muddy coffee.

"Oh, but just one!" insisted the antiquity man. "Why not?"

"I 've had one already," answered Michael. "I 'm not used to it, you know. It keeps me awake."

The antiquity man smiled a little.

"But not this coffee," he said. "I think you will find that it does not keep you awake."

It began to come over Michael that there was more than the coffee that he did n't like. Was it the air in that stuffy, dark little stone room? Was it the way in which the three men looked at him? Was it that basket of broken tiles?

"No, thanks," he said. And he added: "Let 's go out where we can see. It 's too hot in here, too."

He looked around for the door. He could n't see it from where he stood. The antiquity man said something, and the porter stood aside. Michael stepped past him, around some big boxes. The door was there. Michael suddenly heard it click; but in front of it a fourth man stood in the shadow. He did not move when Michael stepped forward. He stood there in front of the door, with his hands in his coat pockets. Michael was quite sure he did n't like that.

"*Pardon,*" he said, "I want to go out."

The man shook his head. At a word from the antiquity man, however, he moved aside, keeping his hands in his

"That junk, as it happened, was just what played so fateful a part in Michael's adventure"

pockets. Michael reached out for the door. It was locked.

He liked that least of all. He had a sudden impulse to pound the door, the man beside him. Yet the next moment he was ashamed of it. He turned around. The others had come forward, around the boxes, the antiquity man, the big porter with the tray, the old man carrying the candle. In the light of it Michael looked at the other one, the one who had shut the door. He was young and very dark, with a scar across his chin. Michael looked at them all. What in the world had come over them? Could it be that they took that basket of tiles too seriously? Could it be that they, too, were not what they seemed, that under their first friendliness were dark and uncanny things? All the old wives' tales that Westerners hear of the East came vaguely, yet disquietingly, back to him. It was with an effort that he folded his arms and turned to the antiquity man.

"Your methods of doing business," he remarked, "strike me as being rather peculiar."

"It is a peculiar business," said the antiquity man.

"Is it your idea that people should be forced to buy Rhages jars whether they want them or not?"

"The Rhages jar is not for sale," replied the antiquity man.

"Oh," exclaimed Michael. "Then what is the matter? What are you after?"

"Not your money," said the antiquity man. "Please believe that, sir. And please believe that we are very sorry. It is—what shall I say?—what we call here kismet, fate. If you had not chanced to notice that basket, if you had not taken it down and examined it, nothing would have happened."

"What have I to do with that?" burst out Michael. "Is it my fault if you put baskets where people can see them and then go away? Am I responsible for your carelessness?"

"Your question, sir, is unfortunately most just; but that is a part of the kismet —that having been careless ourselves, we are obliged to make you pay for it."

"Well, how am I going to pay?" demanded Michael. "Spend the rest of my life in here?"

The antiquity man hesitated before answering.

"Yes, sir," he said at last softly. And he added, "Will you have your coffee now?"

Michael could hardly take it in. What did the fellow mean? Then something in the way the antiquity man looked at him made him remember about the coffee—that it would not keep him awake. For the life of him he could not help looking down at it. How was it that he did n't happen to drink it when they first brought it in? And if he had— He stared at the stuff in its pretty silver holder. Behind it something bright caught a flicker from the candle—a knife in the porter's girdle. Why not? They all carried them. Yet his eye traveled to the pocket of the dark young man by the door. All of a sudden Michael knew as well as if he saw it that there was a revolver in that pocket, and that the young man had his finger on the trigger. Michael's eyes traveled on, up to the eyes of the young man, to the eyes of them all. What strange, glistening, dark eyes they all had, too dark to see into! He found all of a sudden that he felt a little cold. He was even afraid for a moment that he was going to tremble. What really preoccupied him, though, was how the thing had happened. How could such a thing happen so suddenly? It had all been perfectly simple and natural—his work for his firm, his journey abroad, his coming to Constantinople, his prowling in the bazaars, his happening to buy a gimcrack of the antiquity man, his introduction to this queer old place, his pawing over those broken tiles. It was all so simple. It would, at any step, have been easy to avoid. And it was so unjust, it was so fantastically unjust. How could things end as incredibly as that? How could he let them end like that? He was one, and they were four, and they were armed, and he was not. But he would n't

take it sitting down. The Anglo-Saxon in him stiffened his back and set his teeth. He began looking around stealthily, at the bare stone walls, at the littered floor, for something to get hold of. He would show them yet.

"You must not think," said the antiquity man, "that we have no sympathy for your position. But do not think, either, that any—any display of the emotions will help you. No one can possibly hear."

That was the moment when Michael found it hardest to keep his head. If he had been a little younger he probably would not have kept his head. "Display of the emotions!" But he realized at last that for some incomprehensible reason they meant business. He hoped his emotions did not display themselves in his voice.

"Look here," he said, "I see you are n't pickpockets, and I see that by accident I have discovered something you do not wish known. Well, if you had kept quiet I might never have thought of that basket again. Or I might now try to buy your Rhages jar—for any figure you might name. As it is, I give you my word of honor that never so long as I live will I breathe a word to any human being. You know me. Don't you believe what I say? But if you don't, I will sign my name to any document you care to draw up. If you ever hear of my breaking my word, I am willing to take the consequences."

At this the old man spoke for the first time. Michael could not understand what he said. He did not even recognize the language in which the old man spoke. He had a curiously deep voice. The antiquity man answered incomprehensibly. Then he turned back to Michael:

"I do believe what you say. I

" 'Yes, sir,' he said at last softly. . . . 'Will you have your coffee now?' "

do not question your word or your honor. But, unfortunately, we cannot take any chances, even the most remote. And impressions, you know, even the strongest of them, like love and grief, have a way of losing their force. Suppose we let you go. There might come very naturally a time when your recollections of this incident would lose their intensity, or when you would regard your promise as less important than you do now. Why not? Life is like that. Life would be intolerable if it were not like that. Things happen, and then other things happen. I have not the honor of any great acquaintance with you, but it is conceivable that you might sometime be offered wine which you could not refuse, or that a beautiful woman might make an impression on you, or that a company of distinguished men might be relating interesting experiences, and before you knew it the story of this afternoon would slip from you. Or you might dream aloud. You might have a fever. These possibilities, I admit, are very remote, or the probability of any harm resulting to us. Still, you never can tell. Stories have a strange way of traveling. Sometimes they travel from New York to Constantinople. We have known cases. For that reason we—have prepared that cup of coffee. We must secure ourselves against one chance in a thousand."

Michael saw it. He was like that. He had that fatal little flaw of the artist, of being able at times to see the other side. He saw it then as distinctly as he saw the four dark faces, the candle burning quietly in the dark little room, the dark shapes and shadows of the boxes. He wondered what dark, strange thing was hidden here that meant so much to these men. He wondered about the men themselves, whom he had taken so casually.

"Your life, of course," the antiquity man went on, "is very precious to you. That we perfectly understand. While life is seldom satisfactory, it contains, after all, a great deal for one still as young as you. And one always hopes, often with reason. We ask you to believe that we understand that. We also ask you to believe that no one of us has any personal reason for wishing you harm. We excessively regret the necessity of asking you to drink that cup of coffee. We shall continue all our lives to regret it. Nevertheless, you can perhaps understand that there may be reasons why even your life is of less moment to us than the possibility of your some day forgetting for an instant the promise you now so sincerely make."

Michael still saw it. He saw, too, what had been growing steadily clearer, that this was an antiquity man among antiquity men. But what he saw best of all through that strange candle-light was a sudden vision of the outer sun, out of which he had stepped so lightly. He saw it so vividly that his voice had in it a thickness he did n't like.

"I understand. But there are chances and chances. For instance, can a man disappear like that, even in Constantinople, and no questions be asked? When I fail to go back to my hotel to pay my bill will they say nothing? When I fail to go back to my country will my friends say nothing? Of course not. There will be a row. It may not be to-morrow, it may not be the next day,—I do not pretend to be a person of importance,—but sooner or later questions will be asked. And sooner or later you will have to answer some of them. What will you say then?"

"We have thought of that," answered the antiquity man. "We can see that if it is dangerous to let you go from here, it is also dangerous to let others come to look for you here; but by the time they come they will at least find no baskets of broken tiles." He gave Michael a moment in which to take it in. "If the matter be at last traced to us, it will be a simple one of robbery and murder. For that reason we shall have to keep whatever valuables you may have. We are very sorry that we shall not be able to send them back to your family."

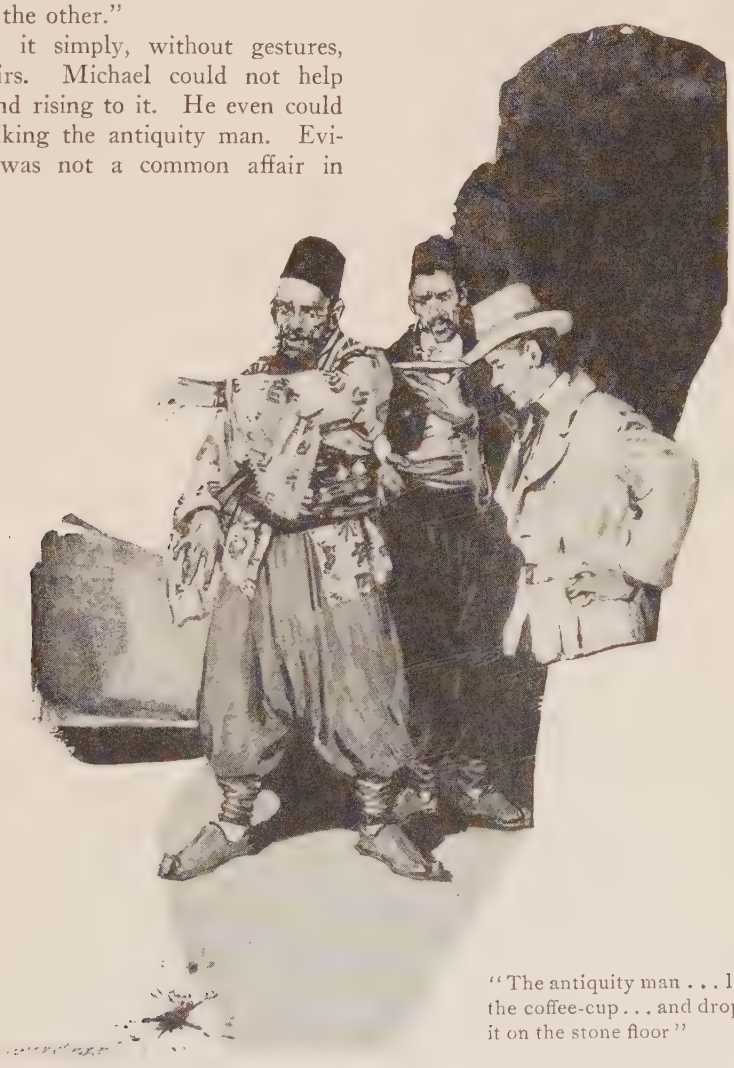
"My money belongs to my firm, not to my family," said Michael. "If you keep it, you will take not only my life, but my honor. It certainly will not be to your

interest to prevent them from thinking that I have stolen it and run away."

"You are right," said the antiquity man. "But I do not need to tell you that human actions are usually misunderstood. Even you, perhaps, do not understand that our own motive is not an interested one. There is only One who understands. I may point out to you, however, that we run the risk of suffering from a similar imputation. It will probably be thought that we have killed you for your money. And you must realize that in that case I, perhaps all of us, stand an excellent chance of following you—wherever you go. But that chance we take more willingly than the other."

He said it simply, without gestures, without airs. Michael could not help seeing it and rising to it. He even could not help liking the antiquity man. Evidently it was not a common affair in which he had happened to tangle himself. He saw it, but somehow he felt his sense of reality slipping. He had often wondered vaguely enough, as one does when the sun is warm about one and the end of life is very far off and incredible, what the end of life would be like—how it would come, whether he would make a fool of himself. But of all the possibilities he had imagined, he had never imagined this little stone room in Stamboul and this candle and these shadows and these four inscrutable, dark faces of men whom he did not know. Was he making a fool of himself now to say, as he did, thickly:

"Give me your cup of coffee." He



"The antiquity man . . . lifted the coffee-cup . . . and dropped it on the stone floor"

tried to clear his throat. "But you might at least tell me first what all this fuss is about. Or are you afraid I shall tell them in the next world?"

He saw a light in the antiquity man's eye. The old man saw it, too. There ensued a conversation between them, in which the young man, his hand still in his pocket, joined. The porter stood statuesque, with his tray of poisoned coffee. Michael, left to himself, began to feel his sense of reality come back.

"Look here," he said, "my coffee is getting cold."

The antiquity man smiled.

"My friend here"—he pointed to the old man—"has made a suggestion. He seems to have taken a fancy to you. In fact I may assure you that we are all pleased at the way you have received the very disagreeable things we have unfortunately had to say to you. Some men, in the circumstances, might have been abject. You might have begged, bribed, wept, fainted, what do I know? We have seen —and we feel sure, as we did not at first, that you did not come here on purpose to find—that basket of tiles."

He narrowed his eyes a little as he looked at Michael, making another of his eloquent pauses. Michael did n't like it, but he could n't help asking:

"Well, what is your suggestion?"

"Are you willing," asked the antiquity man, slowly, "to change your religion?"

"Change my religion?" echoed Michael, uncomprehendingly. "I 'm afraid I have n't much religion to change."

"All the better," returned the antiquity man. "So it is with most people of intelligence. If, however, you were willing to change your religion, if you were also willing to change your language, your name, your home, your wife even, for others as different from them as can be conceived, if you could bring yourself to make that sacrifice and to become one of us, it would not be necessary for you to drink that cup of coffee."

Michael saw it. He caught his breath. But—

"I must ask you to decide quickly," said the antiquity man. "We all have affairs, and if it should become necessary for us to answer those questions of which you spoke, it would be better for witnesses to be able to say that we were not in here too long this afternoon."

Michael saw that, too. And all the blood in him quickened at the chance of life. Life! His life had not been such a success. Why not wipe the slate clean and start over again? It ironically came to him that Aurora would call that romance—to be cornered here like a rat in a trap while four men he did n't know stared at him with a candle. But why, on the other hand, should he give in to them? That was cowardice, even if it was irony, too, to die for what he did n't want and did n't believe in. The immensity of the dilemma was too much for him. Irresistible force, immovable obstacle—that flashed inconsequently into his head. Was the light going out? The room grew darker. He tried to clear his throat.

The antiquity man suddenly reached forward, lifted the coffee-cup out of its silver holder, and dropped it on the stone floor. Michael stared down stupidly at the bits of broken porcelain. They were like the bits of broken tiles. He wondered if his trousers were spattered.

The young man took his hand out of his pocket and opened the door.

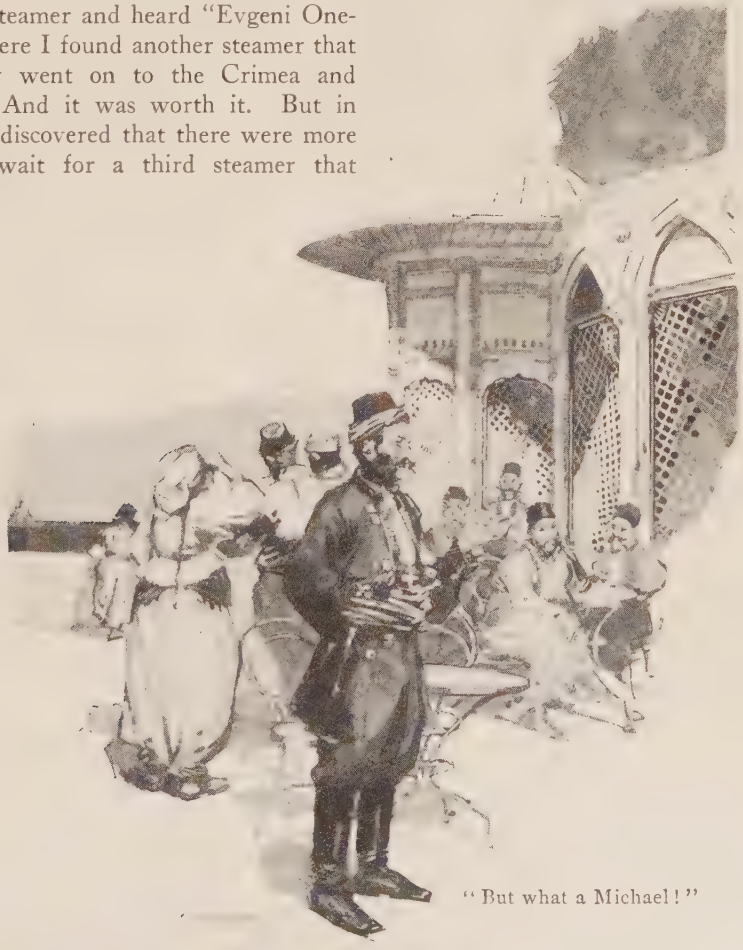
How do I know? I don't. I only know what Michael told me, and that was n't much. He was like that, you know. A good deal of it he did n't know himself, and the rest he would n't tell. And here you want to know who and when and where and why! O Lord, if you people would only let a man tell his story and stop when he is through! But you at least must know that Constantinople has been a very lively place for the last ten years.

I went out there, as I told you. Although it was a good while afterward, I saw everybody who had seen Michael. Yes, I saw the antiquity man, too. He even sold me the Rhages jar! But I thought nothing about him, and witnesses

had seen Michael drive away from the door in a closed carriage. What no witness had seen was the number of the carriage or the door it drove to. I came across a story of a carriage driving at dusk through the open draw of the bridge, and I asked myself if Michael was still sitting in it. That version, at any rate, is the one now accepted by Aurora. She has given up the tombstone and the quatrain. She sees that it is n't every lady who can boast one husband at home among the stars and another sitting in a brougham at the bottom of the Golden Horn.

So I gave Michael up. And finding myself out there it seemed to me a pity, having gone so far, not to go farther. The Black Sea is right there, you know, not half so black as it is painted, and enticing you to explore it. I went to Odessa on a Russian steamer and heard "Evgeni Onegin." There I found another steamer that obligingly went on to the Crimea and Batum. And it was worth it. But in Batum I discovered that there were more days to wait for a third steamer that would take me back to Trebizond and Constantinople than there were sights to see. I therefore decided to go home by rail, which meant that I would be able to tell my great-grandchildren that I had seen the Caspian.

I 'm afraid I shall have to tell my great-grandchildren that the Caspian is very little to look at, at least from Baku. It has no color, and it smells outrageously of kerosene. Baku, however, is something to look at. It is a kind of Pittsburgh dipped in Asia, and it tickled me beyond measure. Not so long ago it was a wretched fishing-village inhabited chiefly by Persians and Tatars who were too stupid to sell their land to prowling oil-prospectors. So those same Persians and Tatars now roll in gold. And they don't



"But what a Michael!"

know what on earth to do with it. The consequence is that nobody but a millionaire can afford to live in Baku. But what a fantastic hodgepodge of civilization and barbarism! What types! What costumes! What morals! Above all, what automobiles, satin-lined, emblazoned, gilded, jeweled, skithering there on the edge of Asia!

It 's too good to be true, but I sha'n't tell you about it. What I want to tell you about is a park the Russians have made there on the shore of their Caspian. They always do those things well, you know. No green thing will grow for miles around Baku, but those Russians have coaxed a few trees to sprout in tubs in that tidy little park, and bands far better than I ever heard in Central Park play you Tschaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakof, not to say Wagner and Verdi and Bizet. And you should see the extraordinary crowds that listen—the Russians, the Persians, the Armenians, the Georgians, the Lesghians, the Tatars, the wild, the swarthy, the fiery, the rainbow-colored! My son, when in doubt, go to Baku.

Well, I sat there in their park one afternoon, sniffing their Caspian, tapping my foot in time to their "Glinka," when I suddenly made two discoveries. The first was that that coon-song we used to sing when we were young, "Lou, Lou, I love you," came out of "Life for the Czar." The other was that Michael was looking at me. But what a Michael! Mustached, sun-burned, long-coated, high-booted, strangely capped, with a gaudy dagger stuck in his belt! I knew him, for I was thinking about him. I grinned.

Michael grinned, too.

"I thought you were going to be melodramatic," he said, "and call on your Creator and make a row generally. As it is, let 's have a chat."

We had a chat. The smell of kerosene always reminds me of that chat. At the time I thought it the most interesting chat I ever had. That was before I proposed to Mary.

"I suppose they think I took the money, eh?" Michael finally asked.

"Yes," I said. "They think you took it."

"H'm. I 've made it up to them without their knowing it. So that 's all right. And Aurora?"

I told him about Aurora. He was longer with his "H'm" that time. Do you know, I believe the fellow was human enough to be jealous of an astrologer whom he did n't envy! However, he ended by throwing out another

"So that 's all right."

"And you?" I permitted myself to ask.

He did n't answer at first. He sat there playing with the handle of his dagger and staring at the dirty green of the Caspian.

"How 's a man to know whether he 's all right or all wrong?" he said at last. "I know I 'm alive, at any rate, and I can't say I 'm sorry. In fact, I don't believe I ever knew it before. I own an oil-well and cattle on a thousand hills. On one of them I have a house to live in and a horse to ride and a wife to beat. I do it, too. I 've learned that much," he pronounced darkly. "And I have a kid. Great boy! He does n't know a word of English, and he never will. So I shall never go back. I could now, if I wanted to. But once in a while," added Michael, inconsequently enough, "I come down here to listen to the band."

Now, can you imagine a man being like that?

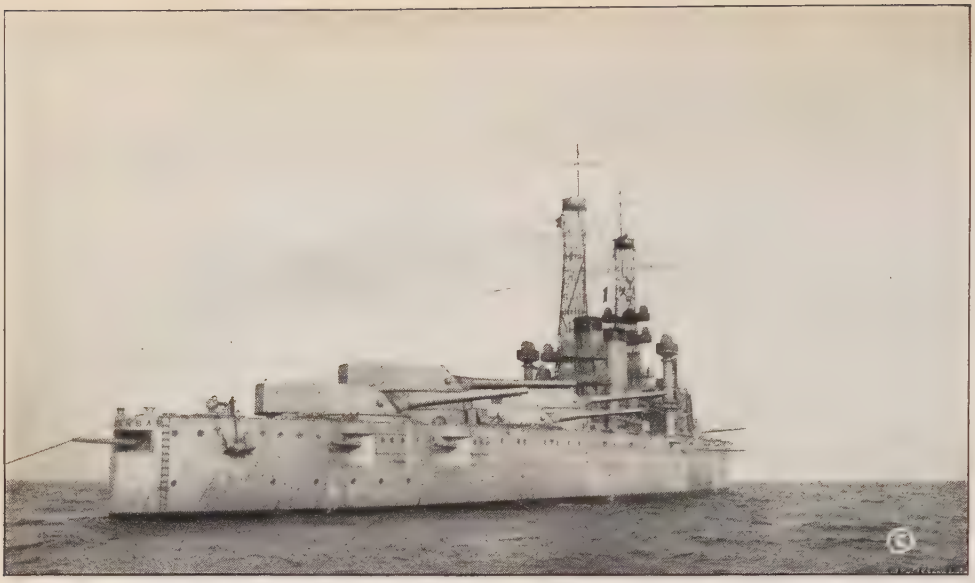
Firing a five-inch gun at night aboard the dreadnought *Arkansas*

The United States Navy in Action

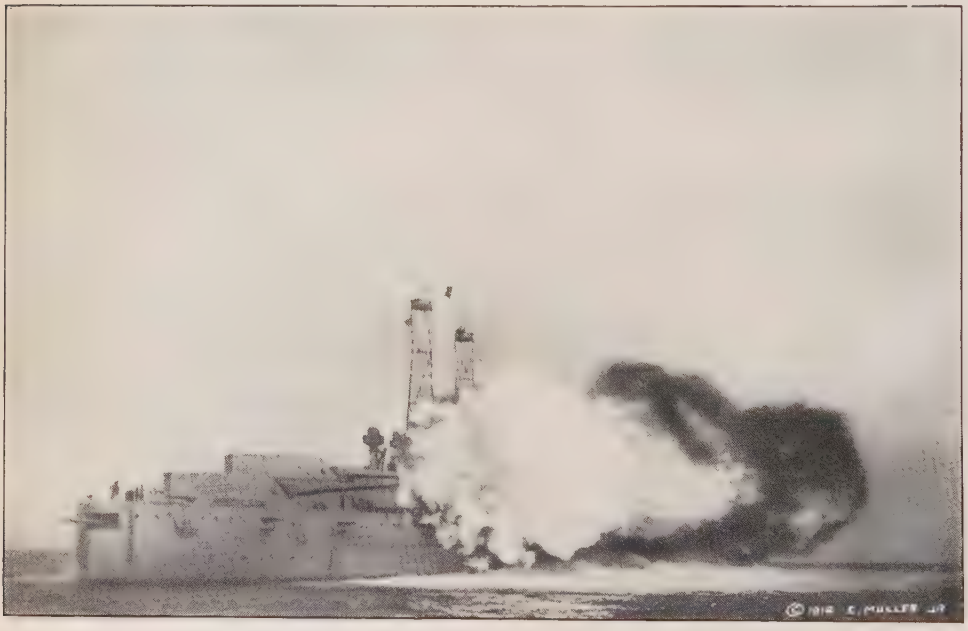
A group of photographs by
E. Muller, Jr.

The destroyer *McDougall* making a smoke-screen

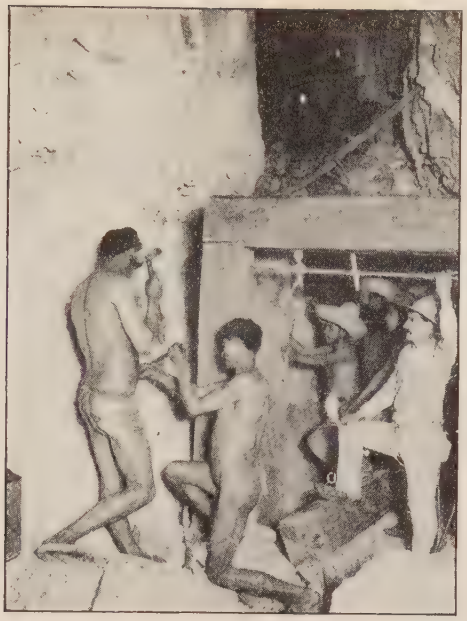
The dreadnought *Oklahoma* in the East River, New York



The dreadnought *Arkansas* cleared for action, showing twelve twelve-inch guns on her broadside



The dreadnought *Arkansas* firing a broadside



Working a heading by hand

Working in a Mexican Mine

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of "A Vagabond Journey around the World," etc.

Photographs by the author

A CLASSMATE of my boyhood is superintendent of the group of mines round about Guanajuato, in central Mexico, and when I announced my intention of taking a temporary job in one of them, we chose Pinguico. The ride to it, 8200 feet above the sea, up along and out of the gully in which Guanajuato is built, and by steep, rocky trails, sometimes beside sheer mountain walls, opens out many a marvelous vista, but none to compare with that from the office veranda of the mine itself. Two thousand feet below lies a plain of Mexico's great table-land, stretching forty miles or more across to where it is shut off by an endless range of mountains, backed by chain after blue chain, each cutting the sky-line in more jagged, fantastic fashion than the rest, the farther far beyond Guadalajara and surely more than a hundred miles distant, where Mexico falls away into the Pacific. On the left rises deep-blue into the sky the almost perfect flattened cone of a lone mountain. Brilliant, yet not hot, sunshine illuminated even the far horizon, and little cloud-shadows crawled here and there across the landscape. The rainy season had left on the plain below many shallow lakes that reflected the sun like immense mirrors. From the veranda it seemed quite flat, though in reality by no means so, and one could all but count the windows of Silao, Irapuato, and other towns, the second, though more than twenty miles away, still in the back foreground of the picture. Thread-like, brown trails wound away over the plain and up into the mountains, here and there dotted by travelers crawling ant-like along them a few inches an hour. Take the most perfect day of late May or early June in our North, brush off the clouds, make the air many times fresher and clearer, add October nights, and multiply the sum total by 365, and it is more easily understood

why Americans who settle in the Guanajuato region so frequently remain there.

The room I shared with a mine boss was of chilly stone walls and floor, large and square, with a rug, two beds, and the bare necessities. The mine mess, run by a Chinaman, furnished meals much like those of a 25-cent restaurant in Texas, at the rate of $5 a week. No Mexican was permitted to eat with the Americans, not even with the "rough-necks." When the whistle blew at seven next morning, some forty peons, who had straggled one by one in the dawn to huddle up together in their red serapes among the rocks of the drab hillside, marched past the timekeeper, turning over their blankets at a check-counter, and with their lunches, of the size of the round tortilla at the bottom and from four to six inches high, in their handkerchiefs, climbed into the six-foot iron ore-bucket until it was completely roofed with their immense straw hats. Near by those of the second night-shift, homeward bound, halted, to stand one by one on a wooden block with outstretched arms to be carefully searched for stolen ore by a tried and trusted fellow-peon. A pocketful of "high-grade" might be worth several dollars. The American *jefe* sat in the hoist-house, writing out requisitions for candles, dynamite, and kindred supplies for the *jefecitos* of the hundred or more peons who were still lined up before the shaft.

With the last batch of these in the bucket, we white men stepped upon the platform below it and dropped suddenly into the black depths of the earth, with now and then a stone easily capable of cracking a skull bounding swiftly with a hollow sound past us back and forth across the shaft.

Not infrequently in the days to come some accident to the hoist-engine above left us to stand an hour or more packed tightly together in our suspended four-foot space in unmitigated darkness. For this and other reasons no peon was ever permitted to ride on the platform with an American. Twelve hundred feet down we stepped out into a winding rock gallery nearly six feet wide and high, where fourteen natives were loading rock and mud into iron dump-cars and pushing them to a near-by chute. Even at this depth flies were thick. A facetious boss asserted they hatched on the peons. My task here was to *sacar muestras,* or, "take samples," as it was called in English. From each car as it passed I snatched a handful of mud and small broken rock and thrust it into a sack that later went to the assay office to show what grade of ore the vein was producing.

Once an hour I descended to a hole far beneath by a rope ladder, life depending on a spike driven in the rock above and a secure handhold, for the handful of "pay dirt" that peons were grubbing down out of a lower *veta,* a long, narrow alleyway of soft earth and small stones that stretched away into the interior of the mountain between solid walls of rock. No inexperienced man would have supposed this mud worth more than any other. But silver does not come out of the earth in minted dollars.

In the mine the peons wore their hats, a considerable protection against falling rocks, but were otherwise naked except for their sandals and a narrow strip of once white cloth between their legs, held by a string around the waist. Some were well built, though all were small, and in the concentrated patch of light the play of their muscles through the light-brown skins was fascinating. Working thus naked seemed much more dangerous; the human form appeared much more feeble and soft delving unclothed in the fathomless, rocky earth. Many a man was marked here and there with long, deep scars. It was noticeable how character, habits, dissipation, which show plainly in the face, left but little sign on the rest of the body, which remained for the most part smooth and unwrinkled.

The peons were more than careless. All day long dynamite was tossed carelessly back and forth about me. A man broke up three or four sticks of it at a time, wrapped them in paper, and beat the mass into the form of a ball on a rock at my

Some of the peons under Mr. Franck's charge about to leave the mine

feet. Miners grow so accustomed to this that they note it, if at all, with complete indifference, often working and serenely smoking seated on several hundred pounds of explosives. One peon of forty in this gang had lost his entire left arm in a recent explosion, yet he handled the dangerous stuff as carelessly as ever. Several others were mutilated in lesser degrees. They depend on charms and prayers to their favorite saint rather than on their own precautions. Every few minutes the day through came the cry, *"Stá pegado!"* that sent us scurrying a few feet away until a dull, deafening explosion brought down a new section of the vein. Not long before there had been a cave-in just beyond where we were working, and the several men imprisoned there had not been rescued. So that now and then a skull and portions of skeleton came down with the rock. The peons had first balked at this, but the superintendent had told them the bones were merely strange shapes of ore, ordered them to break up the skulls and throw them in with the rest, and threatened to discharge and blacklist any man who talked of the matter.

By law a Mexican injured in the mine could not be treated on the spot, but must first be carried to Guanajuato, often dying on the way, to be examined by the police and then brought back to the mine hospital. Small hurts were of slight importance to the peons. During my first hour below a muddy rock fell down the front of a laborer, scraping the skin off his nose, deeply scratching his chest and thighs, and causing his toes to bleed, but he merely swore a few round oaths and continued his work. The hospital doctors asserted that the peon has not more than one fourth the physical sensitiveness of civilized persons. Many a one allowed a finger to be amputated without a word, and as chloroform is expensive, the surgeon often replaced it with a long draft of *mescal* or *tequilla,* the native whiskies.

Outwardly the peons were very deferential to white men. I could rarely get a sentence from them, though they chattered much among themselves, with a constant sprinkling of obscenity. They had a com-

plete language of whistles by which they warned each other of an approaching *jefe,* exchanged varied information, and even entered into discussion of the alleged characteristics of their superiors in their very presence without being understood by the uninitiated. Frequently, too, amid the rumble of the *veta madre* pouring down her treasures, some former Broadway favorite that had found its way gradually to the theater of Guanajuato sounded weirdly through the gallery as it was whistled by some naked peon behind a loaded car. A man speaking only the pure Castilian would have had some difficulty in understanding many of the mine terms. Many Indian words had crept into the common language, such as *chiquihuile* for basket.

Perhaps seventy-five cars passed me during the morning. Under supervision the peons worked at moderately good speed; indeed, they compared rather favorably with the rough American laborers with whom I had recently toiled in railroad gangs, in a stone-quarry of Oklahoma, and in the cotton-fields of Texas. The endurance of these fellows living on corn and beans is remarkable; they were as superior to the Oriental coolie as their wages to the latter's eight or ten cents a day. In this case, as the world over, the workman earned about what he was paid, or, rather, succeeded in keeping his capacity down to the wages paid him. Many galleries of the mine were "worked on contract," and almost all gangs had their self-chosen leader. A peon with a bit more standing in the community than his fellows, wearing something or other to suggest his authority and higher place in the world,—such, perhaps, as the pink shirt the haughty *jefecito* beside me sported,—appeared with twelve or more men ready for work, and was given a section and paid enough to give his men from fifty to eighty cents a day each and have something over a dollar left for himself.

Miners' wages vary much throughout Mexico, from twelve dollars a month to two a day in places no insuperable distances apart. Conditions also differ greatly, according to my experienced compatriots. The striking and booting of the workmen, common in some mines, was never permitted in Pinguico. In Pachuca, for example, this was said to be the general practice, while in the mines of Chihuahua it would have been as dangerous as to do the same thing to a stick of dynamite. Here the peon's manner was little short of obsequious outwardly, yet one had the feeling that in crowds they were capable of making trouble, and those who had fallen upon gringos in the region had despatched their victims thoroughly, leaving them mutilated, and robbed even of their clothing. The pleasant part of it all was one could never know which of these slinking fellows was a bandit by avocation and saving up his unvented anger for the boys who ordered him about at his labors.

It felt pleasant, indeed, to bask in the sun half an hour after dinner before descending again. Toward five I tied and tagged the sacks of samples and followed them, on peon backs, to the shaft and to the world above, with its hot and cold shower-bath, and with the Chinaman's promise, thanks to the proximity of Irapuato, of "stlaybelly pie." Though the American force numbered several of those fruitless persons that drift in and out of all mining communities, it was on the whole of rather high caliber. Besides "Sully the Pug," a mere human animal, as hairy and muscular as a bear, and two "Texicans," as those born in the States of some Mexican blood and generally a touch of foreign accent are called, there were two engineers who lived with their *chinitas,* or illiterate *meztizo* Mexican wives, and broods of peon children down in the valley below the dump-heap. Caste lines were not lacking even among the Americans in the "camp," as these call Guanajuato and its mining environs. More than one complained that those who married Mexican girls of unsullied character and even education were rated "squaw-men," and more or less ostracized by their fellow-countrymen, and especially countrywomen, while the man who

Ore-thieves being led away to prison

"picked up an old rounder from the States" was looked upon as an equal.

The speech of all Mexico is slovenly from the Castilian point of view. Still more so was that of both the peon and of the Americans who copied the untutored tongue of the former, often ignorant of its faults, and generally not in the least anxious to improve, or indeed to get any other advantage from the country except the gold and silver they could dig out of it. Laborers and bosses commonly used *pierra* for *piedra; sa' pa' fuera* for "to leave the mine"; *croquesí* for "I believe so," commonly ignorant even of the fact that this is not a single word. In the mess-hall were heard strange mixtures of the two languages, as when a man, rising to answer some call, shouted over his shoulder, *"Juan, deja mí pie alone!"* Thanks to much peon intercourse, almost all the Americans had an unconsciously patronizing air even to their fellows, as many a pedagogue comes to address all the world in the tone of the school-room. The Mexican, like the Spaniard, never laughs at the most atrocious attempts at his tongue by foreigners, and even the peons were often extremely quick-witted in catching the idea from a few mispronounced words. "The man with the hair ——," I said one day, in describing a workman I wished summoned; and not for the moment recalling the Castilian for curly, I twirled my fingers in the air.

"Chino!" cried at least half a dozen peons in the same breath.

Small wonder the Mexican considers the gringo rude. An American boss would send a peon to fetch his key or cigarettes or on some equally important errand; the workman would run all the way up hill and down again in the rarefied air, removing his hat as he handed over the desired article, and the average man from the States would not so much as grunt his thanks.

On the second day the scene of my operations was changed to the eighth level, a hundred feet below that of the first. It was a long gallery winding away through the mountain, and connecting a

mile beyond with another shaft opening on another hill, so that the heavy air was tempered by a constant mild breeze. Side shafts just large enough for the ore-cars to pass pierced far back into the mountain at frequent intervals. Back in these it was furnace hot. From these the day-gang took out 115 car-loads, though the chute was blocked now and then by huge rocks that must be "shot" by a small charge of dynamite stuck on them, a new way of "shooting the chutes" that was like striking the ear-drums with a club.

The peons placed in each gallery either a cross or a lithograph of the Virgin in a shrine made of a dynamite-box, and kept at least one candle always burning before it. In the morning it was a common sight to see several appear with a bunch of fresh-picked flowers to set up before the image. Most of the men wore a rosary or charm about the neck, which they did not remove even when working naked, and all crossed themselves every time they entered the mine. Not a few chanted prayers while the cage was descending. As often as they passed the gallery-shrine they left off for an instant the vilest oaths, in which several boys from twelve to fourteen excelled, to snatch off their hats to the Virgin, then instantly took up their cursing again. Whenever I left the mine they begged the half-candle I had left, and set it up with the rest. Yet they had none of the touchiness of the Hindu about their superstitions, and showed no resentment whatever even when a gringo stopped to light a cigarette at their improvised altars.

Trusted miners hired to search the others for stolen ore as they leave the shaft were sometimes waylaid on the journey home and beaten almost or quite to death. Once given a position of authority, they were harsher with their own kind than were the white men. The scarred and seared old Pinguico searcher, who stood at his block three times every twenty-four hours, had already killed three men who thus attacked him. Under no provocation whatever would the peons fight underground, but lay for their enemies only outside. A shift-boss in a neighboring mine remained seven weeks below, having his food sent down to him, and continued to work daily with miners who had sworn to kill him once they caught him on earth. One of our engineers at another mine had long been accustomed to hand his revolver to the searcher when the shift appeared and to arm himself with a heavy club. One day the searcher gave the superintendent a "tip," and when the hundred or more were lined up they were suddenly commanded to take off their *borrachas.* A gasp of dismay sounded, but all hastily snatched off their sandals, and something like a bushel of high-grade ore in thin strips lay scattered on the ground. But a few mornings later the searcher was found dead half-way between the mine and his home.

Some of the mines round about Guanajuato were in a most chaotic state, especially those of individual ownership. The equipment was often so poor that fatal accidents were common, deaths even resulting from rocks falling down the shafts. Among our engineers was one who had recently come from a mine where during two weeks' employment he pulled out from one to four corpses daily, until "it got so monotonous" that he resigned. In that same mine it was customary to lock in each shift until the relieving one arrived, and many worked four or five shifts, from thirty-two to forty hours, without a moment of rest, swallowing a bit of food now and then, with a sledge in one hand. "High-graders," as ore-thieves are called, were numerous. The near-by Sirena mine was reputed to have in its personnel more men who lived by stealing ore than honest workmen. There ran the story of a new boss in a mine so near ours that we could hear its blasting from our eighth level, long, dull thuds that seemed to run through the mountain like a shudder through a human body, who was making his first underground inspection when his light suddenly went out, and he felt the cold barrel of a revolver against his temple. A peon voice sounded in the darkness close to his ear:

Bricks of gold and silver ready for shipment. Each is worth something like $1250

"No te mueves, hijo de ——, si quieres vivir!"

Another light was struck, and he made out some twenty peons, each with a sack of "high-grade," and was warned to take his leave on the double-quick and not to look around on penalty of a worse fate than that of Lot's wife.

Bandit gangs were known to live in out-of-the-way corners of several mines, bringing their blankets and tortillas with them and making a business of stealing ore. Not even the most experienced mining engineer could more quickly recognize "pay dirt" than the peon population of Guanajuato vicinity.

Though he is obsequious enough in ordinary circumstances, the mine peon often has a deep-rooted hatred of the American, which vents itself chiefly in cold silence, unless opportunity makes some more effective way possible. Next on his black-list comes the Spaniard, who is reputed a heartless usurer who long enjoyed protection under Diaz. Third, perhaps, come the priests, though these are endured as a necessary evil, as we endure a bad government. The padre of Calderón drifted up to the mine one day to pay his respects and drink the mine health in good Scotch whisky. Gradually he brought the conversation around to the question of disobedience among the peons, and summed up his advice to the Americans in a vehement explosion:

"Fine them! Fine them often and much! Of course," he added as he prepared to leave, "you know that by the laws of Mexico and the *santa iglesia* all such fines go to the church."

Intercourse between the mine officials and native authorities was almost always worth listening to. My disrespectful fellow-countrymen were much given to mix in with the most courteous Spanish forms of speech asides in English which it was well the pompous official natives did not understand. I reached the office one day to find the chief of police just arrived to collect for his services in guarding the money brought out on pay-day.

"Ah, señor mío," cried the superintendent, *"Y cómo está usted? La familia buena? Y los hijos,*—I 'll slip the old greaser his six bones and let him be on his way,—*oh, sí, señor. Cómo no? Con muchísimo gusto,*—and there goes six of our good bucks and four bits and,—*Pues*

adiós, muy señor mío! Vaya bien! If only you break your worthless old neck on the way home,—*Adiós pues!*"

Excitement burst upon the mess-table one night. Rival politicians were to contend the following Sunday for the governorship of the state, and the Liberal candidate had assured the peons that he would treble their wages and force the company to give them full pay during illness, and that those who voted for his rival were really casting ballots for *los gringos* who had stolen away their mines. All this was of course pure campaign bunco; as a matter of fact the lowest wages in all the mines of Mexico were in those belonging to the then Liberal president of the republic, and accident pay would have caused these insensible fellows to drop rocks on themselves to enjoy its benefits. For several mornings threatening political posters had appeared on the walls of the company buildings. But this time word came that Liberal posters had been stuck up in the galleries of the mine itself. The boss sprang to his feet, and without even sending for his revolver went down into the earth. An hour or more later he reappeared with the remnants of the posters. Though the mine was populated with peons and there was not then another American below ground, they watched him tear down the sheets without other movement than to cringe about him, each begging not to be believed guilty. Later a peon was charged with the deed, and forever forbidden to work in the mines of the company. The superintendent threatened to discharge any employee who voted for the Liberal candidate, and, though he could not of course know who did, their dread of punishment no doubt kept many from voting at all.

A few mornings later I was given a new job. The boss led the way, candle in hand, half a mile back through the bowels of the mountain, winding with the swinging of the former ore vein. This alone was enough to get hopelessly lost in even without its many blind-alley branches. Now and then we came upon another shaft-opening that seemed a bottomless hole a few feet in diameter in the solid rock, from far down which came up the falsetto voices and the stinking smell of the sweat of peons, and the *rap, rap* of heavy hammers on iron rock-bars; but we had only started. Far back in the gallery we took another hoist, and descended two hundred feet more, then wound off again through the mountain by more labyrinthine burrowings in the rock, winding, undulating passages, often so low we must crawl on hands and knees, with no other light than the flickering candles, half showing shadowy forms of naked, copper-colored beings, the shadows often giving them fiendish faces and movements, until we could easily imagine ourselves in the realms of Dante's imagination. In time we came to a ladder leading upward into a narrow, dark hole, and when the ladder ended, we climbed some forty feet higher on our bellies up a ledge of rock to another heading, along which we made our way another hundred yards or more to where a dozen naked peons were operating compressed-air drills. We wormed our way like snakes over the resultant debris to the present end of the passage, where more peons were drilling by hand, one man holding a bar of iron a few feet long that another was striking with a five-pound sledge that luckily never missed its mark. This was indeed working *in* Mexico. It would have been difficult to get farther into it, and one could but dully wonder if he would ever get out again.

We were evidently very close to the infernal regions. Here, indeed, would have been a splendid setting for an orthodox hell. Peons whose only garment was the size of a postal card, some even with their hats off, glistened all over their brown bodies as under a shower-bath. In five minutes I had sweat completely through my garments, in ten I could wring water out of my jacket; drops fell regularly at about half-second intervals from the end of my nose and chin. The dripping sweat formed puddles beneath the toilers, the air was so scarce and second-hand that every breath was a deep gasp; nowhere was a sign of exit, as if we had been

Peon miners being searched for stolen ore as they leave the mine

walled up in this narrow, low-ceiled, jagged-rock passageway for all time.

My work here was to take samples from the "roof." A grinning peon who called himself Bruno "Básques" (Vasquez) followed me about, holding his hat under the hammer with which I chipped bits of rock from above, back and forth across the top of the tunnel every few feet. The ore ran very high in grade here, the vein being perhaps six feet of whitish rocky substance between sheer walls of ordinary rock. One could but reflect on the strange inquisitiveness of man that first caused him to prowl about inside the earth, like a mole, looking for a peculiar kind of soil or stone which no one at first sight could have guessed was of any particular value. The peons, smeared all over with the drippings of candle-grease, worked steadily for all the heat and stuffiness. Indeed, one could not but wonder at the amount of energy they sold for a day's wages, though of course their industry was partly due to my gringo presence. We addressed them as inferiors, in the "tu" form and with the generic title *hombre,* or, more exactly, in the case of most of the American bosses, "húm-bray." The white man who said "please" to them, or even showed thanks in any way, such as giving them a cigarette, lost caste in their eyes as surely as with a butler one might attempt to treat as a man. I tried it on Bruno, and he almost instantly changed from obsequiousness to near-insolence. When I had put him in his place again, he said he was glad I spoke Spanish, for so many *jefes* had pulled his hair and ears and slapped him in the face because he did not understand their "strange talk." He did not mention this in any spirit of complaint, but merely as a curious fact and one of the many visitations fate sees fit to send those of her children unluckily born peons. His jet-black hair was so thick that small stones not only did not hurt his head as they fell from under my hammer, but remained buried in his thatch, so that nearly as many samples were taken from this as from the roof of the passage.

Thus the sweat-dripping days passed, without a hint of what might be going on in the world far above, amid the roar and pounding of air- and hand-drills; the noisy falling of masses of rock as these broke it loose; the constant ringing of shovels; the rumble of iron ore-cars on their thread-like rails; cries of *"Está pegado!"* quickly followed by the stunning, ear-splitting dynamite blast; screams of *"No vas echar!"* as some one passed beneath an opening above, of *"Ahora sí!"* when he was out of danger; the shrill warning whistling of the peons echoing back and forth through the galleries and labyrinthine side tunnels as the crunch of shoes along the track announced the approach of some boss; the shouting of the peons "throwing" a laden car along the track through the heavy, smoke-laden air, so thick with the smell of powder and thin with oxygen that even experienced bosses developed raging headaches, and the Beau Brummel secretary of the company fell down once with dizziness and went to bed after the weekly inspection.

When the first day was done I carried the ten sacks of samples—via Bruno's shoulders—through the labyrinth of corridors and shafts to be loaded on a car and pushed to the main shaft, where blew a veritable sea-breeze that gave those coming from the red-hot pockets a splendid chance for catching cold that few overlooked. In the *bodega,* or underground office, I changed my dripping garments for dry ones, but waited long for the broken-down motor to lift me again to pure air.

In the days that followed I was advanced to the rank of car-boss in this same level, and found enough to do and more in keeping the tricky car-men moving. A favorite ruse was to tip over a car on its way to the chute, and to grunt and groan over it for half an hour, pretending to lift it back on the rails; or to tuck away far back in some abandoned "lead" the cars we needed, until I went on tours of investigation and ferreted them out.

After the shower-bath it was a delight to stroll up over the ridge back of the camp and watch the night settle down over this upper-story world. Only on the coast of Cochin China have I seen sunsets to equal those in this altitude. Each one was different. To-night it stretched entirely across the saw-toothed summits of the western hills in a narrow, pinkish-red streak; to-morrow the play of colors on mountains and clouds, shot blood-red, fading to saffron, growing an ever-thicker gray down to the horizon, with the unrivaled blue of the sky overhead, all shifting and changing with every moment, would be hopelessly beyond the power of words. Often rain was falling in a spot or two far to the west, and there the clouds were jet black. In one place well above the horizon was perhaps a brilliant pinkish patch of reflected sun, and everything else an immensity of clouded sky running from Confederate gray above to a blackish-blue lower down that blended with range upon range to the uttermost distance.

There was always a peculiar stillness over all the scene. Groups of sandaled mine peons wound noiselessly away, a few rods apart, along undulating trails, the red of their serapes and the yellow of their immense hats giving the predominating hue. In the vast landscape was much green, though more gray of outcropping rocks. Here and there a lonely telegraph-wire struck off dubiously across the rugged country. Rocks as large as houses hung on the great hillsides, ready to roll down and destroy at the slightest movement of the earth, like playthings left by careless giant children. Along some rocky path far down in the nearer valley a small horse of the patient Mexican breed, under its picturesque, huge-hatted rider, galloped sure-footed up and down steep faces of rock. *Cargadores,* bent half double, with a rope across their brows, came straining upward to the mine. Bands of peons, released from their underground labors, paused here and there on the way home to wager cigarettes on which could toss a stone nearest the next mud-puddle. Flocks of goats wandered

in the growing dusk about steep, rocky mountain-flanks. Farther away was a rocky ridge beaten with narrow, bare, crisscross trails, and beyond lay the old Valenciana mine on the flanks of the jagged range shutting off Dolores Hidalgo, appearing so near in this clear air of the heights that it seemed a man could throw a stone there; yet down in the valley between lay all Guanajuato, the invisible, and none might know how many bandits were sleeping out the day in their lurking-places among the wild, broken valleys and gorges the view embraced. Down in its rock-tumbled valley spread the scattered town of Calderón, and the knell of its tinny old church bells came drifting up across the divide on the sturdy evening breeze, tinged with cold, that seemed to bring the night with it, so silently and coolly did it settle down. The immense plain and farther mountains remained almost visible in the starlight, in the middle distance the lamps of Silao, and near the center of the half-seen picture those of Irapuato, while far away a faint glow in the sky marked the location of the city of Leon.

Work in the mine never ceased. Even as we fell asleep, the engine close at hand panted constantly, the mild clangor of the blacksmith's shop continued unbroken, cars of rock were dumped every few minutes under the swarming stars, the mine pulse beat unchanging, and far down beneath our beds hundreds of naked peons were still tearing incessantly at the rocky entrails of the earth.

Drilling with compressed-air drills in a mine "heading"

The Dark Tower

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "Broken Music," "The Captive," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–IX—Winn Staines, the thirty-five-year-old son of a hard-riding English county family, had a wicked temper, an unshakable nerve, and a nature both obstinate and insolent. After years of frontier work with the British army, he returned to England and married Estelle Fanshawe. Estelle was thoroughly selfish, and when Winn was sent to Davos with consumption she did not accompany him, but stayed in England with their baby, Peter. Winn went to Davos and there met Claire Rivers, an English girl of nineteen who was staying there with her brother Maurice and his tutor, Mr. Roper. Winn felt what he took to be an elder-brotherly interest in Claire and Maurice, but it was really love for Claire. And he put off the day of telling her he was married until he dared not do it.

Part II. Chapter X

WINN discovered almost immediately that what assistance he could give to Maurice would have to be indirect. He had not a light hand for weak, evasive, and excitable people, and Maurice did not like to be driven off the rink with "Better come along with me" or "I should think a good brisk walk to Clavedel would be about your mark." Winn's idea of a walk was silence and pace; he had a poor notion of small talk, and he became peculiarly dumb with a young man whose idea of conversation was high-pitched boasting.

When Maurice began telling stories about how he got the better of So-and-so or the length of his skee-jumps, Winn's eyes became unpleasantly like probes, and Maurice felt the élan of his effects painfully ebbing away. Still, there was a certain honor in being sought out by the most exclusive person in the hotel, and Winn's requests, stated in flat terms and with the force of his determination behind them, were extraordinarily difficult to refuse.

It was Mr. Roper who gave Maurice the necessary stiffening. Mr. Roper did not like Winn, and though their intercourse had been limited to a series of grunts on Winn's part, Mr. Roper had felt something unerringly inimical behind each of these indeterminate sounds.

"That man 's a spoil-sport," he informed his pupil. Maurice agreed.

"But he 's beastly difficult to say no to," he added. "You mean to somehow, but you don't."

"I expect he 's trying to manage you," Mr. Roper cleverly hinted.

This decided Maurice once and for all. He refused all further invitations. He had a terror of being managed, and though he always was managed, gusts of this fear would seize upon him at any effort to influence him in any direction favorable to himself. He was never in the least uneasy at being managed to his disadvantage.

Baffled in his main direction, Winn turned his mind upon the subject of Mr. Roper. Mr. Roper was slippery and intensely amiable; these were not qualities with which Winn felt himself capable of direct dealing. He would have liked to destroy Mr. Roper, and he thought that the situation might naturally arrive at this point; but until it did, he saw that he had better leave Mr. Roper alone. "You can't do anything with a worm but tread on it," he said to himself, and in hotels people had to be careful how they trod on worms. There was still Mrs. Bouncing, but a slight study of that lady, which took place in the hall after dinner, put

this possibility out of the question. She called Winn a "naughty man" and suggested his taking her tobogganing by moonlight.

Mr. Bouncing was a side issue, but Winn, despite his own marriage, held the theory that men ought to look after their wives. He felt that if there had been any question of other men he could have managed Estelle; or, even short of managing Estelle, he could have managed the other men. It occurred to him now that perhaps Mr. Bouncing could be led to act favorably upon the question of his wife's behavior.

Mr. Bouncing could not walk at all; he could get out to the public balcony in the sun, and when he was there he lay with the "Pink 'Un" and "The Whipping Post" on his lap and his thermometer beside him. All he asked was that he should have his hot milk regularly four times a day. He hardly talked to anybody at all. This was not because it made him cough to talk,—it did n't particularly; he coughed without being made to,—but because he had exhausted his audience.

There was only one subject left to Mr. Bouncing, and that was his health; after he had told people all his symptoms, they did n't want to hear them any more, and there was nothing left to talk about. So he lay there in the sunshine thinking about his symptoms instead. There were a good many of them to think about, and all of them were bad.

Mr. Bouncing was surprised when Winn sat down to talk to him, and he explained to him at once exactly what the doctors thought of his case. Winn listened passively, and came back the next day at the same time.

This surprised Mr. Bouncing still more, and little by little the subjects between them widened. Mr. Bouncing still talked about himself, but he talked differently. He told Winn things he had never told any one else, and he was really pleased when Winn laughed at a joke he showed him in the "Pink 'Un."

"You can laugh," he said almost admiringly. "I dare n't, you know; that 's one of the things I 'm told not to do, but I often wish some one would come here and laugh at the jokes for me. It 's quite an effort for me sometimes not to burst out; and then, you see, hemorrhage! I knew a poor chap who literally died of it —died of laughing. They might put that in the 'Pink 'Un,' might n't they?"

Winn said he thought one might die of worse things.

"Yes, I know," agreed Mr. Bouncing; "but I 'm not going to be caught like that. I dare say you don't know, but I believe I 'm the worst case in the hotel. I 'm not *quite* sure; that 's what worries me. There 's a Mrs. Maguire who stays in bed. I 've made all sorts of inquiries about her; but people are so stupid, they don't know the right symptoms to ask about, and I can't go in and look at her, can I? And my wife won't. She says one death's-head is enough for her, and I quite see her point. Perhaps Mrs. Maguire's case is partly nerves. My wife thinks I 'm very nervous. So I am, you know, in a way. I have to be careful; but, Lord! when I see the things people do up here, the risks they take! You, for instance. I 've seen you do heaps of things that are perfectly deadly; and yet there you are getting better. Funny, is n't it?"

Winn said it was funny, but he supposed one must take his chance.

"Yes, I know; that is what people keep saying," Mr. Bouncing admitted. "You can take it if you 've got it; but my point is, if you have n't got it, you can't take it, can you? Now, as far as I can see, looking back from the start, you know, I never had a dog's chance. It 's years since I went out in a wind without an overcoat on, and once in the very beginning I got my feet wet; but for the last five years I 've been as careful as a girl with a new hat. I think I shall live till the spring if I don't get influenza. I hope you 'll remember not to come near me if you feel a cold coming on." Winn assured him that he would. "I asked Doctor Gurnet the other day," Mr. Bouncing went on musingly, "if he thought I should ever be able to walk to the post-office

again,—I used to get there and back last winter, you know,—but he would n't give me a direct answer. He said he thought I could rely on the hotel porter. He 's not definite enough—Doctor Gurnet. I told him the other day how difficult it was to get up in the morning, and he said, 'Well, then, why not stay in bed?' But I 'm not going to do that. I believe you go quicker when you stay in bed. Besides, I should be dull lying there in bed. I like to sit here and watch people and see the silly things they do. That young boy you sit at the table with—he won't come to any good. Silly! He thinks my wife likes him, but she does n't; it 's just that she must have her mind taken off, you know, at times, poor thing! I like to see her amused."

"And what about you?" asked Winn. "It seems to me she might better spend some of her time amusing you."

Mr. Bouncing pointed to the "Pink 'Un."

"I 've got plenty to amuse me," he explained, "and you must n't think she does n't look after me. Why, the other day—when I had the high temperature, you know, and stayed in my room—she came to the door after she 'd been skating, and said, 'Still coughing?' That shows she noticed I was worse, does n't it?"

"I 'm sure she must be awfully anxious about you," Winn assented with more kindliness than truth. "But do you care for her knocking about so with young Rivers and that chap Roper? It seems to me she 's too young and too pretty. If I were you, I 'd call her in a bit; I would really."

Mr. Bouncing leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes. This always made Winn a little uneasy, for when Mr. Bouncing's eyes were shut it was difficult to tell whether he was alive or dead. However, after a few minutes he opened them.

"They are five minutes late with my hot milk," he said. "Do you mind just getting up and touching the bell? And you 've got such a sharp way of speaking to waiters, perhaps you would n't mind hauling him over the coals for me when he comes." Winn complied with this request rapidly and effectively, and the hot milk appeared as if by magic.

Mr. Bouncing drank some before he returned to the subject of his wife.

"Yes," he said, "I dare say you would call her in. You 're the kind of man who can make people come in when you call. I 'm not. Besides, you see, she 's young; she 's got her life to live, and, then, ought I to have married her at all? Of course I was wonderfully well at the time; I could walk several miles, I remember, and had no fever to speak of. Still, there were the symptoms. She took the risk, of course,—she was one of a large family, and I had money,—but it has n't been very amusing for her, you must admit."

Winn did n't admit it, because it seemed to him as if it had been extremely amusing for Mrs. Bouncing, a great deal more amusing than it had any right to be.

"Perhaps you think she ought n't to have married for money," Mr. Bouncing went on when he had finished the hot milk and Winn still sat there saying nothing, "but you 're quite wrong if you do. Money is the most important thing there is—next to health, of course. Health and money; one 's no use without the other, of course, but I don't honestly think anything else really matters. I know what the chaplain says; but he 's always been quite strong."

"That 's all very well," said Winn. "I 'm not a religious man myself, but people ought n't to take something for nothing. If she 's married you for your money, she ought to be more with you. She 's got the money, has n't she, and what have you got? That 's the way I look at it."

Mr. Bouncing did not shake his head,—he was too careful for that,—but he looked as if he were shaking it.

"That 's one point of view, of course," he said slowly; "but how do you know I want to have her more with me? She 's very young and strong. I expect she 'd be exciting, and it would n't be at all good for me to be excited.

"Besides, she has no sense of humor. I would n't dream of asking her to laugh at my jokes as I do you. She would n't see them, and then I should n't like to show her the improper ones. They 're not suitable for ladies, and the improper ones are the best. I sometimes think you can't have a really good joke unless it 's improper."

Winn did not say anything; but he thought that however limited Mrs. Bouncing's sense of humor might be, she would have enjoyed the improper ones.

Mr. Bouncing took out his thermometer.

"It is five minutes," he said, "since I 've had the glass of milk, and I think my tongue must have cooled down by now. So I shall take my temperature, and after that I shall try to go to sleep. But I don't believe you are really anxious about my wife; what you 're worried about is young Rivers. I 've seen you taking him for walks, and it 's no use your worrying about him, because, as I 've said before, he 's silly. If he did n't do one silly thing, he 'd do another. However, he 's selfish, too. That 's always something; he won't be so likely to come to grief as if he were merely silly. It 's his sister I should be worried about if I were you."

"Why?" asked Winn, without looking at him. Mr. Bouncing looked at Winn, but he made no answer. He had already got his thermometer in his mouth.

CHAPTER XI

Winn had a feeling that he ought to keep away from her, but Davos was an inconvenient place for keeping away. People were always turning up when one least expected them, or one turned up oneself. Privacy and publicity flashed together in the sunny air. Even going off up a mountain with a book was hardly the resource it seemed; friends skeed or tobogganed down upon you from the top, and carried you off to tea.

Winn had an uneasy feeling that he ought n't to go every morning to the rink, though that was naturally the place for a man who was only allowed to skate to find himself. It was also the place where he could not fail to find Claire. There were a good many other skaters on the rink, too; they were all preparing for the International Skating Competition.

The English, as a rule, stuck to their own rink, where they had a style of skating belonging to themselves. Their style was perpendicular and very stiff; it was by no means easy to attain, and when attained, hardly perhaps, to the observer, worth the efforts expended. Winn approved of it highly. He thought it a smart and sensible way to skate, and was by no means a bad exponent; but once he had seen Claire skating on the big rink, he put aside his abortive circling round an orange. It is difficult to concentrate upon being a ramrod when every instinct in you desires to chase a swallow. She wore, when she skated, a short, black velvet skirt, white fox furs, and a white fur cap. One could n't very well miss seeing her. It did not seem to Winn as if she skated at all. She skimmed from her seat into the center of her chosen corner, and then looked about her, balanced in the air. When she began to skate he could not tell whether the band was playing or not, because he felt as if she always moved to music.

She would turn at first mysteriously and doubtingly, trying her edges, with little short cuts and dashes, like a leaf blown now here and now there, pushed by a draft of air, and then some purpose seemed to catch her, and her steps grew intricate and measured. He could not take his eyes from her or remember that she was real, she looked so unsubstantial, eddying to and fro, curving and circling and swooping. There was no stiffness in her, and Winn found himself ready to give up stiffness; it was terrible the amount of things he found himself ready to give up as he watched her body move like seaweed on a tide. Motion and joy and music all seemed easy things, and the things that were not easy slipped out of his mind.

After a time Maurice would join her to practise the pair-skating. He was a clever skater, but careless, and it set Winn's

teeth on edge to watch how nearly he sometimes let her down. He would have let any other woman down, but Claire knew him. She counted on his not being exactly where he ought to be, hovered longer on her return strokes, pushed herself more swiftly forward to meet him, or retreated to avoid his too impulsive rushes. Winn was always glad when Maurice, satisfied with his cursory practice, left her circling alone and unfettered, like a sea-gull on a cliff.

This was the time when he always made up his mind not to join her, and felt most sure that she did n't care whether he joined her or not.

He had not talked with her alone since their lunch at the Schatz Alp nearly a week ago. Every one of her hours was full, her eyes danced and laughed as usual, the secretive bloom of youth hid from him any sign of expectation. He did not dream that every day for a week she had expected and wanted him. She could not herself have explained what she wanted. Only her gaiety had lost its unconsciousness; she was showing that she did n't mind, that she was not minding. It seemed so strange that just when she had felt as if they were real friends he had mysteriously kept away from her. Perhaps he had n't meant all the nice things he had said or all the nicer things he had n't said at all, but just looked whenever her eyes met his. They did not meet his now; he always seemed to be looking at something else. Other men put on her skates and found her quickest on the rink, and the other men seemed to Claire like trees walking; they were no longer full of amusing possibilities. They were in the way. Then one morning Winn, watching her from a distance, noticed that Maurice did not turn up. Claire actually looked a forlorn and lonely little figure, and he could not make up his mind not to join her.

He skated slowly up to her.

"Well," he said, "where 's Maurice? He ought n't to be missing a good skating morning like this." It suddenly seemed to Claire as if everything was all right again. Winn was there for her, just as he had been on the Schatz Alp; his eyes looked the same, and the intentional bruskness which he put into his voice was quite insufficient to hide its eagerness.

"Oh," she said, "Major Staines, I did n't mean to tell anybody, but I shall tell you, of course. It 's rather sickening, is n't it? Maurice does n't want to go in for the competition any more; he says he can't spare the time."

"What!" cried Winn. "Look here, let 's sit down and talk about it." They sat down, and the music and the sunshine spread out all round them. Everything swung into a curious harmony, and left them almost nothing to be upset about. "He can't throw you over like this," Winn protested. "Why, it 's only a fortnight off the day, and you 're one of the tiptop skaters."

Claire did not say what she knew to be true, that people had been saying that too much to Maurice, and Maurice liked only praise that came his own way.

"I think it 's Mrs. Bouncing," she said dejectedly. "He 's teaching her to skate, but she 'll never learn. She 's been up here for years, and she does n't know her edges! It looks awfully as if he really liked her, because Maurice skates quite well."

"I 'm afraid I 've been of very little use to you about Mrs. Bouncing," Winn said apologetically. "I thought Bouncing might help us, he 's quite a good chap; but I 'm afraid he 's too down in the mouth. Still, I think I may be able to do something if things get to look really bad. Don't worry about that, please. But, by Jove! this skating matter *is* serious. What are you going to do about it?" Anything that stopped sport seemed to Winn to be really serious; something had got to be done about it. "Is n't there any one else up here not going in for it that you could lick into shape?"

Claire shook her head doubtfully.

"They 'd have to give up every bit of their time," she explained, "and virtually hardly breathe. You see, pair-skating is really very stiff. Of course, if I got a

new man, I 'd do most of the figures; but he 'd have to be there to catch me at the right times, and awfully steady on his edges, and waltz, of course."

"What about me?" Winn asked quietly. "I 'm steady on my edges, and I can waltz after a fashion, and I 'd promise not to breathe for a fortnight." He looked at her, and then looked away quickly. He was a damned fool to have offered himself! How on earth was he going to stand a fortnight with her when he could barely keep himself in hand for five minutes?

"Oh," she said, "you!"

Afterward she said a good deal more, but Winn only remembered the way she said "you," because her voice had sounded different, as if she had found something she had wanted to lay her hands on. Of course what she really wanted was to go in for the pair-skating; it was much the most fun.

They began from that moment to go in for it. Winn had to speak to Dr. Gurnet about the skating, because four hours was n't enough, and Claire insisted upon Dr. Gurnet's consent.

Dr. Gurnet had consented, though he had raised his eyebrows and said, "Pair-skating?" and then he had asked who Major Staines had chosen for his partner. Naturally Winn had become extremely stiff, and said "Miss Rivers" in a tone which should have put an end to the subject.

"Well! well!" said Dr. Gurnet. "And she 's a woman, after all, is n't she?" Winn ignored this remark.

"By the by," he said, "my friend 's coming out in about a fortnight—the one I told you about, Captain Drummond."

"I remember perfectly," said Dr. Gurnet; "a most estimable person I understood you to say. In about a fortnight? The skating competition will just be over then, won't it? I am sure I hope you and Miss Rivers will both make a great success of it."

The fortnight passed in a sunny flash. On the whole Winn had kept himself in hand. His voice had betrayed him, his eyes had betrayed him, all his controlled and concentrated passion had betrayed him; but he had n't said anything. He had buried his head deep in the sands and trusted, like an ostrich, to an infectious oblivion. He reviewed his behavior on the way to the rink the day of the international.

It was an icy cold morning; the valley was wrapped in a thick blue mist. There was no sunlight yet. The tops of the mountains were a sharpened deadly white, colder than purity. As he walked toward the valley the black fir-trees on the distant heights took fire. They seemed to be lighted one by one from some swift, invisible torch, and then quicker than sight itself the sun slipped over the edge and ran in a golden flood across the mountains. The little willows by the lake-side turned apricot; the rink was very cold and only just re-frozen. It was a small gray square surrounded by color. Winn was quite alone in the silence and the light and the tingling bitter air. There was something in him that burned like a secret undercurrent of fire. Had he played the game? What about that dumb weight on his lips when he had tried to tell Claire on the Schatz Alp about Estelle? He could n't get it out then; but had he tried again later? Had he concealed his marriage? Why should he tell her anything? She would n't care, she was so young. Could n't he have his bit of spring, his dance of golden daffodils, and then darkness? He really thought of daffodils when he thought of Claire. She would n't mind, because she was spring itself, and had in front of her a great succession of flowers; but these were the last he was going to have. There would n't be anything at all after Claire, and he was n't going to make love to her. Good God! he was n't such a beast! There had been times this last fortnight that had tried every ounce of his self-control, and he had n't touched her. He had n't said a word that that damned yellow-necked, hen-headed chaplain's wife could n't have heard and welcome. Would many fellows have had his chances and behaved as if

they were frozen barbed-wire fences? And she'd looked at him—by Jove, she 'd looked at him! Not that she 'd meant anything by it; only it had been hard to have to sit on the only decent feelings he had ever had and not let them rip. And as far as Estelle was concerned, she did n't care a damn for him, and he might just as well have been a blackguard. But that was n't quite the point, was it? Blackguards hurt girls, and he certainly had n't set out to hurt Claire.

Well, there was no use making any song or dance about it; he 'd have to go. At first he had thought he could tell her—tell her as soon as the competition was over, and stay on; but he had n't counted on the way things grew, and he did n't think now he could tell her and then hold his tongue about what he felt. If he told her, the whole thing would be out; he could n't keep it back. There were things you knew you could do, like going away and staying away; there were others you were a fool to try.

He circled slowly over the black ice surrounded by pink flames. It made him laugh, because he might have been a creature in hell. Yes, that was what hell was like,—he had always known it,—cold. Cold and lonely, when, if you 'd only had a bit of luck, you might have been up somewhere in the sunlight, not alone. He did n't feel somehow this morning as if his marriage was an obstruction; he felt as if it were a shame. It hurt him terribly that what had driven him to Estelle could be called love, when love was this other feeling—the feeling that he 'd like to be torn into little bits rather than fail Claire. He 'd be ridiculous to please her; he 'd face anything, suffer anything, take anything on. And it was n't in the least that she was lovely. He did n't think about her beauty half as much as he thought about her health and the gentle, tender ways she had with sick people. He 'd watched her over and over again, when she had no idea he was anywhere near, being nice to people in ways in which Winn had never dreamed before one could be nice. When people had nothing but their self-esteem left them, no attractions, no courage, no health, she 'd just sit down beside them and make their self-esteem happy and comfortable.

She need n't have been anything but young and gay and triumphant, but she never shirked anybody else's pain. He had puzzled over her a good deal because, as far as he could see, she had n't the ordinary rules belonging to good people—about church, and not playing cards for money, and pulling people up. It was n't right and wrong she was thinking of most; it was other people's feelings.

He tried not to love her like that, because it made it worse. It was like loving God and Peter; it mixed him all up.

He could n't see straight because everything he saw turned into love of her, and being with her seemed like being good; and it was n't, of course, if he concealed things.

The icy blue rink turned slowly into gold before he had quite made up his mind what to do. Making up his mind had a good deal to do with Lionel, so that he felt fairly safe about it. It was going to hurt horribly, but if it only hurt him, it could n't be said to matter. You could n't have a safe plan that did n't hurt somebody, and as long as it did n't hurt the person it was made for, it could be counted a success.

Davos began to descend upon the rink, first the best skaters—Swedes, Russians, and Germans—and then all the world. The speed-skaters stood about in heavy fur coats down to their feet.

Claire came down surrounded by admirers. Winn heard her laugh before he saw her, and after he had seen her he saw nothing else. She looked like one of the fir-trees when the sun had caught it; she seemed aflame with a quite peculiar radiance and joy. She flew toward Winn, imitating the speed-skaters with one long swift stride of her skates.

"Ah," she cried, "is n't it a jolly morning? Is n't everything heavenly? Are n't you glad you are alive?"

That was the kind of mood she was in. It was quite superfluous to ask if she was

"In his heart there was nothing left to which he could compare her"

nervous. She was just about as nervous as the sun was when it ran over the mountains.

"There does n't seem to be much the matter with you this morning," said Winn, eying her thoughtfully.

The rink cleared at eleven, and the band began to play.

The judges sat in different quarters of the rink so as to get the best all-round impression of the skating. The audience, muffled up in furs, crowded half-way up the valley, as if it were a gigantic amphitheater.

A Polish girl, very tall and slender, with a long black pigtail, swung out upon the ice. She caught the music with a faultless steadiness and swing. Her eyes were fixed on the mountains; her flexible hips and waist swung her to and fro as easily as a winter bird hovers balanced on its steady pinions. Out of the crowd her partner, a huge, black-bearded Russian, glided toward her, caught her by the waist, lifted her, and flung her from side to side in great swirls and resounding leaps. Her skirts flew about her, her pigtail swung round her in the air, her feet struck the ice firmly together like a pair of ringing castanets. The crowd shouted applause as he caught her by the wrists after a particularly dazzling plunge into the empty air, and brought her round to face them, her fixed eyes changed and shot with triumph. The dance was over.

Then a succession of men skaters came forward, whirling, twisting, capering with flying feet. Winn watched them with more astonishment than pleasure.

"Like a ring of beastly slippery microbes!" he remarked to Claire.

"Yes," she said; "but wait." Half a dozen men and women came running out on the rink; with lifted feet, hand in hand, they danced like flying sunbeams.

Then a German pair followed the Polish. Both were strong, first-rate skaters, but the man was rough and selfish; he pulled his girl about, was careless of her, and in the end let her down, and half the audience hissed.

Swedish, Norwegian, French pairs followed swiftly after. Then Claire rose with a quickening of her breath.

"Now," she said, "you!" It was curious how seldom she said Major Staines.

Winn did n't much care to do this kind of thing before foreigners. However, it was in a way rather jolly, especially when the music warmed one's blood. He swept her out easily to the center of the ice. For a time he had only to watch her. He wondered what she looked like to all the black-headed dots sitting in the sun and gazing. In his heart there was nothing left to which he could compare her. She turned her head a little, curving and swooping toward him, and then sprang straight into the air. He had her fast for a moment: her hands were in his, her eyes laughed at his easy strength, and again she shot away from him. Now he had to follow her, in and out, to the sound of the music; at first he thought of the steps, but he soon stopped thinking. Something had happened which made it quite unnecessary to think.

He was reading everything she knew out of his own heart; she had got into him somehow, so that he had no need to watch for his cue.

Wherever she wanted him he was; whenever she needed the touch of his hand or his steadiness it was ready for her. They were like the music and words of a song, or like a leaf and the dancing air it rests upon. They were no longer two beings: they had slipped superbly, intolerably into one; they could n't go wrong; they could n't make a mistake. Where she led he followed, indissolubly a part of her.

They swung together for the final salute. It seemed to Winn that her heart —her happy, swift-beating, exultant heart —was in his breast, and then suddenly, violently he remembered that she was n't his, that he had no right to touch her. He moved away from her, leaving her, a little bewildered, to bow alone to the great cheering mass of people.

She found him afterward far back in the crowd, with a white face and inscrutable eyes.

"You must come and see the speed-skaters," she urged, with her hand on his arm. "It 's the thing I told you about most. And I believe we 've won the second prize. The Russian and Pole have got the first, of course; they were absolutely perfect, but we were rather good. Why did you rush off, and what are you looking like that for? Is anything the matter? You 're not—" her voice faltered suddenly—"you 're not angry, are you?"

"No, I 'm not angry," said Winn, recklessly, "and nothing 's the matter, and I 'll go wherever you want and see what you want and do what you want, and I ran away because I was a damned fool and hate a fuss. And I see you 're going to ask me if I liked it awfully. Yes, I did; I liked it awfully. Now are you satisfied?" He still had n't said anything, he thought, that mattered.

"Oh, yes," she said slowly, "of course I 'm satisfied. I 'm glad you liked it awfully; I liked it awfully myself."

CHAPTER XII

What really surprised Lionel was that Winn looked better than he had ever seen him; he looked younger and keener, and as if some curious and inspiring vigor had been poured into his veins. He dismissed almost impatiently the question of his health.

"Oh, yes, I 'm all right," he said briefly. "I can go back in a year. I 've written to the colonel about it. Look here, I want to talk to you. Don't let 's mess about down-stairs; come up to my room. Yours is next to it. We have a balcony between us. Keep your coat on, and we can sit out there."

It would have seemed to Lionel, if he had n't known his companion so well as for the fact to be incredible, that Winn was nervous. He moved about the two rooms like a man in a fever, with restless, wasteful movements, and when he had got out on the balcony, he turned off the electric light. "We don't need light to talk by," he explained, and then he did n't talk; he just sat speechless in the quiet darkness, brooding under the big, pale stars.

Lionel did not know what to make of him. He himself was shy, with the inborn reserve of a diffident, reflective character; but Winn had never been shy. He had as a rule kept his affairs to himself because he cared very little what anybody else thought of them, but he had made an exception of Lionel. He cared very much what Lionel thought, and he took some pains to explain himself to him. He did not as a rule talk much at a time, but he reduced speech to its plainest elements, saying to Lionel precisely what he meant, with evident gusto, at every favorable opportunity.

Now he evidently wanted to talk, and no opportunity could have been more favorable. They were alone in absolute stillness, the night and the dark built them into an intense and pervasive privacy, and yet whatever Winn wanted to say rose like an impassable wall between them.

Lionel was the first to break the silence. He spoke tentatively, as if he were rather afraid Winn might laugh at him for being fanciful.

"It 's a curious place—Davos," he said; "like being on a ship. I can't explain exactly, but I feel as if we were on deck, pushing along somehow, God knows where, through the dark."

Winn did not laugh; he grunted. This was a shade better than laughter, but it did not carry them much further; it was an uncommunicative grunt.

Lionel started again.

"I was awfully lucky to get out now," he observed. "I did n't think they 'd let me have another leave so soon; but I put up a fight for it. I was determined to get to you. I rather thought from your letters, you know, that you were down and out."

Winn moved restlessly in his seat.

"No such luck," he said grimly. "I 'm just discovering that you can be had in more ways than one. I dare say when I wrote to you I was annoyed at the idea of dying. Well, I 'm not going to die

now, if that 's what you mean—but I 'm considerably more annoyed."

"Well, I can't say I am," Lionel replied. "Whatever else you 're in, you can more or less get out of, you know. I felt rather sick when I thought you were n't going to get out."

"The thing I 'm in now," said Winn, quietly, "I shall never get out of. It 'll last my time. Look here, old chap, I 'm in a mess, a most hideous mess, and I 'm jolly glad you turned up. You can help me a bit,—that is, if you will,—but it 's not precisely easy to talk about."

"I will all right," Lionel answered instantly, "if I can, but you 'll have to let me know a few details. I dare say you need n't say much; if you can just give me an idea."

Winn lighted his pipe and began to smoke. It gave him a chance to pause naturally between his sentences, and he wanted to pause. His heart had a queer way of running fast and making him out of breath at the mere thought of Claire, and now he 'd got to speak of her.

"It 's a woman," he said at last in a jerky, uneven voice, "or, rather, it 's worse than that—it 's a girl. Don't say anything!" Lionel had not attempted to speak; he was smoking thoughtfully, and looking into the black valley, with its sparkling nest of lights. "I know what you must think of me," Winn went on quickly, "because I think the same or worse of myself. She 's just a child. I don't suppose a chap has got any right to have such feelings. Probably not. However, I 've got 'em, and that 's all there is to it. I 've seen a lot of her, but I 've held my tongue."

"Well," said Lionel, "if you 've held your tongue I don't see where the mess comes in. It 's awfully hard lines, of course, but it seems quite straight. We can start for Kamschatka to-morrow if you want to. I only came here for you."

"Yes, I know," said Winn. "It was awfully decent of you, Lionel, but I want rather more of you than that. I don't want you to come off with me at present; I want you to stay here with her."

"How do you mean with her?" asked Lionel. Winn hesitated, then he said:

"I expect it sounds rather mad, but I 'll explain what I mean afterward: I want you to marry her."

"By Jove!" said Lionel, thoughtfully, "that 's rather a tall order! But, my dear old chap, what makes you suppose she 'd look at me—or I at her, as far as that goes? You 're off your chump."

"Wait till you see her," said Winn. "You 'll be able to look at her all right then. I 'll stick it to the end of the week, anyhow; that 'll give you time to make up your mind. Then, if you 're for it, I 'll go over to St. Moritz. There 's plenty to do over there; I want to have a look at the Cresta, anyhow. It 's all perfectly simple, really."

"Yes, it sounds simple," said Lionel, derisively—"as simple as tumbling into the mid-Atlantic. You really are as mad as a hatter, old Winn. Why on earth, being on toast yourself, do you want to have me there? Why not just cut it, both of us? If she 's a good-looker, somebody else is sure to turn up later on; you need n't start providing for her."

"Thanks," said Winn, dryly, "that 's not quite my idea, you know—people turning up later on. I 'd wring their necks if they did. You see, I don't know how to explain it to you quite. What I want for this girl is for her to be taken care of. There is n't another man I 'd have within a hundred yards of her but you. She 's up here now with rather a rotten young cub of a brother. He 's in a mess we 've got to pull him out of. I 'll tell you all about that later. She has n't any people to speak of. There are things—things you can't explain; but I 've talked with her a bit. I fancy she 's the kind of girl that might have a pretty hideous time of it with the wrong man. I could n't stand that. I 've *got* to know she 's being looked after. And there will be some man or other,—there always is,—and she 's—well, I did n't believe girls were innocent before. By God! when they are, it makes you jump. Think what some fellows are like! I could n't run

the risk of leaving her alone; it 's like chucking matches to a child and turning your back on it. For, after all, if a man cares about a girl the way I care about her, he *does* chuck her matches. You can't help yourself; they get to like it even if they don't like you. They 'll want some one afterward."

"To tell the truth," said Lionel, "I don't know much about women. I 've always liked them, but steered rather clear. My father did till he fell in love with my mother, and then it was jolly final. I 've had an idea I 'd rather like it that way. It 's odd when you come to think of it, but I 've never cared for anybody in particular except you and my people, and I 'm twenty-seven. I suppose I must be rather a cold-blooded chap. I 've had a fancy here and there for girls I 've seen, but they were n't strong enough to stand much going into. I could always walk 'em down."

"Well," said Winn, "that 's the way I 'd like you to be—for her. I could n't be now, worse luck, even if I wanted. You can have feelings, fancies, wants, whatever you like to call them, for women; that 's one thing. They can pitch you blindfold into marriage and keep you there against your will, *or* they can start you off with a series of short sprints, with different endings,—I don't say that kind of thing is n't strong,—but they 're tissue-paper and pink ribbon compared with the real thing. When the whole of you gets gripped by some creature that you 'd die, not to *have*,—that 's the other kind of feeling,—but to know was, well, just jolly and comfortable. You want to have 'em, too, of course; but that does n't matter. The other thing does; you 've *got* to know they 're safe."

Lionel sat up straight. The whole affair began to look more serious. There was a tone in Winn's voice which Lionel knew meant an incapacity to give way.

When Winn had got really bitten by an idea, nothing you could say would move him, and even adverse circumstances did nothing but create a further awkwardness. You could n't get over Winn; so that there was nothing left for you but to get over the adverse circumstances.

Lionel turned his attention directly upon them.

"But suppose," he said, "I don't fall in love with her? I might easily like and admire her—I often do like and admire girls—and not want a bit to marry her."

"I don't know what I shall do then," said Winn, slowly, "but I have an idea that that question won't arise. You 'll like her all right. I have n't told you, of course, but she 's clever, like you and your people. She reads authors—real authors." Lionel thought again.

"But if I do like her, and she likes me," he went on, "is n't it going to be pretty damnable for you? Won't it rather break us up, you know—you and me?"

"You 'll have to risk that if you want to help me," said Winn, inexorably. "But though I might keep off for a time, I 'd be pretty sure to come back. After all, the facts would be on my side; I should have done what I wanted, and if she was your wife, I think, in time, I could get to think of her differently, and as for you—no, if you help me out, I sha'n't change like that about you. I don't say I shall like it, I 'm not out to like it, there is n't anything in the whole damned job that it is possible for me to like; but I 'd a lot rather have it that way than any other way."

"That 's all right," agreed Lionel; "but if I do like her and she refuses me, which is the most likely thing to happen, how is that going to work out?"

Winn got up and laid his hand on Lionel's shoulder.

"I rather back you, young 'un, if you want to win," he said quietly. "If she refused you, I should think I had made a mistake; the kind of girl I think she is would n't refuse you unless she cared for somebody else."

"But suppose she does happen to care for you?" Lionel objected.

"Oh, if she cared for me," said Winn, "do you think I would n't know it? She likes me all right. I dare say she 'll be a bit sick at my running off at first, but

she 's—I told you—she 's a child. If she was older, we 'd have to tackle the whole question differently. I 'd get Estelle to divorce me like a shot now if it was n't for Peter, and try my luck; but as far as this thing goes, I have n't got any luck. It 's rather funny when you come to think of it, for it was I who was so damned keen on having Peter! Still, there he is, a jolly little chap, and it would n't do to leave him out of things."

"Your wife—" said Lionel, then he stopped. Winn laughed.

"Ah, she does n't come into it," he said. "I don't blame her, you know, but she never has—it would be quite a bit of luck for her to get shot of me. There 's one thing, Lionel, I have n't told you,—it 's pretty beastly to own up to,—but I funked telling her—telling Claire—that 's the girl, you know—about my marriage. It seems low down of me, I know, but I could n't get it out. I want you to do that for me; she 'd better know."

But this Lionel rebelled against.

"No; look here," he urged, "I can't, I really can't. Of course the whole thing is moonshine and idiocy really,—I never heard of such a plan,—but if I 'm even to look at it, I can't go round telling her things like that about you. Either you tell her yourself or else leave it alone. If she gets to care for me she won't mind knowing, it 'll come out naturally; and if she cares for you, it 's not for me to tell her."

Winn gave in.

"Well," he admitted grudgingly, "you need n't tell her if you don't like to. I 'll mention it to the chaplain's wife before I go; she 'll cackle all over the hotel about it like a hen laying an egg. But I 'd be jolly glad if you 'd see this thing through for me, Lionel."

Lionel stood up; for a time they leaned over the balcony together, looking out at the dim shapes of the mountains, silver shod and glimmering under the stars. The valley was full of darkness, the hotels slept, and all the life of the busy little mountain towns was still.

When they turned back into the light Lionel saw a new expression in Winn's eyes. It passed in a moment, but not until it had sunk deep into Lionel's heart. The look in Winn's eyes had been fear, sharper than the fear of death.

"All right, all right," Lionel said hurriedly. "I 'll go in for it—if I can."

Winn turned away from him and began methodically to close the balcony door.

"Thanks," he said without looking round again. "I 'm sure I 'm much obliged to you."

CHAPTER XIII

Winn was under the impression that he could stand two or three days, especially if he had something practical to do. What helped him was the condition of Mr. Bouncing. Mr. Bouncing had suddenly retired. He had a bedroom on the other side of Winn's, and a sitting-room connected it with his wife's; but Mrs. Bouncing failed increasingly to take much advantage of this connection. Her theory was that, once you were in bed, you were better left alone.

Mr. Bouncing refused to have a nurse; he said they were disagreeable women who would n't let you take your own temperature. This might have seemed to involve the services of Mrs. Bouncing; but they were taken up for the moment by a bridge drive.

"People do seem to want me so!" she explained plaintively to Winn in the corridor. "And I have a feeling, you know, Major Staines, that in a hotel like this it 's one's duty to make things go."

"Some things go without much making," said Winn, significantly. He was under the impression that one of these things was Mr. Bouncing.

Winn made it his business, since it appeared to be nobody else's, to keep an eye on Mr. Bouncing: in the daytime he sat with him and ran his errands; at night he came in once or twice and heated things for Mr. Bouncing on a spirit-lamp.

Mr. Bouncing gave him minute directions, and scolded him for leaving milk exposed to the menaces of the air and doing

dangerous things with a teaspoon. Nevertheless, he valued Winn's company.

"You see," he explained to Winn, "when you can't sleep, you keep coming up to the point of dying. It 's very odd, the point of dying, a kind of collapsishness that won't collapse. You say to yourself, 'I can't feel any colder than this,' or, 'I must have more breath,' or, 'This lung is bound to go if I cough much more.' And the funny part of it is, you do go on getting colder, and your breath breaks like a rotten thread, and you never stop coughing, and yet you don't go! I dare say I shall be quite surprised when I do. Then when you come in and give me warm, dry sheets and something hot to drink, something comes back. I suppose it 's life force; but not much—never as much as when I started the collapse. I 'm getting weaker and weaker every hour; don't you notice it? I never approved of all this lying in bed. I shall speak to Dr. Gurnet about it to-morrow."

Winn had noticed it; he came and sat down by Mr. Bouncing's bed.

"Snowy weather," he suggested, "takes the life out of you."

Mr. Bouncing ignored this theory.

"I hear," he went on, "that you and your new friend have changed your table. You don't sit with the Rivers any more."

"No," said Winn, laconically; "table is n't big enough."

"I expect they eat too fast," Mr. Bouncing continued; "young people almost always eat too fast. You 'll digest better at another table. You look to me as if you had indigestion now."

Winn shook his head.

"Look here, Bouncing," he said earnestly, "I 'm going off to St. Moritz next week to have a look at the Cresta; I wish you 'd have a nurse. Drummond will run in and give an eye to you, of course; but you 're pretty seedy, and that 's a fact. I don't like leaving you alone."

"Next week," said Mr. Bouncing, thoughtfully. "Well, I dare say I shall be ready by then. It would be a pity, when I 've just got you into the way of doing things properly, to have to teach them all over again to somebody else. I 'm really not quite strong enough for that kind of thing. But I 'm not going to have a nurse. Oh dear, no! Nurses deceive you and cheer you up. I don't feel well enough to be cheered up. I like somebody who is thoroughly depressed himself, as you are, you know. I dare say you think I notice nothing lying here, but I 've noticed that you 're thoroughly depressed. Have you quarreled with your friend? It 's odd you rush off to St. Moritz alone just when he 's arrived."

"No, it is n't," said Winn, hastily. "He 'll join me later; he 's staying here at my request."

Mr. Bouncing sighed gently.

"Well," he said, "then all I can say is that you make very odd requests. One thing I 'm perfectly sure about: if you go and look at the Cresta, you 'll go down it, you 're such a careless man, and then you 'll be killed. Is that what you want?"

"I could do with it," said Winn, briefly.

"That," said Mr. Bouncing, "is because you 're strong. It really is n't nice to talk in that light way about being killed to any one who has got to be before very long whether he likes to or not. If you were in my place you 'd value your life, unless it got too uncomfortable, of course."

Winn apologized instantly. Mr. Bouncing accepted his apology.

"You 'll learn," he explained kindly, "how to talk to very ill people in time, and then probably you 'll never see any more of them. Experience is a very silly thing, I 've often noticed; it hops about so. No continuity. What I was going to say was, don't be worried about young Rivers and my wife. Take my word for it, you 're making a great mistake."

"I am glad to hear you say so," Winn answered. "As a matter of fact, I have at present a few little private worries of my own; but I 'm relieved you think the Rivers boy is all right. I 've been thinking of having a little talk with that tutor of his."

"Ah, I should n't do that if I were you," said Mr. Bouncing, urgently;

"you 're sure to be violent. I see you have a great deal of violence in you; you ought to control it. It 's bad for your nerves. There are things I could tell you which would make you change your mind about young Rivers, but I don't know that I shall; it would excite me too much. I think I should like you to go and telephone to Doctor Gurnet. Tell him my temperature is normal. It 's a very odd thing; I have n't had a normal temperature for over three years. Perhaps I 'm going to get better, after all. It 's really only my breathing that 's troubling me tonight. It would be funny if I got well, would n't it? But I must n't talk any more; so don't come back until I knock in the night. Pass me the 'Pink 'Un.'" Winn passed him the "Pink 'Un" and raised him with one deft, strong movement more comfortably up on his pillows.

"You 've got quite a knack for this sort of thing," Mr. Bouncing observed. "If you 'd been a clever man, you might have been a doctor."

Mr. Bouncing did not knock during the night. Winn heard him stirring at ten o'clock, and went in. The final change had come very quickly. Mr. Bouncing was choking. He waved his hand as if the very appearance of Winn between him and the open balcony door kept away from him the air that he was vainly trying to breathe. Then a rush of blood came in a stream between his lips. Winn moved quickly behind him and lifted him in his arms.

Mr. Bouncing was no weight at all, and he made very little sound. He was quite conscious, and the look in his eyes was more interested than alarmed. The rush of bleeding stopped suddenly; his breathing was weaker and quieter, but he no longer choked.

"Look here, old man," Winn said, "let me get your wife."

But Mr. Bouncing signaled to him not to move; after a time he whispered:

"This is the first time I ever had hemorrhage. Most uncomfortable."

"Do let me get your wife!" Winn urged again.

"No," said Mr. Bouncing. "Women—not much good—after the first."

"Don't talk any more then, old man," Winn pleaded. "You 'll start that bleeding off again."

But Mr. Bouncing made a faint clicking sound that might have been a laugh.

"Too late," he whispered. "Don't matter now. No more risks. Besides, I 'm too—too uncomfortable to live."

There were several pauses in the hemorrhage, and at each pause Mr. Bouncing's mind came back to him as clear as glass. He spoke at intervals.

"Not Rivers," he said, fixing Winn's eyes, "Roper—Roper." Then he leaned back on the strong shoulder supporting him. "Glad to go," he murmured. "Life has been—a damned nuisance. I 've had —enough of it." Then again, between broken, flying breaths, he whispered, "Lonely."

"That 's all right," Winn said gently. "You 're not alone now. I 've got hold of you."

"No," whispered Mr. Bouncing—"no, I don't think you have."

There was no more violence now; his failing breath shook him hardly at all. Even as he spoke, something in him was suddenly freed; his chest rose slowly, his arm lifted and then fell back, and Winn saw that he was no longer holding Mr. Bouncing.

CHAPTER XIV

He closed the door to the balcony; the cold air filled the room as if it were still trying to come to the rescue of Mr. Bouncing. Winn had often done the last offices for the dead before, but always out of doors. Mr. Bouncing would have thought that a very careless way to die; he had often told Winn that he thought nature most unpleasant.

When Winn had set the room in order he sat down by the table and wondered if it would be wrong to smoke a cigarette. He wanted to smoke, but he came to the conclusion that it was n't quite the thing to do.

To-night was the ball for the interna-

tional skaters; he ought to have been there, of course. He had made Lionel go in his place, and had written a stiff little note to Claire asking her to give his dances to his friend. He had Claire's answer in his pocket: "Of course I will, but I 'm awfully disappointed." She had spelled disappointed with two s's and one p. Winn had crushed the note into his pocket and not looked at it since, but he took it out now. It was n't like smoking a cigarette. Bouncing would n't mind. There was no use making a fuss about it; he had done the best thing for her. He was handing all that immaculate, fresh youth into a keeping worthy of it. He was n't fit himself. There were too many things he could n't tell her, there was too much in him still that might upset and shock her. He would have done his best, of course, to have taken care of her; but better men could take better care. Lionel had said nothing so far; he had taken Claire skeeing and skating, and once down the Schatz Alp. When he had come back from the Schatz Alp he had gone a long walk by himself. Winn had offered to accompany him, but Lionel had said he wanted to go alone and think. Winn accepted this decision without question. He knew Lionel was a clever man, but he did n't himself see anything to think about. The thing was perfectly simple: Lionel liked Claire or he did n't; no amount of being clever could make any difference. Winn was a little suspicious of thinking. It seemed to him rather like a way of getting out of things.

The room was very cold, but Winn did n't like going away and leaving Mr. Bouncing. By and by he heard voices in the next room. He could distinguish the high, flat giggle of Mrs. Bouncing. She had come back from the dance, probably with young Rivers. He must go in and tell her. That was the next thing to be done. He got up, shook himself, glanced at the appeased and peaceful young face upon the pillow, and walked into the next room. It was a sitting-room, and Winn had not knocked; but he shut the door instantly after him, and then stood in front of it, as if in some way to keep the silent tenant of the room behind him from seeing what he saw.

Mrs. Bouncing was in a young man's arms receiving a prolonged farewell. It was n't young Rivers, and it was an accustomed kiss. Mrs. Bouncing screamed. She was the kind of woman who found a scream in an emergency as easily as a sailor finds a rope.

It was n't Winn's place to say, "What the devil are you doing here, sir?" to Mr. Roper; it was the question which, if Mr. Roper had had the slightest presence of mind, he would have addressed to Winn. As it was he did nothing but snarl—a timid and ineffectual snarl which was without influence upon the situation.

"You 'd better clear out," Winn continued; "but if I see you in Davos after the eight o'clock express to-morrow I shall give myself the pleasure of breaking every bone in your body. Any one 's at liberty to play a game, Mr. Roper, but not a double game; and in the future I really would n't suggest your choosing a dying man's wife to play it with. It 's the kind of thing that awfully ruffles his friends."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mr. Roper, hastily edging toward the door; "your language is most uncalled for. And as to going away, I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Better think it over," said Winn, with misleading calm. He moved forward as he spoke, seized Mr. Roper by the back of his coat as if he were some kind of boneless mechanical toy, and deposited him in the passage outside the door.

Mrs. Bouncing screamed again. This time it was a shrill and gratified scream. She felt herself to be the heroine of an occasion. Winn eyed her as a hostile big dog eyes one beneath his fighting powers. Then he said:

"I should n't make that noise if I were you; it 's out of place. I came here to give you bad news."

This time Mrs. Bouncing did n't scream. She took hold of the edge of the table and repeated three times in a strange, expressionless voice:

"George is dead! George is dead! George is dead!"

Winn thought she was going to faint, but she did n't. She held on to the table.

"What ought I to do, Major Staines?" she asked in a quavering voice.

Winn considered the question gravely. It was a little late in the day for Mrs. Bouncing to start what she ought to do, but he approved of her determination.

"I think," he said at last—"I think you ought to go in and look at him. It 's usual."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Bouncing, with a shiver, "I never have seen a corpse!"

Winn escorted her to the bedside and then turned away from her. She looked down at her dead husband. Mr. Bouncing had no anxiety in his face at all now; he looked incredibly contented and young.

"I—I suppose he really is gone?" said Mrs. Bouncing in a low voice. Then she moved waveringly over to a big arm-chair.

"There is no doubt about it at all," said Winn. "I did n't ring up Gurnet. He will come in any case first thing to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Bouncing moved her beringed hands nervously, and then suddenly began to cry. She cried quietly into her pocket-handkerchief, with her shoulders shaking.

"I wish things had n't happened!" she sobbed. "Oh dear! I wish things had n't happened!" She did not refer to the death of Mr. Bouncing. Winn said nothing. "I really did n't mean any harm," Mrs. Bouncing went on between her sobs—"not at first. You know how things run on; and he 'd been ill seven years, and one does like a little bit of fun, does n't one?"

"I should n't think about all that now," Winn replied. "It is n't suitable."

Mrs. Bouncing shook her head and sobbed louder; sobbing seemed a refuge from suitability.

"I would n't have minded," she said brokenly, "if I 'd heated his milk. I always thought he was so silly about having skin on it. I did n't believe when he came up-stairs it was because he was really worse. I wanted the sitting-room to myself. Oh dear! oh dear! I said it was all nonsense! And he said, 'Never mind, Millie; it won't be for long,' and I thought he meant he 'd get down-stairs again. And he did n't; he meant this!"

Winn cleared his throat.

"I don't think he blamed you," he said, "as much as I did."

Mrs. Bouncing was roused by this into a sudden sense of her position.

"Oh," she said, "what are you going to do to me? You 've always hated me. I 'm sure I don't know why; I took quite a fancy to you that first evening. I always have liked military men, but you 're so stand-offish; and now, of course, goodness knows what you 'll think! If poor old George were alive he 'd stand up for me!"

"I 'm not going to do anything to hurt you, Mrs. Bouncing," said Winn, after a short pause. "You 'll stay on here, of course, till after the funeral. We shall do all we can to help you, and then you 'll go back to England, won't you?"

"Yes," she said, shivering, "I suppose so. I shall go back to England. I shall have to see George's people. They don't like me. Will—will that be all?"

"As far as I am concerned," said Winn, more gently, "there is only one thing further I have to suggest. I should like you to promise me, when you leave here, to have nothing more to do with young Rivers. It 's better not; it puts him off his work."

Mrs. Bouncing reddened.

"Oh," she said, "I know; I did n't mean any harm by that. You can't help young men taking a fancy to you, can you? At least I can't. It looked better, did n't it, in a way—you know what I mean. I did n't want people to think anything. If only George had n't been so good to me! I don't suppose you can understand, but it makes it worse when they are."

It seemed to Winn as if he could understand, but he did n't say so. Bouncing should have pulled her up. Winn always believed in people being pulled up. The difficulty lay in knowing how to carry

the process out. It had seemed to Mr. Bouncing simpler to die.

"You 'd better go to bed now," Winn said at last. "People will be up soon. He died quite peacefully. He did n't want you to be disturbed. I think that 's all, Mrs. Bouncing."

She got up and went again to the bed.

"I suppose I ought n't to kiss him?" she whispered. "I have n't any right to now, have I? You know what I mean? But I would have liked to kiss him."

"Oh, I don't believe he 'd mind," said Winn, turning away.

Mrs. Bouncing kissed him.

CHAPTER XV

Winn felt no desire to go to bed. He went out into the long, blank corridor and wondered if the servants would be up soon and he could get anything to drink. The passage was intensely still; it stretched interminably away from him like a long, unlighted road. A vague gray light came from the windows at each end. It was too early for the shapes of the mountains to be seen. The outside world was featureless and very cold.

There was no sound in the house except the faint sound behind the green baize doors, which never wholly ceased. Winn had always listened before with an impatient distaste; he had hated to hear these echoes of dissolution. For the first time, this morning, he felt curious.

Suppose things had gone differently; that he 'd been too late, and known his fate? He could have stayed on then; he could have accepted Claire's beautiful young friendliness. He could have left her free; and yet he could have seen her every day; then he would have died.

Weakness has privileges. It escapes responsibility; allowances are made for it. It has n't got to get up and go, tearing itself to pieces from the roots. He could have told her about Peter and Estelle and what a fool he had been; and at the end, he supposed, it would n't have mattered greatly if he had just mentioned that he loved her.

Now there was n't going to be any end. Life would stretch out narrow, interminable, and dark, like the passage with the windows at each end, which were only a kind of blur without any light.

However, of course there was no use bothering about it; since the servants were n't up and he could n't get any coffee, he must just turn in. It suddenly occurred to Winn that what he was feeling now was unhappiness, a funny thing; he never really had before. It was the kind of feeling the man had had, under the lamp-post at the station, carrying his dying wife. The idea of a broken heart had always seemed to Winn namby-pamby. You broke if you were weak; you did n't break if you were strong. What was happening now was that he was strong and he was being broken. It was a painful process, because there was a good deal of him to break, and it had only just begun. However, this was mercifully hidden from him. He said to himself: "I dare say I 'm run down and fidgety with having had to sit up with Bouncing. I shall feel all right to-morrow." Then the door behind him opened, and Lionel joined him. He was still dressed as he had been when he came back from the ball some hours earlier.

"Hullo!" he said. "I wondered if that was you; I thought I heard something stirring outside. You were n't in your room when I came in. Been with Bouncing?"

"Yes," said Winn; "he 's dead. I 'm looking for some coffee. These confounded, tow-headed Swiss mules never get up at any decent hour. Why are you still dressed? Nothing wrong, is there?"

"Well, I did n't feel particularly sleepy, somehow," Lionel acknowledged. "Are you going to stand outside in this moth-eaten passage the rest of the night, or will you come in with me and have a whisky and soda? You must be fagged out."

"I don't mind if I do," Winn agreed. "We may as well make a night of it." For a few minutes neither of them spoke; then Winn said to him, "Had a jolly dance?"

Lionel did not answer him directly;

but he turned round, and met his friend's eyes with his usual unswerving honesty.

"Look here, old Winn," he said, "it 's up to you to decide now. I 'll stay on here or go with you, whichever you like."

"You like her, then?" Winn asked quickly.

"Yes," said Lionel, "I like her."

"Well, then, you 'll stay of course," said Winn without any hesitation. "Is n't that what we damned well settled?"

Lionel's eyes had changed. They were full of a new light; he looked as if some one had lit a lantern within him. Love had come to him not as it had come to Winn, bitterly, unavailingly, without illusion; it had fallen upon his free heart and lit it from end to end with joy. He loved as a man loves whose heart is clean and who has never loved before, without a scruple and without restraint. Love had made no claims on him yet; it had not offered him either its disappointments or its great rewards. He was transformed without being altered. He simply saw everything as glorious which before had been plain, but he did not see different things.

"Yes," he said, "I know we talked about it; but I 'm hanged if I 'll try unless I 'm sure you are absolutely keen. I thought it all out after—after I 'd seen her, and it seemed to me all very well in the abstract giving her up to another man and all that, but when it came to the point, would you be really sure to want me to carry through? I 've seen her now, you know, and I 'm glad I 've seen her. I 'll be glad always for that, but it need n't go any further."

Winn looked past him; he was tired with the long night's strain, and he had no white ideal to be a rapture in his heart. He loved Claire not because she was perfection, but because she was herself. She was faultless to Lionel, but Winn did n't care whether she was faultless or not. He did n't expect perfection or even want it, and he was n't the man to be satisfied with an ideal; but he wanted, as few men have ever wanted for any woman, that Claire should be happy and safe.

"I 've told you once," he said; "you might know I should n't change. I 've got one or two little jobs to see to about Bouncing's funeral. That woman 's half a little cat and half an abject fool. Still, you can't help feeling a bit sorry for her. I dare say I can get things done by lunch-time; then I 'll drive over the Fluella. I 'll put up at the Kulm; but don't bother to write till you 've got something settled. I 'm not going to mess about saying good-by to people. You can tell Miss Rivers when I 'm gone."

"Look here," Lionel urged, "you can't do that; you must say good-by to her properly. She was awfully sick at your not turning up at the ball. After all, you know, you 've seen a lot of her, and she particularly likes you. You can't just jump off into space, as if you were that old chap in the Bible without any beginning or any end!"

Winn stuck his hands in his pockets and looked immovably obstinate.

"I 'm damned if I do," he replied. "Why should I? What 's the use of saying good-by? The proper thing to do when you 're going away is to go. You need n't linger, messing about like somebody's pet kitten."

Lionel poured out the whisky before replying, and pushed a glass in Winn's direction; then he said:

"Don't be a fool, old chap; you 'll have to say good-by to her. You don't want to hurt her feelings."

"What 's it to you whether I hurt her feelings or not?" Winn asked savagely.

There was a moment's sharp tension. It dropped instantly at the tone of Lionel's quiet voice.

"It 's a great deal to me," he said steadily; "but I know it 's not half as much to me as it is to you, old Winn."

"Oh, all right," said Winn after a short pause. "I suppose I 'll say it if you think I ought to. Only stand by if you happen to be anywhere about. By the by, I hope I shall have some kind of scrap with Roper before the morning 's over. I shall enjoy that. Infernal little beast, I caught him out last night. I can't tell you how;

but unless he 's off by the eight o'clock tomorrow, he 's in for punishment "

Lionel laughed.

"All right," he said, "don't murder him. I 'm going to turn in now. Sorry about Bouncing. Did he have a bad time, poor chap?"

"No," said Winn, "not really. He had a jolly sight harder time living; and yet I believe he 'd have swapped with me at the end. Funny how little we know what the other fellow feels!"

"We can get an idea sometimes," Lionel said in a queer voice, with his back to his friend. Winn hastened to the door of his room. He knew that Lionel had an idea. He said, as he half closed the door on himself:

"Thanks awfully for the whisky."

CHAPTER XVI

UNFORTUNATELY, Winn was not permitted the pleasure of punishing Mr. Roper in the morning. Mr. Roper thought the matter over for the greater part of an unpleasantly short night. He knew that he could prepare a perfect case, he could easily clear himself to his pupil, he could stand by his guns, and probably even succeed in making Mrs. Bouncing stand by hers; but he did n't want to be thrashed. Whatever else happened, he knew that he could not get out of this. Winn meant to thrash him, and Winn would thrash him. People like Winn could not be manipulated; they could only be avoided. They were n't afraid of being arrested, and they did n't care anything about being fined. They damned the consequences of their ferocious acts; and if you happened to be one of the consequences and had a constitutional shrinking from being damned, it was wiser to pack early and be off by an eight o'clock train.

Winn was extremely disappointed at this decision; it robbed him of something which, as he thought, would have cleared the air However, he spent a busy morning in assisting Mrs. Bouncing. She was querulous and tearful and wanted dressmakers and a more becoming kind of mourning than it was easy to procure in Davos. It seemed to Winn as if she was under the impression that mourning was more important to a funeral than a coffin; but when it came to the coffin she had terrible ideas about lilies embroidered in silver, which upset Winn very much.

Mr. Bouncing had always objected to lilies. He considered that their heavy scent was rather dangerous. Mrs. Bouncing told Winn what everybody in the hotel had suggested, and appeared to expect him to combine and carry out all their suggestions, with several other contradictory ones of her own.

During this crisis Maurice Rivers markedly avoided Mrs. Bouncing. He felt as if she might have prevented Mr. Bouncing's death just then. It was a failure of tact. He did n't like the idea of death, and he had always rather counted on the presence of Mr. Bouncing. He was afraid he might, with Mr. Bouncing removed, have gone a little too far.

He explained his position to Winn, whom he met on one of his many errands.

"One does n't want to let oneself in for anything, you know," he asserted. "I 'm sure, as a man of the world, you 'd advise me to keep out of it, would n't you? It 's different for you, of course; you were poor Bouncing's friend."

Winn, whose temper was extremely ruffled, gave him a formidable glance.

"You get into things a bit too soon, my boy," he replied coldly, "and get out of 'em a bit too late."

"Oh, come, you know," said Maurice, jauntily, "I 'm not responsible for poor old Bouncing's death, am I?"

"I don't say you are," Winn continued, without looking any pleasanter. "Bouncing had to die, and a jolly good thing for him it was when it came off; his life was n't worth a row of pins. But I was n't talking about him; I was talking about her. If you really want my advice, I 'll tell you plainly that if you want to go the pace, choose women one does n't marry; don't monkey about with the more or less respectable ones who have a right

to expect you to play the game. It 's not done, and it 's beastly unfair. D' you see my point?"

Maurice wondered if he should be thoroughly angry or not. Suddenly it occurred to him that Winn was waiting, and that he had better see his point and not be thoroughly angry.

"Yes, I dare say I did go a little far," he admitted, throwing out a manly chest; "but between you and me, Staines, should you say our friend Mrs. B. *was* respectable or not?"

"She is n't my friend," said Winn, grimly; "but as she ought to be yours, I 'll trouble you to keep your questions to yourself."

The idea of being angry having apparently been taken out of Maurice's hands, he made haste to disappear into the hotel.

Winn walked on into the village. It was the last time he intended to go there. There was nothing peculiarly touching about the flat, long road, with the rink beneath it and the mountains above. The houses and shops, German pensions and crowded balconies, had no particular charm. Even the tall, thin spire of the church lacked distinction; and yet it seemed to Winn that it would be difficult to forget. He stopped at the rink as he returned to pick up his skates. He told himself that he was fortunate when he discovered Claire, with Lionel on one side of her and Ponsonby on the other; he had wanted the help of an audience; now he was going to have one. Claire saw him before the others did, and skated swiftly across to him.

"But why don't you put your skates on?" she said, pointing to them in his hand. "You 're not much good there, you know, on the bank."

"I 'm not much good anywhere, as far as that goes," said Winn, quickly, before the others came up. Then he said in a different voice, "I hope you enjoyed your dance last night."

Claire paused the briefest moment before she answered him; it was as if she were trying quickly to change the key in which she spoke in order to meet his wishes, and as if she did not want to change the key.

"Yes, I did," she said, "most awfully. It was a heavenly dance. I was so sorry you could n't come, but Captain Drummond told me why."

Winn confounded Lionel under his breath for not holding his tongue; but he felt a warmth stir in his heart at the knowledge that, no matter what was at stake, Lionel would not suffer the shadow of blame to attach itself to him. It had been one of Winn's calculations that Claire would be annoyed at his disappointing her and think the less of him because she was annoyed. He was not a clever calculator.

"Of course I understood," Claire went on; "you had to be with poor Mr. Bouncing. It was just like you to stay with him." She had said a good deal, considering that Mr. Ponsonby and Lionel were there. Still, Winn did not misunderstand her. Of course she meant nothing.

"Well," he said, holding out his hand, "I 'm extremely glad, Miss Rivers, to have run across you like this, because I 'm off this afternoon to St. Moritz. I want to have a look at the Cresta."

Claire ignored his outstretched hand.

"Oh," she cried a little breathlessly, "you 're not going away, are you? But you 'll come back again, of course?"

"I hope so, I 'm sure, some day or other," said Winn. Then he turned to Ponsonby. "Have you been down the Cresta?" he asked.

Mr. Ponsonby shook his head.

"Not from Church Leap," he replied. "I 've got too much respect for my bones. It 's awfully tricky; I 've gone down from below it. You don't get such a speed on then."

"Oh, but, Major Staines, you won't toboggan?" Claire cried out. "You know you must n't toboggan! Doctor Gurnet said you must n't. You won't, will you? Captain Drummond, are n't you going with him to stop him?"

Lionel laughed.

"He is n't a very easy person to stop," he answered her. "I 'll join him later on,

of course; but I want to see a little more of Davos before I go."

"There is n't the slightest danger," Winn remarked, without meeting Claire's eyes. "The Cresta 's as safe as a church hassock. There is n't half the skill in tobogganing that there is in skating. Good-by, Miss Rivers. I never enjoyed anything as much as I enjoyed our skating competition. I 'm most grateful to you for putting up with me."

Claire gave him her hand then, but Winn remembered afterward that she never said good-by. She looked at him as if he had done something which was not fair.

CHAPTER XVII

Winn's chief objection to St. Moritz was the shabby way in which it imitated Davos. It had all the same materials,—endless snows, forests of fir-trees, soaring peaks, and the serene blueness of the skies,—and yet as Davos it did n't in the least come off. It was more beautiful and less definite: the peaks were nearer and higher; they streamed out around the valley like an army with banners. The long, low lake and the small, perched villages, grossly overtopped by vulgar hotel palaces, had a far more fugitive air.

It was a place without a life of its own. Whatever character St. Moritz might once have had was as lost as that of the most catholic of evening ladies in Piccadilly.

Davos had had the dignity of its purpose: it had set out to heal. St. Moritz, on the contrary, set out to avoid healing. It was haunted by crown princes and millionaire Jews, ladies with incredible earrings and priceless furs; sharp, little, baffling transatlantic children thronged its narrow streets, and passed away from it as casually as a company of tramps.

There was this advantage for Winn: nobody wanted to be friendly unless one was a royalty or a financial notable. Winn was as much alone as if he had dropped from Charing Cross into the Strand. He smoked, read his paper, and investigated in an unaccommodating spirit all that St. Moritz provided; but he did n't have to talk.

Winn was suffering from a not uncommon predicament: he had done the right thing at enormous cost, and he was paying for it instead of being paid. Virtue had struck her usual hard bargain with her votaries. She had taken all he had to give, and then sent in a bill for damages.

He was not in the least aware that he was unhappy, and often, for five or ten minutes at a time, he would forget Claire; afterward he would remember her, and that was worse. The unfortunate part of being made all of a piece is that if you happen to want anything, there is really no fiber of your being that does n't want it.

Winn loved in the same spirit that he rode, and he always rode to a finish. In these circumstances and in this frame of mind the Cresta occurred to Winn in the light of a direct inspiration. No one could ride the Cresta with any other preoccupation.

Winn knew that he ought n't to do it; he remembered Dr. Gurnet's advice, and he felt all the better. If he could n't have what he wanted, there would be a minor satisfaction in doing what he ought n't. The homely adage of cutting off your nose to spite your face had always been questioned by the Staines family. They looked upon a nose as there chiefly for that purpose. It was a last resource to be drawn upon, when the noses of others appeared out of reach.

There were, however, a few preliminary difficulties. No one was allowed to ride the Cresta without practice, and it was a part of Winn's plan not to be bothered with gradual stages. Only one man had ever been known to start riding the Cresta from Church Leap without previous trials, and his evidence was unobtainable as he was unfortunately killed during the experiment. Since this adventure a stout Swiss peasant had been placed to guard the approaches to the run. Winn walked up to him during the dinner-hour, when he knew the valley was freest from possible intruders.

"I want you to clear off," he said to the

man, offering him five francs, and pointing in the direction of St. Moritz. The peasant shook his head, retaining the five francs and opening the palm of his other hand. Winn placed a further contribution in it, and said firmly:

"Now if you don't go I shall knock you down." He shook his fist to reinforce the feebleness of his alien speech. The Swiss peasant stepped off the path hurriedly into a snow-drift. He was a reasonable man, and he did not grasp why one mad Englishman should wish to be killed, nor, for the matter of that, why others equally mad should wish to prevent it. So he walked off in the direction of St. Moritz and hid behind a tree, reposing upon the deeply rooted instinct of not being responsible for what he did not see.

Winn regarded the run methodically, placed his toboggan on the summit of the leap, and looked down at the thin, blue streak stretching into the distance. The valley appeared to be entirely empty; there was nothing visibly moving in it except a little distant smoke on the way to Samaden. The run looked very cold and very narrow; the nearest banks stood up like cliffs.

Winn strapped a rake to his left foot, and calculated that the instant he felt the ice under him he must dig into it, otherwise he would go straight over the first bank. Then he crouched over his toboggan, threw himself face downward, and felt it spring into the air.

He kept no very definite recollection of the sixty-odd seconds that followed. The ice rose up at him like a wall; the wind—he had not previously been aware of the faintest draft of air—cut into his eyes and forehead like fire. His lips blistered under it.

He felt death at every dizzy, dwindling second—death knotted up and racketing, so imminent that he would n't have time to straighten himself out or let go of his toboggan before he would be tossed out into the empty air.

He remembered hearing a man say that if you fell on the Cresta and did n't let go of your toboggan, it knocked you to pieces. His hands were fastened on the runners as if they were clamped down with iron. The scratching of the rake behind him sounded appalling in the surrounding silence.

He shot up the first bank, shaving the top by the thinness of a hair, wobbled sickeningly back on to the straight, regained his grip, shot the next bank more easily, and whirled madly down between the iron walls. He felt as if he were crawling as slowly as a fly crawls up a pane of glass, in a buzzing eternity.

Then he was bumped across the round and shot under the bridge. There was a hill at the end of the run. As he flew up it he became for the first time aware of pace. The toboggan took it like a racing-cutter, and at the top rose six feet into the air, and plunged into the nearest snow-drift.

Winn crawled out, feeling very sick and shaken, and as if every bone in his body was misplaced.

"O you idiot! you idiot! you unbounded, God-forsaken idiot!" a voice exclaimed in his ears. "You 've given me the worst ten minutes of my life!"

Winn looked around him more annoyed than startled. He felt a great disinclination for speech and an increasing desire to sit down and keep still; and he did not care to conduct a quarrel sitting down.

However, a growing inability to stand up decided him; he dragged out his toboggan and sat on it.

The speaker appeared round a bend of the run. She had apparently been standing in the path that overlooked a considerable portion of it.

She was not a young woman, and from her complexion and the hardness of her thickly built figure she might have been made of wood.

She wore a short, strapped-in skirt, leather leggings, and a fawn-colored sweater. Her eyes were a sharp, decided blue, and the rest of her appearance matched the sweater.

Winn pulled himself together.

"I don't see, Madam," he remarked slowly, but with extreme aggressiveness,

"what the devil my actions have to do with you!"

"No," said the lady, grimly, "I don't suppose from the exhibition I 've just been watching that you 're in the habit of seeing farther than to the end of your own nose. However, I may as well point out to you that if you had killed yourself, as you richly deserved, and as you came within an ace of doing, the run would have been stopped for the season. We should all have been deprived of the Grand National, and I, who come up here solely to ride the Cresta, which I have done regularly every winter for twenty years, would have had my favorite occupation snatched from me at an age when I could least afford to miss it."

"I have n't been killed, and I had not the slightest intention of being so," Winn informed her with dangerous calm. "I merely wished to ride the Cresta for the first time unobserved. Apparently I have failed in my intention. If so, it is my misfortune and not my fault." He took out a cigarette, and lit it with a steady hand, and turned his eyes away from her. He expected her to go away, but, to his surprise, she spoke again.

"My name," she said, "is Marley. What is yours?"

"Staines," Winn replied with even greater brevity. He had to give her his name, but he meant it to be his last concession.

"Ah," she said thoughtfully, "that accounts for it. You 're the image of Sir Peter, and you seem to have inherited not only his features, but his manners. I need n't, perhaps, inform you that the latter were uniformly bad. I knew your father when I was a girl. He was stationed in Hong-Kong at the time, and he was good enough to call me the little Chinese, no doubt in reference to my complexion. Plain as I am now, I was a great deal plainer as a girl, though I dare say you would n't think it."

Winn made no comment upon this doubtful statement; he merely grunted. His private opinion was that ladies of any age should not ride the Cresta, and that ladies old enough to have known his father at Hong-Kong should not toboggan at all.

It was unsuitable, and she might have hurt herself; into these two pitfalls women should never fall.

Miss Marley had a singularly beautiful speaking voice; it was as soft as velvet. She dropped it half a tone, and said suddenly:

"Look here, don't do that kind of thing again. It 's foolish. People don't always get killed, you know; sometimes they get maimed. Forgive me, but I thought I would just like to point it out to you. I could not bear to see a strong man maimed."

Winn knew that it was silly and weak to like her just because of the tone of her voice, but he found himself liking her. He had a vague desire to tell her that he would n't do it again and that he had been rather a fool; but the snow was behaving in a queer way all around him: it appeared to be heaving itself up. He said instead:

"Excuse me for sitting down like this. I 've had a bit of a shake. I 'll be all right in a moment or two." Then he fainted.

Miss Marley stooped over him, opened his collar, laid him flat on the ground—he had fallen in a heap on his toboggan—and chafed his wrists and forehead with snow. When she saw that he was coming round, she moved a little away from him and studied his toboggan.

"If I were you," she observed, "I should have these runners cut a little finer; they are just a shade too thick."

Winn dragged himself on to the toboggan and wondered how his collar came to be undone. When he did it up, he found his hands were shaking, which amazed him very much. He looked a little suspiciously at his companion.

"Of course," Miss Marley continued pleasantly, "I ought to have that watchman discharged. I am a member of the Cresta committee, and he behaved scandalously; but I dare say you forced him into it, so I shall just walk up the hill and give him a few straight words. Probably you

don't know the dialect. I 've made a point of studying it. If I were you, I should stay where you are until I come back. I want you to come to tea with me at Cresta. There 's a particularly good kind of bun in the village, and I think I can give you some rather useful tobogganing tips. It is n't worth while your climbing up the hill just to climb down again, is it? Besides, you 'd probably frighten the man."

"Thanks," said Winn. "All right; I 'll stay." He did n't want the Cresta bun, and he thought that he resented Miss Marley's invitation; but, on the other hand, he was intensely glad she was going off and letting him alone.

He felt uncommonly queer. Perhaps he could think of some excuse to avoid the tea when she came back.

All the muscles of his chest seemed to have gone wrong; it hurt him to breathe. He sat with his head down, like a man climbing a hill against a strong wind. It was rather funny to feel ill again when he had really forgotten he was up there for his health. That was what he felt—ill.

It was not nearly as painful a feeling as remembering Claire. Unfortunately, it was very quickly followed by the more painful feeling.

When Miss Marley came back, he had the eyes of a creature caught in a trap.

She took him to Cresta to tea, and it did not occur to Winn to wonder why a woman who at forty-five habitually rode the Cresta should find it necessary to walk at the pace of a deliberating snail. It was a pace which at the moment suited Winn precisely.

On the whole he enjoyed his tea. Miss Marley's manners, though abrupt, had certain fine scruples of their own. She showed no personal curiosity and she gave Winn some really valuable tips. He began to understand why she had so deeply resented his trifling with the Cresta.

Miss Marley was one of the few genuine workers at St. Moritz, a member of the old band who had worked devotedly to produce the Frankenstein which had afterward as promptly devoured them. This fate, however, had not as yet overtaken Miss Marley. She was too tough and too rich to be very easily devoured. The Cresta was at once her child and her banner; she had helped to make it, and she wound its folds around her as a screen for her invisible kindnesses.

Menaced boys could have told how she had averted their ruin with large checks and sharp reproofs. She had saved many homes and covered many scandals. For girls she had a special tenderness. She had never been a beautiful young girl, and she had a pathetic reverence for what was frail and fair. For them she had no reproofs, only vast mercy, and patient skill in releasing them from the traps which had caught their flurried young senses; but for those who had set the traps she had no mercy.

Miss Marley was not known for any of these things. She was celebrated for fights with chaplains and sanitary inspectors, and for an inability to give in to authority unless authority knew what it was about. She had never once tried to please, which is the foundation of charm. Perhaps it would have been a useless effort, for she was not born to please. She was born to get things done.

After Miss Marley had talked to Winn for an hour, she decided to get him to join the Bandy Club. He was the kind of man who must do something, and it was obviously better that he should not again tempt fate by riding the Cresta from Church Leap without practice. This course became clearer to Miss Marley when she had discovered that Winn had come up for his health.

"Of course a fellow who was n't seedy would n't have made an ass of himself over riding the Cresta," Winn explained, eying her thoughtfully.

He must have got somehow off his toboggan on to the snow, and he had no recollection at all of getting there. Miss Marley said nothing to enlighten him further. She merely suggested bandy. After dinner she introduced Winn to the captain of the St. Moritz team, and at three

"'I could n't tell you,' he muttered, 'I tried — I could n't'"

o'clock the next afternoon she watched him play in a practice-match.

Winn played with a concentrated viciousness which assured her of two things: he would be an acquisition to the team, and if he felt as badly as all that, it was just as well to get some of it worked off on anything as unresponsive as a ball.

After this Miss Marley let him alone. She considered this the chief factor in assisting the lives of others; and for nearly two hours a day, while he was playing bandy, Winn succeeded in not remembering Claire.

CHAPTER XVIII

WINN'S way of playing bandy was to play as if there was n't any ice. In the first few practices it had the disadvantage of a constant series of falls, generally upon the back of his head; but he soon developed an increasing capacity of balance and an intensity of speed. He became the quickest forward the St. Moritz team had ever possessed.

When he was following the ball he took up his feet and ran. The hard clash of the skates, the determined onrush of the broad-built, implacable figure, were terrible to withstand. What was to be done against a man who did n't skate, but tore, who fell upon a ball as a terrier plunges, eyeless and intent, into a rat-hole? The personal safety of himself or others never occurred to Winn. He remembered nothing but the rules of the game. These he held in the back of his mind, with the ball in front of it.

All St. Moritz came to watch the great match between itself and Davos. It was a still, cold day; there was no blue in the sky; the mountains were a hard black and white, and the valley very colorless and clear. There was a hush of coming snow in the air, and the sky was covered by a toneless, impending cloud.

The game, after a brief interval, became a duel between two men: Winn, with his headlong, thirsty method of attack, and the champion player of Davos, Mavorovitch, who was known as the most finished skater of the season.

Mavorovitch never apparently lifted his skates, but seemed to send them forward by a kind of secret pressure. He was a very cool player, as quick as mercury and as light as thistledown. Winn set himself against him with the dogged fury of a bull against a toreador.

"That man 's not brave; he 's careless," a St. Moritz potentate remarked to Miss Marley.

Miss Marley gave a short laugh, and glanced at Winn.

"That 's my idea of courage," she said —"carelessness toward things that don't count. Major Staines is n't careless with the ball."

"A game 's a game," the foreign prince protested, "not a prolonged invitation to concussion."

"Ah, that 's where your foreign blood comes in, your Highness," argued Miss Marley. "A game is n't a game to an Englishman; it 's his way of tackling life. As a man plays, so he reaps."

"Very well, then," remarked her companion, gravely. "Mark my words, Madame; your friend over there will reap disaster."

Winn tackled the ball in a series of sudden formidable rushes; he hurled himself upon the slight form of Mavorovitch, only to find he had before him a portion of the empty air. Mavorovitch was invariably a few inches beyond his reach, and generally in possession of the ball.

Twice Winn wrested it forcibly from him and got half-way up the ice, tearing along with his skates crashing their iron way toward the goal, and twice Mavorovitch noiselessly, except for a faint scraping, slid up behind him and coaxed the ball out of his very grip. St. Moritz lost two goals to nothing in the first half, and Winn felt as though he were merely biting on air.

He stood a little apart from the other players, with his back turned to the crowd. He wished it was n't necessary always to have an audience; a lot of people who sat and did nothing irritated him. Mavorovitch irritated him, too. He did not like a man to be so quiet; the faint *click,*

click of Mavorovitch's skates on the ice was like a lady knitting.

The whistle sounded again, and Winn set upon the ball with redoubled fury. He had a feeling that if he did n't win this game he was going to dislike it very much. He tore up the ice, every muscle strained, his stick held low, caressing the round, flying knob in front; he had got the ball all right, the difficulty was going to be to keep it. His mind listened to the faint distant scraping of Mavorovitch's approach. Winn had chosen the exact spot for slowing up for his stroke.

It must be a long-distance shot or Mavorovitch would be there to intercept him; the longer, the safer, if he could get up speed enough for his swing. He had left the rest of the players behind him long ago, tossing some to one side and outflanking others; but he had not got clear away from Mavorovitch, bent double, and quietly calculating, a few feet behind him, the exact moment for an intercepting spurt: and then through the sharpness of the icy air and the sense of his own speed an extraordinary certainty flashed into Winn. He was not alone; Claire was there. He called it a fancy, but he knew it was a certainty. A burning joy seized him, and a new wild strength poured into him. He could do anything now.

He drew up suddenly, long before the spot he had fixed upon as a certain stroke, lifted his arm, and struck with all his might. It was a long, doubtful, crossing stroke, almost incredibly distant from the goal.

The crowd held its breath as the ball rose, cutting straight above the goal-keeper's head, through the very center of the goal.

Winn was probably the only person there who did n't follow its flight. He looked up quickly at the bank above him, and met her eyes. She was as joined to him as if they had no separate life.

In a moment it struck him that there was nothing else to do but to go to her at once, take her in his arms, and walk off with her somewhere into the snow. He knew now that he had been in hell; the sight of her was like the sudden cessation of blinding physical pain.

Then he pulled himself together and went back to the game. He could n't think any more, but the new activity in him went on playing methodically and without direction.

Mavorovitch, who was playing even more skilfully and swiftly, got the better of him once or twice; but the speed that had given Winn room for his great stroke flowed tirelessly through him. It seemed to him as if he could have outpaced a Scotch express.

He carried the ball off again and again out of the mob of his assailants. They scattered under his rushes like creatures made of cardboard. He offered three goals and shot one. The cheering of the St.-Moritzers sounded in his ears as if it were a long way off. He saw the disappointed, friendly grin of little Mavorovitch as the last whistle settled the match at five goals to four against Davos, but everything seemed cloudy and unreal. He heard Mavorovitch say:

"Spooner never told us he had a dark horse over here. I must say I am disappointed. Until half-time I thought I should get the better of you; but how did you get that devilish spurt on? Fierce pace tires, but you were easier to tire when you began."

Winn's eyes wandered over the little man beside him.

"Oh, I don't know," he said good-naturedly; he had never in his life felt so good-natured. "I suppose I thought we were getting beaten. That rather braces one up, does n't it?"

"Ah, that is you English all over," laughed Mavorovitch. "We have a saying, 'In all campaigns the English lose many battles, but they always win one—namely, the last.'"

"I 'm sure it 's awfully jolly of you to say so," said Winn. "You play a pretty fine game yourself, you know, considerably more skill in it than mine. I had no idea you were not English yourself."

Mavorovitch seemed to swim away into a mist of laughter, people receded, the

bank receded; at last he stood before her. Winn thought that she was a little thinner in the face and her eyes were larger than ever. He could not take his own away from her; he had no thoughts, and he forgot to speak.

Everybody was streaming off for tea. The rink was deserted; it lay a long, gray shadow beneath the high, white banks. The snow had begun to fall, light, dry flakes that rested like powder on Claire's curly hair. She waited for him to speak; but as he still said nothing, she asked with a sudden dimple:

"Where does this path lead to?"

Then Winn recollected himself, and asked her if she did not want some tea. Claire shook her head.

"Not now," she said decidedly; "I want to go along this path."

Winn obeyed her silently. The path took them between dark fir-trees to the farthest corner of the little park. Far below them a small stream ran into the lake; it was frozen over, but in the silence they could hear it whispering beneath the ice. The world was as quiet as if it lay in velvet. Then Claire said suddenly:

"Oh, why did you make me hurt him when I liked him so much?"

They found a bench and sat down under the trees.

"Do you mean you 've sent Lionel away?" Winn asked anxiously.

"Yes," she said in a forlorn little voice; "yesterday I sent him away. He did n't know I was coming over here; he was very miserable. He asked me if I knew about you,—he said he believed you wanted me to,—and I said, 'Of course I know everything.' I was n't going to let him think you had n't told me. Why did you go away?"

He had not thought she would ask him that. It was as if he saw before him an interminable hill which he had believed himself to have already climbed.

He drew a deep breath, then he said:

"Did n't they talk about it? I wrote to her,—the chaplain's wife, I mean; I had n't time to see her,—but I sent it by the porter. I thought she 'd do; she seemed a gossipy woman, kept on knitting and gassing over a stove in the hall. I thought she was—a sort of circulating—library, you see. I tipped the porter—tow-headed Swiss brute. I suppose he swallowed it."

"He went away the same day you did," Claire explained. "Nobody told me anything. Do you think I would have let them? I would n't let Lionel, and I knew he had a right to; but I did n't care about anybody's rights. You see, I—I thought you 'd tell me yourself. So I came," she finished quietly.

She waited. Winn began to draw patterns on the snow with his stick, then he said:

"I 've been a bit of a blackguard not telling you myself. I did n't want to talk about it, and that 's a fact. I 'm married."

He kept his face turned away from her. It seemed a long time before she spoke.

"You should have told me that before," she said in a queer, low voice. "It 's too late now."

"Would it," he asked quickly, "have made any difference—about Lionel, I mean?"

She shook her head.

"Not," she said, "about Lionel."

He bent lower over the pattern in the snow; it had become more intricate.

"I could n't tell you," he muttered; "I tried. I could n't. That was why I went off. You say too late. D' you mind telling me if you mean—you care?"

Her silence seemed interminable, and then he knew she had already answered him. It seemed to him that if he sat there and died he could n't speak.

"Winn," she asked in a whisper, "did you go because of me—or because of you?"

He turned round, facing her.

"Is that worrying you?" he said fiercely. "Well, you can see for yourself, can't you? All there is of me—" He could not finish his sentence.

It was snowing heavily. They seemed intensely, cruelly alone. It was as if all life crept off and left them by themselves in the drifting gray snow, in their silent

little corner of the unconscious, inalterable world.

Winn put his arm around her and drew her head down on his shoulder.

"It 's all right," he said rather thickly. "I won't hurt you."

But he knew that he had hurt her, and that it was all wrong.

She did not cry, but she trembled against his heart. He felt her shivering as if she were afraid of all the world but him.

"I must stay with you," she whispered. "I must stay with you, must n't I?"

He tried not to say "Always," but he thought afterward that he must have said "Always."

Then she lifted her curls and her little fur cap with the snow on it from his shoulder, and looked deep into his eyes. The worst of it was that hers were filled with joy.

"Winn," she said, "do you love me enough for anything? Not only for happiness, but, if we had to have dreadful things, enough for dreadful things?"

She spoke of dreadful things as if they were outside her, and as if they were very far away.

"I love you enough for anything," said Winn, gravely.

"Tell me," she whispered, "did you ever even think—you liked her as much?"

Winn looked puzzled; it took him a few minutes to guess whom she meant, then he said wonderingly:

"My wife, you mean?"

Claire nodded. It was silly how the little word tore its way into her very heart; she had to bite her lips to keep herself from crying out. She did not realize that the word was meaningless to him.

"No," said Winn, gravely; "that 's the worst of it. I must have been out of my head. It was a fancy. Of course I thought it was all right, but I did n't *care*. It was fun rather than otherwise; you know what I mean? I 'm afraid I gave her rather a rotten time of it; but fortunately she does n't like me at all. It 's not surprising."

"Yes it is," said Claire, firmly; "it 's very surprising. But if she does n't care for you, and you don't care for her, can't anything be done?"

There is something cruel in the astonishing ease with which youth believes in remedial measures. It is a cruelty which reacts so terribly upon its possessors.

Winn hesitated; then he told her that he would take her to the ends of the world. Claire pushed away the ends of the world; they did not sound very practical.

"I mean," she said, "have you got to consider anybody else? Of course there 's Maurice and your people; I 've thought of them. But I don't think they 'd mind so awfully always, do you? It would n't be like robbing or cheating some one who really needed us. We could n't do that, of course."

Then Winn remembered Peter. He told her somehow that there was Peter. He hid his face against her breast while he told her; he could not bear at that moment to see in her eyes this new knowledge of Peter.

But she was very quiet about it; it was almost as if she had always known that there was Peter.

Winn spoke very wildly after that: he denied Peter; he denied any obstacles; he spoke as if they were already safely and securely married. He explained that they had to be together; that was the long and short of it. Anything else was absurd; she must see that it was absurd.

Claire did not interrupt him once; but when he had quite finished, she said consideringly:

"Yes; but, after all, she gave you Peter."

Then Winn laughed, remembering how Estelle had given him Peter. He could n't explain to Claire quite how funny it was.

She bore his laughter, though it surprised her a little; there seemed to be so many new things to be learned about him. Then she said:

"Anyway, we can be quite happy for a fortnight, can't we?"

Winn raised his head and looked at her. It was his turn to be surprised.

"Maurice and I," she explained, "have to go back in two weeks; we 've come over here for the fortnight. So we 'll just be happy, won't we? And we can settle what we 'll do afterward, at the end of the time."

She spoke as if a fortnight was a long time. Then Winn kissed her; he did it with extraordinary gentleness, on the side of her cheek and on her wet curls covered with snow.

"You 're such a baby," he said half to himself; "so it is n't a bit of use your being as old as the hills the other part of the time. There are just about a million reasons why you should n't stay, you know."

"Oh, reasons!" said Claire, making a face at anything so trivial as a reason. Then she became very grave, and said, "I *want* to stay, Winn; of course I know what you mean. But there 's Maurice; it is n't as if I were alone. And afterward—oh, Winn, it 's because I don't know what is going to happen afterward —I *must* have now!"

Winn thought for a moment, then he said:

"Well, I 'll try and work it. You must n't be in the same hotel, though. Fortunately, I know a nice woman who 'll help us through; only, darling, I 'm awfully afraid it 's beastly wrong for you. I mean I can't explain properly; but if I let you go now, it would be pretty sickening. But you 'd get away; and if you stay,—I 'll do the best I can,—we shall get mixed up so that you 'll find it harder to shake me off. You see, you 're awfully young; there are chances ahead of you, awfully decent other chaps, marriage—"

"And you," she whispered—"you?"

"Oh, it does n't matter a damn about me either way," he explained carefully. "I 'm stuck. But it is n't really fair of me to let you stay. You don't understand, but it simply is n't fair."

Claire looked reproachfully at him.

"If I don't want you to be fair," she said, "you ought n't to want to be—not more than I do, I mean. Besides—O Winn, I do know about when I go! That 's why I *can't* go till we 've been happy, awfully happy, *first*. Don't you see, if I went now, there 'd be nothing to look back on but just your being hurt and my being hurt; and I want happiness! Winn, I want happiness!"

That was the end of it. He took her in his arms and promised her happiness.

(To be concluded)

A Shadowy Third

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

YOUR arms are strong,
And strongly beats the heart to which they fold me;
But stronger are the memories that hold me.
Sighing, I long
Not for your lips transfigured by their yearning,
But for a quiet mouth to dust returning.
What can I give?
I have no longer anything you crave;
It all was cast with flowers in a grave.
You bid me live,
And, in your pleading, passionate life blooms red;
But louder speaks the silence of the dead.

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The chancellor riding with an overseer on his estate

Bethmann-Hollweg and German Policy

By WILLIAM C. DREHER

THE appointment of Bethmann-Hollweg as German chancellor in July, 1909, was an innovation in the history of that office. For the first time a man was elevated to it whose career had been exclusively that of an administrative official. Bismarck, the first chancellor, brought to the position a mighty prestige; he had been ambassador at Paris and St. Petersburg, then Prussian minister president, had carried his country through three successful wars, had established the empire, and left office as a prince. Caprivi bore a splendid military reputation and rose while in office to the rank of a count. Prince Hohenlohe was of the highest and most ancient nobility, had occupied the highest diplomatic positions, and was the uncle of the empress. Bülow was also a diplomatist, had been promoted from the embassy at Rome, and from that stepping-stone reached the chancellorship; and he, too, left office as a prince.

Thus a tradition had become fixed, and a pomp of personality had become attached to the chancellorship. Its first four occupants had magnified their office through birth, rank, military prestige, and success in foreign politics. And what had the fifth chancellor to show to justify the kaiser in elevating him to the position? He was a simple country gentleman, belonged to the lower nobility, with a title that extended back only about seventy years; he had never held a diplomatic post, and was without experience in handling the problems of foreign politics, and all this at a time when the clouds that

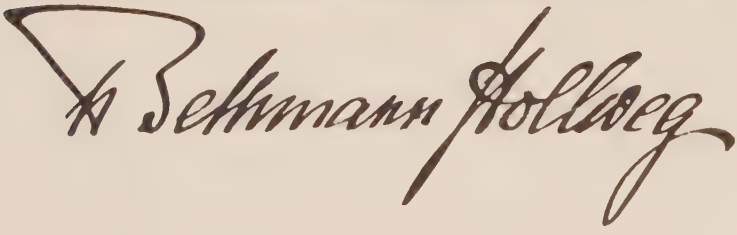
finally broke in the present war were visibly gathering above the horizon. In domestic affairs, on the other hand, he had a record of achievement that was highly creditable to him. He had specially fitted himself for the higher administrative service in Prussia, and, once in it, his rise had been rapid. Appointed at the age of thirty as *Landrat* (the chief administrative official of a *Kreis,* or county), he made his way by sheer force of merit, rather than by personal or political influences, through the successive stages of promotion till, at the age of forty-nine, he became, in 1905, Prussian minister of the interior. Two years later he succeeded Count Posadowsky as imperial secretary of the interior, and became at the same time vice-president of the Prussian ministry. Another two years lifted him into the chancellorship.

The educational training of the new chancellor was of the kind best adapted to producing statesmen of the fine old type that is now unfortunately growing too rare in the world. After early instruction under private tutors, he was sent, at the age of thirteen, to Schulpforta, the most famous fitting school in Germany. No other school of its class has trained so many of the leaders of German thought and scholarship. The German *Gymnasien* are deservedly famous for the thorough training they give in the classics, but Schulpforta even excels them in that respect. One can hear it said that the *Secundaner* (a pupil two years removed from his final examinations) of Schulpforta knows more Latin and Greek than other gymnasium pupils who have finished their course. The boys there have one day each week set aside for reading privately Greek and Latin authors outside of their curriculum work. In this way they usually get through all of Homer, most of the Greek tragedies, much of Plato and Tacitus. Bethmann-Hollweg did a thesis in one of those languages in his final year at the school. Besides his thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin, which enables him still to read the classic writers with pleasure, he is able to speak English, French, Italian, and Danish.

After more than five years at Schulpforta, where he completed his course with credit, and was regarded by his classmates as the ablest boy among them, he took up the study of the law at the universities. He also heard many lectures in history, and he mentions a course in the history of art by Anton Springer that greatly impressed him. Most young noblemen at the universities, particularly those preparing to enter the government service, join a corps and waste much time in drinking-bouts and more or less harmless saber-duels. Evidently Bethmann-Hollweg took his work too seriously for such diversions. His university friends—they included a number of Americans—still remember him as a very hard worker. After four years at Strasburg, Leipsic, and Berlin, he made his doctor's degree. Thereupon followed seven years of subordinate work in the law courts, during which time he was studying for the two examinations that were to admit him to the higher government service.

With a mind steeped in the old humanistic culture, he came thus to his lifework. His legal and historical studies had added the practical knowledge which, laid upon such a foundation, goes to the making of an intellectual statesman of the higher type, and his every public utterance reveals the firm and fine texture of mind, the dignity and self-restraint in statement, the gentlemanly treatment of men and things, which are the best fruitage of such a training.

The position of German politics when he became chancellor was complicated and difficult. At home and abroad problems confronted him the solution of which would call for all the wisdom and forbearance, all the will power and endurance, attributed to him by those who knew him best. At home the revenues were in an unsatisfactory shape, and a bitter party wrangle over new fiscal legislation had just culminated in the resignation of Prince von Bülow. Thus he took over with his office a heritage of



strife among the parties to which he would have to look for support. In foreign politics also he inherited problems of other men's making that were destined to put his statesmanship to a much severer test; the Morocco imbroglio was becoming more threatening, and Germany's relations with England were highly unsatisfactory.

His appointment was, the country felt,

the best that could have been made, though it did not call forth enthusiasm in any quarter. He had never cultivated the art of popularity, had shown himself wholly indifferent to honors, and he did not bring to his position the more or less artificial glamour of his predecessors. Succeeding Bülow, whose speeches often entertained the Reichstag with their flow of wit and graceful literary allusion, it was felt that Bethmann-Hollweg was a rather dry, matter-of-fact speaker, more interested in problems of thought and action than in men and parties. His ability and integrity were not questioned, he was known to be conscientious and critical; but there was a certain fear that his critical faculty was overdeveloped, that while he was weighing the pros and cons of a problem he would miss the time of action. There was in him none of the impulsive heedlessness that makes some men attractive to the big average public; he made no theatrical appeals to passion, and he was thought to lack the robust fighting quality that contributed greatly toward making Bismarck a popular hero. Many persons found in him something of the professor, and he himself had once to reject "the rather outworn mantle of philosophy which friendly contemporaries are ever hanging about my shoulders." As for the political parties, he had steered too independent a course to have won the undivided support of any of them, although he had good friends in all. Even when a young *Landrat* he had curtly refused to grant a political favor with the words, "I am an administrative official, not a political agent." He had permitted himself, indeed, to be elected to the Reichstag in 1890, but he resigned his seat after a few months, and with that he shook off forever the dust of party politics.

As Prussian, and again as imperial, minister he had given affront to the Right and to the Left when his duty seemed to demand this. Soon after becoming imperial secretary of the interior he announced, in an address to the Central Association of German Industrials,—great manufacturers who thought that the country had done about enough for the laboring-classes,—that the policy of social-reform legislation would be resolutely pursued. And he made good his word both as secretary and as chancellor; the important laws of that class enacted during the last nine years are mainly his work. As chancellor he was not long in offending the Socialists and the Progressives by a flat avowal of anti-democratic views. Discussing in the Prussian Chamber in February, 1910, a bill for a moderate reform of the election law, he rejected the proposition that "parliaments are centers of political education from which radiate political education and political culture among the people." On the contrary, he roundly asserted that "the democratization of parliamentary systems in all countries has contributed toward lowering and coarsening political morals." And again: "Political culture and political education are not promoted, but suffer, in proportion as the suffrage is made more democratic."

In connection with the suffrage a quotation may be interjected here from a speech made in 1906 in the Prussian Chamber. Speaking on another election law, he said:

> "I see in the effort to elevate the weak among the people a great, perhaps the greatest and most ideal, law of humanity. I want, too, to work with others in realizing it, for work toward its realization must be the pride of every strong man. But this effort must not become the sole and exclusive content of our endeavors and activity. Parallel with it must go the effort to discover the best and most idealistic minds that a people—nay, beyond this that humanity itself—is able to produce, and to choose these as leaders of life. For it is only through the harmonious interworking of both these aims that the line of development, leading upward for the whole people, is worked out."

Seldom has a statesman concentrated more of himself into a brief passage. It contains the essence of his political philosophy,

The chancellor's wife, who died just before the war began

that an aristocracy of intellect and character, not of birth, should place itself at the service of the state for the elevation of the weak and ignorant.

But the chancellor was willing to oppose the Conservatives also, both in word and in act—the Conservatives, in whose traditions he grew up. They took it ill of him that in the spring of 1911 he carried through the new constitution for Alsace-Lorraine with the aid of Socialist votes. Hard upon this followed the "Morocco crisis." It left a deep resentment among what may be called the "stalwart" element of the country, the men who wanted to see the Government pursue in Morocco just such a policy of aggression and land-grabbing as Germany's enemies are now charging her with pursuing in the present war. When the Reichstag assembled in the autumn, after the crisis had passed its acute stage, the discontented factions were prepared for a formidable attack upon the chancellor; and this was made by Heydebrand, the able and influential leader of the Conservative party. To the amazement of the House and the country, the chancellor replied to him in a tone that had hitherto been reserved by ministers for their lectures to the Socialists. He

told the great Conservative leader that "to heat national passions to the boiling-point in promoting utopian plans of conquest and for party purposes is to compromise patriotism"; and he added this stinging rebuke, "A strong man does not need to wear his sword in his mouth."

To get the fine courage of this the reader must recall the fact that it was the Conservatives who had overthrown Caprivi and Bülow. Of course such thrusts cut to the quick. A leading Pan-German organ said the chancellor "is done for; no other one has ever been seen to sink so low"; and another pronounced the speech the "deed of a German Herostratus." But the speech did good in several ways: it drew a sharp dividing-line between the chancellor and that element in Germany which would too lightly draw the country into foreign complications. It strengthened his hold upon the great sober-minded masses of the people, since it gave them the renewed assurance that there was a man of peace, and no political adventurer, at the head of the Government.

In the light of this plain speaking it is interesting to return for a moment to the time of his appointment and to see what was the chancellor's conception of his immediate task in home politics. Upon the reassembling of the Reichstag after he assumed the reins of government he undertook to bring the relations of the parties again into working order; the tension left by the quarrel over the tax bills was to be relaxed. He invited all parties to coöperate with him in constructive work, pointed them to "the impulse to construct which the body politic imposes upon all." "No nation," he added, "can permanently bear the strain of being kept in a state of suspense by party quarrels sensationally aggravated." How he set about his task of healing political wounds is apparent from the foregoing paragraphs. Like a good surgeon, he did not shrink from making new wounds in healing old ones. Certainly no statesman was ever less disposed to smooth his way by fawning and flattery. The writer, who has read nearly all of his speeches, is not able to recall an instance where it might justly be said that he went out of his way to "throw compliments" to any person or party. His appeal is ever to general principles, general sentiments, common interests. In short, he lives and moves politically in an impersonal atmosphere, and that is his strength in dealing with political parties. He compels their respect by living above mere personal motives.

It does not come within the scope of this article to go into the chancellor's foreign policy at any length, its purpose being rather to show what manner of man he is. In pursuing that purpose, however, it is necessary to touch briefly upon his foreign policy. He very early made up his mind that he could do nothing better for the peace of Europe than to try to remove the growing estrangement between Germany and England. Accordingly, about a month after taking office he communicated with the British ambassador, then taking his vacation away from Berlin, and asked him to return in order to hear a plan for burying the differences between the two countries. Negotiations were then taken up, but made very slow progress. The chancellor, however, took the initiative again and again, hoping to reach an understanding which, in his own words, "would exclude the possibility not only of a German-English war, but even of a world war." But his efforts were baffled by two hindrances: one was the German navy, and the other was, as Sir Edward Grey admitted to the German ambassador, the concern on the English side lest an arrangement with Germany should "jeopardize existing friendships with other powers." The failure of the negotiations was a deep disappointment to Bethmann-Hollweg; for though he had begun them with no illusions as to the obstacles in his way, he was willing to pursue even a forlorn hope in promoting his aims of benefiting humanity. Reviewing these negotiations in detail in his speech of August 19, 1915, he admitted that he was charged in certain quarters with political short-sightedness in trying to come to terms with England, and then,

Hohenfinow, the chancellor's home: the house from the park

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after referring to the good results that might have flowed from such an understanding, he addressed those doubters in the following words:

"I thank God, gentlemen, that I did it! . . . Could I have dared, with that end in view, to shrink from such an undertaking because it was difficult, and because it again and again had yielded no result? Where it is a case of the utmost gravity in the life of humanity, where the lives of millions of men are at stake, there my motto is, With God nothing is impossible. I would rather perish in such an effort than evade it."

The failure of those negotiations early in 1912 convinced the chancellor of the increasing gravity of Germany's foreign relations, and that conviction was soon to be strengthened by the organization of the Balkan Alliance under the auspices of Russia, followed swiftly by the defeat and dismemberment of Turkey. Russia's restless, ambitious policy in the Balkans, its steady hostility to Austria, and the growing hatred of Germany as Austria's ally on the part of the ruling classes of Russia, caused him to apprehend that grave events were approaching. In these circumstances he asked the Reichstag for a big increase of the army and the levy of a large special military tax. In explaining these measures he unhesitatingly declared his conviction that a danger was arising for Germany in the east.

But Americans are now chiefly interested in the chancellor's part in the conduct of the war at sea—in the sinking of the *Lusitania,* in submarine operations, and in the Tirpitz affair. In all these matters it is necessary, as the reader can well understand, to speak with considerable reserve; but the chancellor's position, as the writer conceives it, can be briefly indicated. And first, as to Tirpitz. He was another of the problems inherited by the chancellor. Appointed secretary of the navy in 1897, he at once instituted the policy of building up the navy, and in doing so he also built up an enormous

popularity for himself. By carefully cultivating the press he won a remarkable hold upon the people. A powerful, autocratic personality, he had come to dominate the admiralty general staff, with whose conduct of operations at sea the secretary of the navy has theoretically nothing whatever to do. He only prepares the weapon; the admiralty wields it. Thus everything that was done at sea during the Tirpitz régime was his work. To the obvious question, Why the chancellor did not get rid of Tirpitz at once, after many differences of opinion had arisen? several things should be said. The chancellor is himself a man constitutionally inclined to put up as long as possible with conditions that are embarrassing to him; he is slow and painstaking in reaching decisions. Besides, the great popularity of Tirpitz has already been mentioned; it was not a small matter to oust the popular idol from his position. When, however, it grew more and more painfully obvious that Tirpitz was intruding upon the domain of foreign policy the chancellor took steps to relegate him to his functions as secretary of the navy. Tirpitz refused to be curbed, and sent in his resignation.

The overthrow of Tirpitz speedily caused a great commotion in the country. Despatches of sympathy and loyalty came to him thick and fast from all points of the compass. Petitions were circulated for signatures, demanding that submarine operations be continued along the lines adopted by him, and the Conservative and National Liberal parties announced resolutions of similar tenor, designed to bring on a public discussion of the matter in the Reichstag. Things had certainly come to a remarkable pass when the two most loyal parties behind the Government were ready to take action directly hostile to it, and involving a direct interference with the military authority in the conduct of the war. This little rebellion, however, served to demonstrate that the chancellor was more firmly intrenched in his position and had much stronger reasons for his course than had been supposed. He faced the recalcitrants in a session of the budget committee, frankly explained the logic of the situation, and won them over to his view. Resolutions designed to allay disquietude at home and remove apprehensions in neutral countries were passed, and with that the matter ended.

The war is a special sorrow to Bethmann-Hollweg. His whole nature, as all who know him testify, and as his public career confirms, is preëminently peaceful, and the chief aim of his foreign policy was, as already indicated, to create a firmer basis for the peace of the world. To have had that hope rudely blasted he felt keenly, not, indeed, by reason of its personal bearings upon him, but by reason of the broader interests of his country and the world which he had at heart. Yet the war has not embittered him toward the enemies of his country; it is a positive pleasure to read his war speeches and to note their freedom from outbursts of hate. Only occasionally does he indulge in a bit of irony, like speaking of the "liberal régime of Russian Cossacks" and "England's loving protection of small states." It is highly to his credit that even in his family and among intimate friends he has never been heard to use bitter or insulting words about the statesmen of the Allies. In his public speeches he indulges in no personalities; he explicitly refused in his latest speech in the Reichstag to reply to a personal insult uttered against him by a leading foreign statesman. Moreover, besides the saddening effects of the war upon him from its public aspects, its outbreak was marked by deep personal sorrows for the chancellor. His wife died in May, 1914, and the elder of his two sons was killed on the Russian front in December.

Reference has just been made to his speeches. These attract the hearer more by their matter than by the external graces of oratory. "We have no time for rhetoric," he said in his latest speech in brushing aside strong words used by statesmen of the Allies, and in this sentence he also aptly characterized himself as a speaker. His speeches are admirable for their clearness and simplicity of state-

Garden view of the chancellor's official residence at Berlin. The three windows, one flight up, over the main entrance, open from the hall in which the famous Congress of Berlin was held

ment, for their close adherence to matters of fact and argument, for the skill with which he marshals his facts and brings them to bear with cumulative force upon the main purpose in view. There are striking groupings and contrasts, but no attempt whatever to illuminate his sentences with humor, nothing in the way of apt quotations from his wide reading in good literature; in short, there is no time for rhetoric.

In his manner of delivery, too, there is an equal disregard for the orator's devices. The modulation of his voice, which is of a pleasant baritone quality, adapts itself, indeed, to the movement of thought; but it is merely the modulation of an earnest, intelligent talker. There are no pauses for emphasis, no lingering upon words to kindle sentiment, no passionate ejaculations. Brief, pungent sentences are tossed off with a certain nonchalance, and not a few weighty passages are spoken with hands laid behind his back. There are almost no gestures; only occasionally is the right hand half extended to give emphasis by a quick jerk to a single word, or to be waved back and forth through an important sentence. He makes no attempt whatever to utilize his commanding figure—he exceeds six feet five inches in height—to produce oratorical effects; he never stretches himself to his full height to fling defiance at his enemies, but keeps the head bent forward in an earnest, argumentative position. Before the war, especially when dealing with the humdrum matters of home politics, he usually spoke extemporaneously, after having carefully fixed his line of thought beforehand. His war speeches, on the other hand, necessarily partake of the character of state papers; the outside world is listening with keen interest for his every word. Hence he now writes out his speeches and learns them word for word, his remarkable memory enabling him to do this at odd moments during the day or two before delivery. He is not able to dictate, not having adjusted himself to that method of composition. He uses no notes in speaking, but "never misses a word," as the school-boys say; yet nobody would suspect, so easy and unembarrassed is his manner, that it was a memorized speech.

The chancellor is a prodigious worker. He has vigorous health and a tough, wiry body, and few men can spend more hours a day at a desk. At seven o'clock every morning he takes a ride of an hour in the park. Then follows the simple German breakfast that seems so meager to Americans upon first coming to Germany, and the long day's work begins immediately after that. But the day's work is with him a rather indefinite expression, for he often returns to it in the evening, and is sometimes kept at his desk till midnight. He is so absorbed in his work, and has withal so little liking for public functions and ceremonies, that his critics have sometimes seized upon this fact to blame him for being something of a recluse and showing himself too seldom in public. In fact, the chancellor has never utilized the spectacular possibilities of his position to advertise himself and thus to strengthen his hold upon the people. He never even goes to theaters and concerts now, but he did allow himself before the war the occasional treat of a concert of good classical music. At the general army headquarters in the west, where he has spent much of his time since the war began, in order to keep in close personal contact with the kaiser and the military authorities, his labors are less arduous. There he has time to visit the troops along the front. Such outings are no less a pleasure to him than to the soldiers, with whom he is very popular. They not only prize his liberal gifts of cigars, but like even better his easy, man-to-man way of talking with them; for it costs him no effort to make the simplest countryman in the ranks feel at ease in the presence of the first official of the empire.

That is by no means a pose with the chancellor, for he is himself a modest man, simple in all his tastes, and has not a trace of the haughtiness usually attributed to aristocrats in all countries. That he knows how to mingle with the common crowd, forgetting position and rank, is shown by an anecdote told of him. Visiting the aquarium with his wife about two years ago, he became deeply absorbed in watching the marine life in one of the tanks, and did not observe that a considerable crowd had accumulated behind him. Thereupon he was greeted from the rear with the following speech, spoken in the slovenly Berlin dialect:

"You long man there at the front, you can look over all our heads; be so good as to step back to the rear, so that others may also get their money's worth." The chancellor took his place at the rear.

In his private life Bethmann-Hollweg shows a side of his character unsuspected by persons who know him only in his official capacity. Such persons usually have the impression that he has a heavy mind, is without humor, is wholly preoccupied with his work for the state, and would hardly know how to unbend sufficiently in hours of recreation to make himself an agreeable companion. That is a wrong impression. In his family and with intimate friends he gives play to humor, indulges in a bit of nonsense, likes to tell and hear good anecdotes, and is full of light, cheery talk. And in social life he is able to meet the most primary test of character: he has a strong love for children, likes to play with them, and easily wins their confidence and love. In the lifetime of his wife it was his delight, when he had an evening free, to play piano duets with her, being himself a musician of considerable accomplishment. On such occasions he would choose his favorite composers, Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms. He likes Mozart, too, but more modern composers have found no great favor with him. Only for Grieg has he shown much liking; to Wagner he is indifferent.

The chancellor is also a lover of good literature. His favorite author is Goethe, to whom he owes a deep influence upon his intellectual life. He also likes Gottfried Keller, the Swiss writer; but few of the most recent authors have attracted him. He still retains his love for the old classical writers. Here is a characteristic glimpse into the chancellor's life at the time of the grave "Morocco crisis" in 1911. He was then taking his vacation

The workroom at Hohenfinow, with a portrait of the chancellor's late wife on the wall

at his country home, after having fixed with his able secretary of foreign affairs the main lines for its treatment, and was leaving it to him to work out the details of negotiation; and while all the capitals of Europe were tense with political excitement, the German chancellor was reveling in a new translation of Homer, which he read aloud evenings to the ladies of his family.

In American literature the chancellor shows great catholicity of taste. His two favorite authors are Emerson and Mark Twain; but he manages to bring them both under the same category. In a recent conversation he said that both men saw things as they are, that both were lovers of truth. He expressed his enjoyment of Mark Twain's good-natured humor and brilliant wit, and said that "Tom Sawyer" greatly appealed to him. "Mark Twain," he said, "is the perfect story-teller, and Emerson the perfect lecturer." He considers Emerson "America's foremost philosopher and its most illustrious representative among the world's greatest thinkers."

The chancellor inherited his father's estate of six thousand acres, which is situated near Eberswalde, about thirty miles northeast of Berlin. An older brother, who might have inherited it, traveled in America, and liked life there so well that he decided to stay. He bought a farm in Texas, where he spent the rest of his life, and died about a dozen years ago while on one of his visits to Germany. Through that brother and various other sources the chancellor came to know much about America, and the interest thus awakened has long caused him to wish that he might see our country with his own eyes. A great farmer himself, he would be particularly interested in studying American agricultural methods. He farms his Hohenfinow estate himself rather than leasing it in order to rid himself of extra-official cares. His overseers draw up a plan of farming operations for the year, and submit it to him for approval; details are necessarily left for the most part to them. When he was still able to take vacations—namely, before the war—he always spent them at Hohenfinow; but these were rather only periods of reduced work than complete rest. Messengers from the capital were daily coming and going with documents, and

telegraph and telephone completed his connection with official life and its cares. Nevertheless, he always found time for a daily walk or ride over his broad acres, taking delight in seeing things grow, watching the work going forward, and making suggestions to his overseers about things to be done. He has himself gone into agricultural science with considerable thoroughness; he knows the character of soils and fertilization they need. His farm-laborers, drawn from the village of Hohenfinow, are much attached to him, and many of them have worked for him for years. He has his pew in the little church; he caused the building to be renovated just before the war at his own expense and according to his own ideas. His home is a fine old mansion in a moderate rococo style. It is set in a park effectively varied with lawn, pond, and clustered trees. A double row of linden-trees, finely arching, surrounds the park; and farther back are more trees and shrubbery that serve as shelter for the chancellor's pheasants.

For he is, like most German country noblemen, very fond of hunting. The walls of his work-room at Hohenfinow are thickly studded with bucks' horns, the trophies from animals that have fallen before his rifle. He has good hunting-grounds in his own forests, and before official duties engrossed his time too greatly he was wont to invite hunting-parties there from the capital. The kaiser himself has been a hunting-guest at Hohenfinow; a big granite boulder in the forest, with chiseled inscription, marks the spot where he, as Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, felled his first buck, and where later, as young emperor, he planted an oak to commemorate a feat that had given him unbounded joy. Before the war, the chancellor regularly accepted an invitation to hunt in the Bavarian mountains with the king of that state, and at an earlier period he took great delight in excursions to Hungary, where with friends he would spend a week or more in a rude mountain shanty while stalking stags.

When the time comes for Bethmann-Hollweg to lay down the burdens of office he will doubtless spend the rest of his days at Hohenfinow. If the writer has succeeded in conveying to his readers an adequate impression of the chancellor's character, they can easily imagine that his back-to-the-land release will mean for him the return to a life of freedom and rational enjoyment. With the consciousness that he strove unselfishly for high ideals, for his country, for humanity, he will have few regrets for the past, and will not have to reproach himself for the part that he has played in the mighty events that are now shaking the world. He will return to his books, will till his acres, will hunt his forests, and will grow old in rational contentment.

Movement from a Symphony

By CONRAD AIKEN

RHYTHMS there are that take the blood with magic,
Smoothing it out in silver:
Rhythms there are that die in the brain's dark chambers
Like a blowing fragrance.
Whose voice is this, so filling the darkness,
Making the stars so bright?
Who is it that dances before us through the night?
Yet through these rhythms laughter is always breaking,
We dream our dreams, but dream forever waking;
The elfin horns are silenced; the lips we kissed
Are blown aside like mist.

Isolde, leaning among her coffee-cups,
Smiles to me.
Helen of Sparta, bearing a silver tray,
Laughs at me.
Isolde, I will meet you to-night in the moonlight,
And praise your golden hair.
Helen, I will walk with you by the sea-waves,
And kiss you there.

One leaned down from a balcony sweet with jasmine
To blow her kiss to me.
One over cobwebs danced in the cold of the moon.
One came late by the dark of a city wall.
By the dust of a new-made grave one came too soon.

Fall, rhythms! Die, music! My lovers betray me.
They kiss me, and sing, but their brothers are creeping to slay me;
A darkness is in their eyes, foreboding death.
They have conspired with silence to suck my breath.

One ran into the pine-wood, calling me after
With a wave of her hand;
One, with a soft, hypocritical laughter,
Slid through the lips of the sand;
One ran lightly up silver ladders of rain.
I never saw her again.

Fall, rhythms! Die, music! For always, in moonlight,
Soon as I start to praise, and she to love,
The moonlight is shattered, the petals are blown away.
Darkness whistles between us, the music shudders,
The enchantment passes, the audience rises,
The curtain falls, the musicians cease to play.

From a photograph by E. Druet

For the study of the flowers The broken lily

Rodin and the Beaux-Arts

Compiled by JUDITH CLADEL and S. K. STAR

RODIN presented himself at an examination for entrance into the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. He was rejected. He presented himself a second time, but with the same result. What was the reason for it? Neither he nor his fellow-students could discover. They used to form a circle about him when he worked. They admired the keenness and precision of his glance, the already astonishing skill of his hand. They told him that he would be accepted. He failed the third time. Finally a fellow-student who was shrewder than the others gave the solution of the enigma. It requires a somewhat long explanation.

The great school is under the direction of the members of the Academy of Fine

Arts. These professors correct the work of the students, set the examinations, and award the prizes. They are recruited from members of the society; are, in short, the representations of official, or conservative, art. Official art is a product of the Revolution of 1789. Up to that time there were not two kinds of art in France. At the most, until the time of Louis XIV only one secession disported itself under the influence of Lebrun, painter to the king. Art was a unit, and its divine florescence stretched from France over all Europe. The church, the kings, and their court of great lords and cultivated ladies were the protectors and, indeed, the inciters, of that flowering of beauty that had grown from the time of the first Capets, indeed from the time of the Merovingians, down to the end of the eighteenth century. The First Empire marked in effect the beginning of the artistic deca-

From a photograph by Henri Manuel, Paris

Rodin in the court of Hôtel Biron

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

"The Poet and the Muse" by Auguste Rodin

dence of Europe and, one may say, of the world. Artists at that time divided themselves into two camps, the conservatives, with, at their head, David and his school, who pictured an art of convention and approved formulas, and the independents, who continued, although in a somewhat revolutionary and extravagant spirit, the true traditions of French art. Among those fine rebellious men of talent of the first order were Rude, Barye, and Carpeaux in sculpture, and le Caron Gros, Eugène Delacroix, Courbet, and Manet in painting.

By a singular contradiction, Louis David was as baneful a theorist as he was a great painter and, above all, an excellent draftsman. That explains itself. The quality of his drawing he owed to the eighteenth century, in which he had appeared and a pupil of which he was; but he derived his esthetic doctrine from the Revolution, which made use of the same sectarian zeal to obtain the triumph of certain false ideas that it used to advance the right principles that was its glory. Through one, David produced works of great worth and some admirable portraits; through the other, he wrought great havoc among artists. The world was, moreover, well disposed to submit to these principles. When art restricts itself to repeating certain attitudes, gestures, approved receipts without having studied or observed them in nature in her constant changes, it is full decadence. If David was able to have his theories accepted, it was because the time was ripe to receive them, to be contented with them; and in declaring the time ripe is only to say that it was a degenerate time, satisfied to be relieved of the task of reflecting, of discovering for itself the laws of beauty, or, in short, of working from the foundation.

Official painter of the Revolution and the Empire, Louis David proclaimed his doctrine with the authority of a pontiff. He made a set of narrow rules which advocated a superficial imitation of the antique, a copying of the works of Greece and Rome, not in spirit, but in letter; not in an accurate knowledge of construction and of the model, which made up their supreme worth, but in their conventional attitudes and expressions.

Even from beyond the grave David continued to rule in the academy of the Beaux-Arts in the name of the artificial idealism which he had proclaimed, and whoever rejected his sorry instruction saw himself without mercy shown to the door of the national schools and academies. They had shown it to Rude, the author of the masterpiece of the Arc de Triomphe, "The Departure of the Volunteers of 1792." They had shown it to the unhappy Carpeaux, treated all his life as a heretic and persecuted by the official class, defenders of the so-called heroic achievements and stereotyped forms. They went to every extreme in their contest with free and determined genius. As a last resort they employed every weapon

of treachery against the undisciplined great, those fallen angels of the false paradise of the Institute—weapons that later they did not scruple to use against Rodin. They accused him of indecency, and in order to strengthen the miserable falsehood, a perverse idiot flung a can of ink on the adorable group of "The Dance," that song of the nymphs, clamorous with youth, laughter, and music.

This digression in the story of Rodin's life explains his whole life. By his manly independence, his persistent refusal to follow the dictates of the school, he naturally found himself placed at the head of those who antagonized the official class. Against an opponent of his strength and obstinacy the struggle naturally took on new energy. It recalled to mind the violence of the famous intellectual quarrels of other days—the quarrel of the Ancients and the Moderns in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that of the Classicists and the Romanticists in 1830.

When Rodin presented himself at the great school, how, in his inexperience, could he foresee the war of wild beasts that rages in the thickets of art? It needed indeed a better-informed comrade to disclose the situation to him. Then his eyes were opened. He understood then that he would only be wasting his time in striving to force the bronze doors that are closed against the influences of great nature and her triumphant light, the implacable denouncer of the false in art. Perceiving it at last, he renounced the thought of entering the school. Later he gloried in the fact that he had done so. Possibly he saw the danger that he would have run of parching his spirit and chilling his eye. "Ah," his friend, the sculptor Dalou, exclaimed long after, "Rodin had the luck of not having been at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts!" Dalou himself had not had that luck, and despite beautiful gifts and a love for the eighteenth century, he had not recovered from the false teaching.

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

"Eve" by Auguste Rodin

Rodin, then, without knowing it, had fought his first battle, the slight skirmish to the incessant fight that it was to open. Since that time the name Institute, by which he understood the group of protagonists of a bad form of art, took in his speech a formidable meaning. When he says, "The Institute," he seems to call up some mythological monster, the hydra of a hundred heads, from the malignant wounds of which the brave usually die slowly. For him the Institute has come to mean a company of able men who sub-

stitute dexterity for conscience, who for long toil in obscurity and poverty substitute a premature eagerness for all that it may bring—profitable relations, orders from the state, fortune, and honors. In his opinion all that ought to come slowly in order not to distract the artist from the study that alone can give him strength. To him the rewards are secondary; true happiness lies in untrammeled and passionate toil, in the exercise of growing intelligence that is determined not to be stopped on the road to discovery.

Although the struggle is less clamorous to-day, it has not ended, and it never will be ended, despite the wide fame of the master, now known throughout the world as the greatest living artist. This Rodin understands. What the contestants now seek to conquer is the public, some for the purpose of obtaining from it consideration and profit, and others an appreciation of true art. One class strives to flatter its taste, which is bad; the other seeks to inculcate a knowledge of true art in their own work. At the outset the contest is frightfully unequal, for the ignorance of the public is abysmal. Incapable of discerning true beauty, it relies only on the labels placed by the Institute on its own works and on those of its partizans. They say to a man, "This is the sort of thing that should be admired," and straightway he admires it, if one can apply this expression of the highest pleasure of the spirit to the vapid and dull contemplation that the public accords to the works marked for its approval. No, at most the public does not know how to admire; it does not understand the language of beauty.

At eighteen or nineteen, Rodin, being wholly without fortune, could not continue his studies without quickly finding some means of support. It was therefore necessary for him to earn his own living, and at once he bravely entered upon his work as an ornament-maker, and became a journeyman at a few francs a week. We need not regret it. This son of the people, by remaining in the ranks of the working-class, consolidated in himself the virtues of the class—their courage and industry, which are the strong qualities of the humble, and, in the aggregate, those of the whole nation. And the curiosity of a superior man for all the rewards of the exercise of his intelligence led him to cultivate himself unceasingly. His limited studies as a school-boy had not been extensive enough to surfeit him; he now brought to the study of letters a mind keenly alert, and with a joy as alive as love itself he devoted himself to a study of great minds. He read the poets and the historians; he became acquainted with the Greece of Homer and Æschylus, the Italy of Dante, the England of Shakspere, and the France of Jean-Jacques Rousseau; but up to that time he had concerned himself with only one thing—his trade. He worked as a real artisan, with no wider vision, with no thought of formidable power. He saw only his model and his clay; he thought only of these, he loved only these. Thus he had become a journeyman ornament-worker in clay. That did not prevent him from perfecting himself in sculpture. On the contrary, it aided him.

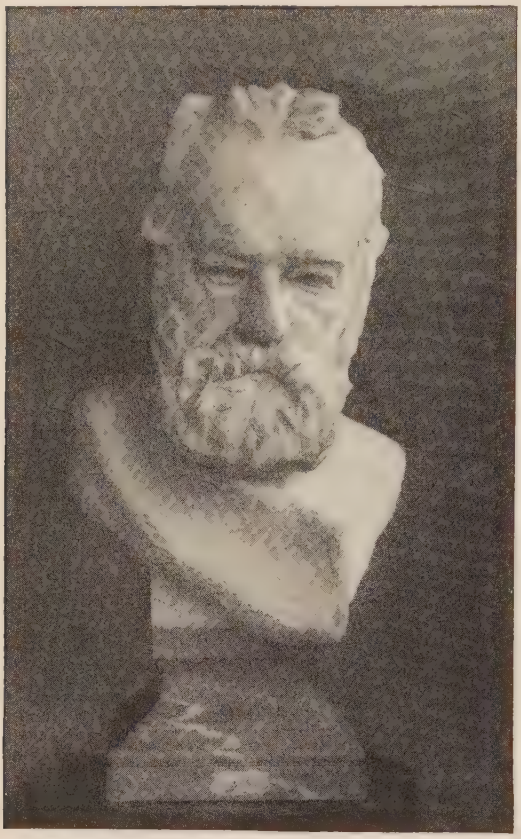
The art of ornamentation was then considered, as it is still to-day, an inferior art. People said, and still say, of the sculpture of architecture, as of the frescos and mosaic work of a building, that it is only a decoration. They declare it in a tone of indulgence that finds an excuse for any mediocrity.

All that is a profound mistake. Sculptured ornament springs naturally from architecture; it is the flowering of its fundamental elements. It is an inherent part of the whole, as the mass of flowers and foliage that crowns a tree is in a way the cumulating point of the whole vegetable organism. Ornament demands the same qualities that the fundamental architectural structure demands, and fully as much talent and perhaps even more; because, as Rodin says, one sees in it more clearly, without distracting features, the form of genius. If it is not well done in itself, its function, which is rigorously subordinated to the whole, and consists in

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz Monument to Victor Hugo by Auguste Rodin

molding the contours of the structure by underlining and marking them off, is reversed. It is then only an excrescence, an arbitrary addition. Only mediocre artisans, when employed on a building or a jewel, use ornament capriciously, without proportioning and subordinating it to the mass; they weary and disgust the beholder.

Rodin and his companions did not content themselves with copying, and more or less distorting, their Greek, Roman, and Renaissance models, which were repeated to satiety in all the workshops of the



From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

Portrait bust of Victor Hugo by Auguste Rodin

world, and done over and over again so many times, out of place, and out of proportion, that they had lost all significance. Their employer possessed a beautiful, but neglected, garden, where a profusion of plants ran riot. Here were models in abundance. Here, in reproducing these, the young craftsmen refreshed their calling; they copied their ornaments from nature; they studied foliage and flowers from life. To do new work, they had only to borrow from the vegetable world certain of its inexhaustible combinations of beauty.

Here Rodin, by his cleverness and rapidity, became without a peer among them all, and drew to himself the admiration of his fellow-workers. It was here that he met the Constant Simon, his elder by many years, who was the first man to teach him to model in profile. It was one of the great epochs in his life. One may say that from that time the two great laws that have given his sculpture its power—the study of nature and the right method of modeling—passed into his blood, as it were. The secret that Simon imparted to him was like a philter that inflamed his soul with enthusiasm. He became intoxicated with the idea of seeing clearly, and of holding his hand strictly accountable to what his eyes disclosed. And he possessed, too, both youth and an indefatigable vigor. He sketched everything he could, and wherever he could. One saw him making sketches on the street, in the horse-market, jostled by the beasts, repulsed by men, yet indifferent to all difficulties in his enchantment in his discovered prize; at the Jardin des Plantes, when he passed hours before the cages and in the parks, studying the poses of the deer and the grace of the moving antelopes.

At that period Barye taught at the Museum. Rodin had become acquainted with the son of the celebrated sculptor. The two had discovered a corner of the basement, a sort of cave, damp and gloomy, where they installed some seats made of old boxes and delighted themselves in modeling from clay. From the Museum they borrowed a few anatomical specimens, fragments of the parts of animals, and these they carried to their cavern and pored over in their efforts to copy them. Sometimes Barye himself would come to cast his eye over their work and give them a word of advice, and then would go away, buried in a silent reverie. He was a man of simple habits, with the appearance of a college tutor, in his well-worn coat, but giving an impressive suggestion of great force and worth. His son and Rodin little understood him; they feared him somewhat, and only half profited by his suggestions. Later the author of the "Bourgeois de Calais," kindled by the genius of the gloomy, severe man whom he had misunderstood, felt a deep remorse at not having rendered to Barye while

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From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

"The Thinker" by Auguste Rodin

living the homage of admiration which the master merited, and which perhaps would have been sweet to his solitary heart.

Rodin has had only rarely the chance to model animals. He has never received an order for an equestrian statue, and he has regretted it. We have from him only one small rough model of a statue of General Lynch on horseback, which was never executed, and the beautiful relief of the chariot of Apollo which forms the pedestal of the monument of Claude Lorrain at Nancy. But though he has not modeled animals, he has many times sketched them, and he has studied deeply their anatomy and poses.

It is not so much in the powerful sketches that all his life he has continued to make with the same daily care with which a pianist practises his scales that Rodin shows the chief characteristic of his nature, as it is in accumulating these that he has been enabled to understand relationship between different forms, and to establish the unity between the forms of

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

Head of Balzac by Auguste Rodin

man and the animals, between the mountains and the vegetable world. It is by understanding this unity that he can occasionally interpret with a scientific exactness this common relationship. In modeling a centaur or the chimera or a spirit with powerful wings, the mythological creature that appears from his hands does not appear less a transcript from reality than each bust or each statue that has been vigorously wrought from the living model. There is no weakening in the points where the bust of the man or of the woman attaches itself to the body of the animal, no doubt that the beautiful, strong wings of the angels are any less perfectly united to their bodies or are less necessary than their arms or legs.

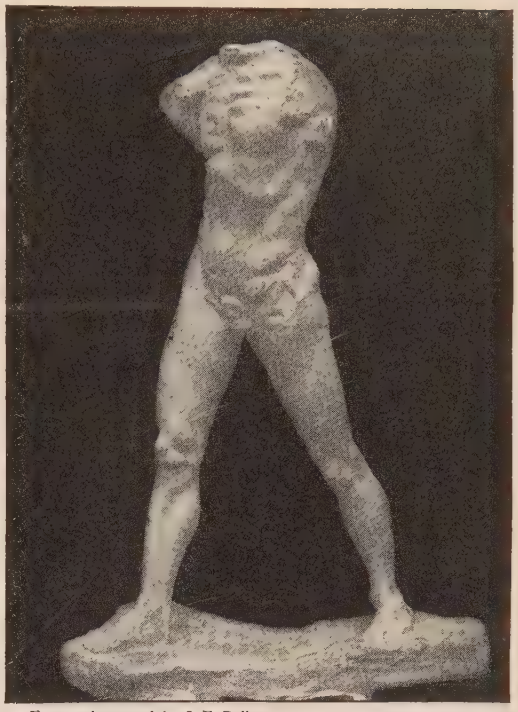
When about twenty-two or twenty-three Rodin entered the atelier of Carrier-Belleuse. At that time the vogue of this charming artist was great. He well represented the spirit and workmanship of the eighteenth century in the knickknack art of the Second Empire. He was a Clodion of the boulevard. Besides the spirited busts, some of which, like that of Ernest Renan, Jules Simon, and the actress Marie Laurent, were celebrated, he sent out from his atelier, in the rue de la Tour d'Auvergne at Montmartre, hundreds of designs to be used in industrial art: mantelpieces, centerpieces for tables, vases, ornamental clocks, and decorative figures and groups. Rodin, then, applied himself to executing for Carrier-Belleuse a variety of statuettes and figures. There was in the task a great danger, for he saw the risk of limiting himself to a facile use of his art both remunerative and attractive; but his sturdy Northern temperament was able to protect him against every danger, whether of success or poverty.

Carrier had an astonishing skill, and not only worked without a model, but compelled his employers to work without one. His rough sketches were admirable, but he weakened in working them out. Rodin never trifled with his art. Before going to the atelier he always took care to study his subject in the nude and to fix it in his memory as firmly as possible. As soon as he reached his bench he transferred to the clay the result of his remembered observations. On returning to his home in the evening he consulted his model anew in order to correct his work of the day. It was for him an excellent exercise of memory. The true workman is quick to turn to advantage all the inconveniences of a situation. I have heard Rodin relate that often in the course of a quarrel with a friend or a relative he would completely forget the subject of the contention and the anger of his opponent in his absorption, from the point of view of a sculptor, with the play of the muscles and their influence on the expression of the face of the angry speaker.

Rodin remained about five years with Carrier-Belleuse. What works his active hands accomplished there in a day! One

still finds them in the shops of the sellers of bronzes, in the shops of the dealers of the Marais and the Faubourg St.-Antoine. Certainly hundreds of examples were brought there, to the great profit of tradesmen, but to an injury of the artist; for he drew from them only such wages as the least competent workers are to-day content with.

One may see in the gallery of Mrs. —— of New York certain little terra-cotta busts which date from that period. They represent pretty Parisian women in hats, whose wild locks veil glances full of spirit and roguishness. Creatures of youth and frivolity, they are sisters of the elegant ladies that Alfred Stevens drew with his delightful brush, and which were the charm of Paris under Napoleon III. Who could believe that they had sprung from the hands of Rodin, the austere creator of the "Bourgeois de Calais" and of the "Victor Hugo"?



From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

"The Man who Walks" by Auguste Rodin

But before becoming the audaciously personal genius that he now is, he was subjected to the most varied influences—influences that have been felt by the modern sculptors with whom he has worked and those that guided the old masters. He has none the less shielded himself from the world. He declares indeed, with the authority that permits the freedom, that originality signifies nothing; that which alone counts is the quality of the intrinsic sculpture; that if the temperament of the artist is truly steadfast, he always finds himself after the necessary study; and finally that it is of little importance whether a statue bears the name of Praxiteles or that of one of his pupils. The essential thing is that it is well done, that it appears in a great epoch. Anonymous, it proclaims none the less to the eyes of the man of taste the signature of genius.

In order to live Rodin applied himself to the most varied occupations; thus he gained the liberty to labor at his own work for a few hours. He chipped at stone and marble for the benefit of sculptors to-day unknown, but then in vogue; he made sketches for trinkets for certain fashionable jewelers; and fashioned certain objects of decorative art ordered of him by manufacturers. Despite a considerable loss of time, he obtained thus a true apprenticeship in art wholly like that which in earlier days was obtained by Ghiberti, Donatello, and most of the great artists of the Renaissance, who were proud to be good artisans before they were accounted great sculptors.

Thus finally he was enabled to realize his first dream—to have an atelier of his own. His atelier! It was a stable, at a rental of twenty-four dollars a year, in the rue Lebrun, in the quarter of the Gobelins, near which he was born. It was a cold hovel, cave indeed, with a well sunk in an angle of one wall that at every season exhaled its chilling breath. It did not matter. The place was sufficiently large and well lighted. The artist, young and strong, and as happy as possible in his stable, there felt his talent increasing. There he accumulated a quantity of studies and works until the place was so

crowded that he could scarcely turn himself about; but being too poor to have them cast, he lost the greater part of them. Every day he spent hours moistening the cloths that enveloped them, yet not without suffering frightful disasters. Sometimes the clay, through being too soft, would settle and fall asunder; sometimes it would become dry, crack, and crumble. One day, in moving, the great figure of a bacchante that had been tenderly molded for months was seized by the rough hands of the furniture-movers, and broke, crashing to the ground. What lost efforts! What destroyed beauty! Even to-day when the artist speaks of it his heart bleeds anew.

At that time he carried about the ateliers of Paris a design that he called under the name of "The Man with the Broken Nose." Struck by the curious face of an old shepherd, flat-nosed, with every appearance of that of a slave that had been crushed under heel, Rodin made a bust of the man, and strove to portray the energy and imposing simplicity that had astonished him in the antique busts and the statue of Rémouleur that he had seen in the galleries of the Louvre. The solidity of the design, the patience shown in the composition, and the strength of the details coöperated in producing an admirable whole. The wrinkles of the forehead, the creased eyelids, the deep furrows of the face converged toward the base of the broken nose in an expression of old age and hardship, presenting an admirable head of a Thessalian shepherd. Alas! one frosty day the clay contracted, and the skull of "The Man with the Broken Nose" fell to the ground, leaving only the face. Rodin did not make over the composition. Too honest to restore the skull by approximation, he contented himself with modeling the face, to-day become famous.

He cast it in plaster, and sent it to the Salon of 1864. There it was rejected. Thus the opposition that had closed the door of the Beaux-Arts against him was renewed at his first attempt to take rank among contemporary artists. The reason was the same; it will always and invariably be the same: this sculptor of the naked truth, this fervent lover of nature, offends, shocks, and wounds the majority of the followers of formulas, the imitators of the past, the makers of smooth and pretty wares, things without conscience or significance. The artist remains alone with his deception. The day has not yet come when enlightened amateurs can understand in which school true talent is to be found, when they are able to renounce the moldings on nature, the theatrical postures, the irritating silliness of figures a thousand times repeated.

They will some day learn to perceive truth, observation, strength, and grace. When that day comes they will throw out of the window all the trumpery art of which they will have become tired, in order to collect that of Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, Rodin, Jules Desbois, Camille Claudel, those glories of the nineteenth century.

The year of the Salon of 1864 may serve to close the first period of Rodin's career. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to place between fixed dates the events of a life that has been an example of uniform continuity; but nevertheless it is permitted to one to say that the year 1864 marks the end of the first youth of the master. His preliminary studies, those which one may call the studies of his mere profession, were then ended. He was then at the beginning of larger studies; he was about to visit Belgium, Italy, and France; he was about to come face to face with the most varied geniuses and examine their work. He was about to question them rigorously, to demand of them their technical methods. He was also about to exalt himself in the presence of these immortal thoughts; to become intoxicated with the desire to equal them in science and greatness. From that time on he approached them as a disciple, as a man who had already thought much and comprehended much, and who was worthy to study them and follow in their footsteps; in a word, as an artist of their own lineage.

The Jilt

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

IT was a narrow, gray house, with cold, unblinking windows like a cat's eyes, where we three lived with Mrs. Handsomebody, our governess. The bishop's house, next door, was very different, for it was broad and benign; and the two, as they sat very close together on the street, looked like a watchful gray cat hobnobbing with a sleepy mastiff.

Our back yard was covered with planks, but the bishop's was a wonderful grassy lawn, with a fountain boy in the middle who blew cool jets of water through a shell; and the lawn lay almost always in the shade, for next door towered the great cathedral, with its spire against the sky.

With the bishop lived his niece Margery, and between them and ourselves there existed a quaint friendship.

Three motherless little fellows in the care of Mrs. Handsomebody would have touched a sterner heart than the bishop's, so there were frequent invitations to play on his lawn, beside the fountain, or take tea in the brown old library, where Margery's piano stood.

Angel and I intended to be civil engineers like our father, who was in South America, but the Seraph had a leaning toward the church. The dignified elegance of a bishop's life appealed to his love of the comfortable. He would walk solemnly up and down the bishop's garden, with hands clasped behind his back, as he had seen the bishop do. He was "pweparing" his sermon, he said.

Thus we had a feeling of proprietorship in the bishop and his garden and his niece Margery and the fountain boy. Hence what was our astonishment and chagrin to see one morning, from our school-room window, a chit of a girl smaller than myself strutting up and down the bishop's garden, pushing a doll's perambulator. She had fluffy golden hair about her shoulders, and her skirts gave a rhythmic swing as she turned the corners. Now and then she would stop in her walk, remove the covering from the doll, do some idiotic thing to it, and replace the cover with elaborate care.

We stared fascinated. Then Angel blew out his lips in disgust and said:

"Ain't girls the most sickenin' things?"

"There she goes again, messing with the doll's quilt," I agreed.

"Le' 's fwow somefing at her," suggested the Seraph.

"Yes, and get into a row with the bishop," sneered Angel. "But I don't see myself going over there to play again. She 's spoiled everything."

"I s'pose she 's a spoiled child," said the Seraph, dreamily. "Wonder where her muvver is."

"I say," said Angel, "let 's rap on the pane, and then, when she looks up, we 'll all stick our tongues out at her. That 'll scare her all right!"

We did.

When her wondering blue eyes were raised to our window, what they saw was three white disks pressed against the glass, with a flattened pink tongue protruding from each. We glared to see the effect of this outrage upon her, but the dauntless little creature never quailed. Worse than that, she put her fingers to her lips and blew three kisses at us, one apiece.

We were staggered. We withdrew our reddened faces hastily, and stared at one another. We were aghast. Almost we had been kissed by a girl!

"Let 's draw the blind," said Angel. "She sha'n't see us. Then we can peek through the crack and watch her."

But no sooner was the blind pulled down than we heard our governess coming, and flew to our seats.

"Boys," she gobbled, stopping in the doorway, "what does this mean? The boy who pulled down that blind stand up!"

Angel rose.

"The light hurt my eyes," he lied feebly. "I are n't very well."

"Ridiculous!" snapped Mrs. Handsomebody, running up the blind with precision. "This room at its brightest is dim. Your eyes are keen enough for mischief, sir. Now we shall proceed with our arithmetic."

We floundered through the tables, but my mind still wandered in the bishop's garden. Resentment and curiosity struggled for mastery within me. In my mind's eye I saw her covering and uncovering the doll. Why did she do it? What did it feel like to push that "pram"? Would she drink tea from the Indian Tree cups and be allowed to strum on the piano? Oh, I wished she had n't come! And yet, anyway, I was glad I was a boy.

As fate had it, Angel and the Seraph had to have their hair trimmed that afternoon. My own straight blond crop grew but slowly, so I was free for an hour to follow my own devices. These led me to climb to the roof of our back kitchen and from there to mount the high brick wall that separated the bishop's garden from our own. From this vantage-point I scanned the surrounding country for signs of the interloper. There she was! There she was!

Down on her knees at the fountain's brink, her curls almost touching the water, she was sailing boats made of hollyhock petals. The doll's perambulator stood near by.

Noiselessly I crept along the wall till I reached the cherry-tree that stood in the corner. Reaching its friendly branches, I let myself down hand over hand till at last I dropped lightly on the soft turf.

I sauntered then to her side, and gazed at her moodily. If she saw me, she gave no sign.

Despite myself I grew interested in the way she manipulated those boat petals. Evidently there was some system in her game, but it was new to me.

"That little black seed on this boat is Jason," she said at last, without looking up, "and these little white seeds are his comrades. They 're searching for the Golden Fleece. My hair is the Fleece. Come and play!"

Mutely I squatted beside her, and our two faces peered at each other in the mirror of the pool.

She gave a funny, eager little laugh.

"Oh," she cried, "we match beautifully, don't we? Your hair is yellow, and my hair is yellow; my eyes are blue, and your eyes are blue."

"My eyes are gray, like father's," I objected.

"No, they 're blue, like mine. We match beautifully. Let 's play something else." Before I could prevent her, she had swept Jason and his crew away, and, snatching the doll from the perambulator, had set it on the fountain's edge between us.

"This is Dorothea," she announced. "Is n't she sweet? I 'm her mother. You should be the father, and Dorothea should want to paddle her toes in the fountain. Now you hold her—so."

Before I was aware of it I was made to grasp the puppet by the waist, while her mistress began to rearrange the pillows in the "pram."

I glanced fearfully at our school-room window lest I should be discovered in so unmanly a posture. It seemed that we were quite alone and unobserved.

A drowsy pleasure stole over my senses. The humming of the bees in the canterbury-bells became a chant as of sirens. Dorothea's silly pink feet dangled in the pool. Surreptitiously I slipped my hand under water and felt them. They were getting spongy and seemed likely to come off. Truly there were compensations for such slavery.

My companion returned and sat down, with her slim body close to mine.

"What is your name?" she cooed.

"John."

"Oh. Mine is Jane. You may call me Jenny. I 'm visiting Aunt Margery. The bishop is my great-uncle. What are your brothers' names?"

"Angel and the Seraph. *They* don't like girls." Instantly I wondered why I

had said that. Did I like girls? *Not much.* But I did n't want Angel interfering in this. He had better keep away.

"My father is a judge. He sends bad men to prison."

"My father"—I was very proud of him —"is a civil engineer. He 's in South America building a railroad; so that 's why we live with Mrs. Handsomebody. But some day he 's coming back to make a home for us. When I grow up I shall be an engineer, too, and build bridges over cañons."

"What 's cañons? Hold Dorothea tighter."

I explained cañons at length.

"P'raps I 'll take you with me," I added weakly.

She clapped her hands rapturously.

"Oh, what fun!" she gurgled. "I can keep house, and hang my washing 'cross the cañon to dry!"

Frankly I did not relish the thought of my cañon's being thus desecrated. I determined never to allow her to do any such thing, but at the moment I was willing to indulge her fancy.

"Yes," she prattled on, "I 'll wheel Dorothea up and down the bridge and watch you work."

Now, there was some sense in that. What man does not enjoy being admired while he does things? In fact, Jane had hit upon a great elemental truth when she suggested this. From that moment I was hers.

Laying Dorothea, toes up, on the grass, I proceeded to lead Jane into the most cherished realms of my fancy. Together we sailed those

. . . perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn,

dabbling our hands in the fountain, while the golden August sunshine kissed our necks.

I said not a word of this at tea. I munched my bread and butter in a sort of haze, scarcely aware of the subdued conversation led by Mrs. Handsomebody until I heard her say:

"A little great-niece of Bishop O'Sullivan is visiting next door. You are therefore invited to take tea with her to-morrow afternoon. I trust you will conduct yourselves with decency at table, and remember that a frail little girl is not to be played with as a headlong boy."

I felt that she could n't tell me anything about frail little girls, but I kept my knowledge to myself. The Seraph said:

"Was you ever a fwail little gel, Mrs. Handsomebody?"

Our governess fixed him with her eyes.

"I was a most decorous and obedient little girl, Alexander, and asked no impertinent questions of my elders."

"Was Mary Ellen a fwail little gel?" persisted the Seraph.

"No," snapped Mrs. Handsomebody. "Judging from her characteristics as a servant, I should say that she was a very riotous, rude little girl. Now drink your milk."

"I yike wiotous, wude people," said the Seraph, with his face in the tumbler; the milk trickled down his chin.

"Leave the table, Alexander," commanded Mrs. Handsomebody. "Your conduct is quite inexcusable." The Seraph departed, weeping.

All that evening I thought about Jane. I had no heart for a pillow-fight. At night I dreamed of her, and saw her weekly washing, suspended from a line, fluttering in the wind that raced along my cañon.

I strained toward the hour when I should meet her at tea. I had never felt like this before. True, I had once conceived a violent fancy for a fat young woman in the pastry shop, but she had been replaced by a thin young woman who did not appeal to me, and the episode was forgotten.

But, oh, this bitter-sweetness of my love for Jane, and my despair when I found that she was to sit next Angel at tea, till I discovered that, seated opposite, I could stare at her, and admire how she nibbled her almond cake.

After tea we played musical chairs in the library, with Margery at the piano. First marched the Seraph, with his brown

curls bobbing, and after him the stout bishop in his gaiters; next Angel, then Jane on tiptoes, and lastly I in squeaky new boots.

Seraph and the bishop were soon out of it. They were invariably beaten in our games, though afterward they always seemed to think they had won. So Angel, Jane, and I were left, prancing around two solemn carved chairs. The music ceased with a crash. Jane leaped to one chair, while Angel and I fell simultaneously upon the other. We both clung to it desperately, but he dislodged me inch by inch, and I, furious at being balked in my pursuit of Jane, struck him twice in the ribs, then ran into the dim hall and hid myself.

There Jane found me, and there her tender lips kissed my hot cheek, and she squeezed me in her arms. For a moment we did not speak, then she whispered:

"I wish *you* had got the chair, John. I love you best of all."

That night I hung about the kitchen while Mary Ellen was setting bread to rise. The time had come when I must speak to some fellow-creature of this tremendous new element that had come into my life. In much perplexity I watched Mary Ellen's stout, red arms as she manipulated the dough. The kitchen was hot, the kettle sang. It seemed a moment for confidence, yet words were hard to find.

At last I got out desperately:

"Mary Ellen, what is love like?"

"Love is it, Masther John? What do the likes o' me know about love, thin?" She smiled broadly as she dexterously shifted the puffy white mass.

"Oh, *you* know," I persisted, "'cos you 've been in it often. You 've had lots of followers, now, Mary Ellen, have n't you?"

"Well, thin, if ye must know, I 'll tell ye point blunt to kape out av it. It 's an awful thing whin it gits the best av ye."

"But what 's it *feel like?*" I probed.

Mary Ellen wiped the flour off each red finger in turn, and gazed into the flame of the lamp.

"It 's like this," she said solemnly: "ye burns yer insides till ye feel like ye had a furnace blazin' there. Thin whin it seems ye must bust wid the flarin' av it, ye suddintly turns cowld as ice, an' yer sowl do shrivil up wid fear. An' thin at last ye fergit all about it till the nixt wan happens along. 'Och, I have n't had a sphell fer months! This is an awful' dull place. I think I 'll be quittin' it soon."

"Oh, no, no, Mary Ellen," I cried, alarmed, "you must n't leave us! When Jane and I get married, you can come and live with us." I blushed furiously.

"And who might Jane be?" demanded Mary Ellen, suspiciously.

"She 's the bishop's great-niece," I explained proudly. "I love her terribly, Mary Ellen. It hurts in here." I pressed my hand on my stomach.

"Well, well." She shook her head commiseratingly. "I 'm sorry fer ye, Masther John, sthartin' off like this at your age. Here 's the spoon I stirred the cake wid; have a lick o' that. It 'll mebbe help ye."

I licked pensively at the big wooden spoon, and felt strangely soothed. My admiration for Mary Ellen increased.

As I slowly climbed the stairs for bed, visions of Jane hovered in the darkness above me—airy rainbows, with Jane's laughing face peering between the bars of pink and gold. I had never known a little girl before, and Jane embodied all things frail and exquisite.

When I entered our room Angel was sitting on the side of the bed, pulling his shirt over his head. The Seraph already slept in his place next the wall.

I stood before Angel with folded arms.

"H-m," he muttered crossly, "you 've been lickin' batter. It 's on the end of your nose. Why did n't you get me something?"

"There was nothing but dough," I explained, "and one batter spoon. And—and—I say, Angel—"

"Well?" asked my elder, tersely.

"I—I 'm in love something awful. It hurts. It 's like this,—" I hurried on,—"you feel like you 'd a furnace blazing in

you, an' then you turn cold, jus' as if you 'd shrivel up, but you *never, never* forget, an'—it 's made a' 'normous difference in my life, Angel—"

I got no further. Angel had thrown himself backward on the bed and, kicking his bare legs in the air, broke into peals of delighted laughter.

"It 's that yellow-faced little Jenny!" he gurgled. "Oh, holy smoke!"

His brutal mirth was short-lived. Mrs. Handsomebody appeared in the doorway, her face genuinely shocked at the sight that met her austere eyes.

At this hour such actions—was her house to be turned into Bedlam? Such indecent display of limbs! She was sick with shame for Angel, would discuss his conduct further with him to-morrow.

She waited while I undressed, and stood over us while we said our prayers at the side of the bed, at last extinguishing the light with a final admonition to be silent.

I was bitterly disappointed in Angel. It was the first time he had failed me utterly. I put my arms around the sleeping Seraph and cried myself to sleep.

We were awakened by the sonorous music of the cathedral chimes. It was Sunday. That meant stiff white Eton collars, and texts gabbled between mouthfuls of porridge, and, later, our three small bodies arrayed in short surplices, and the long service in the cathedral. The Seraph was the very smallest boy in the choir. I think he was tolerated there only through Margery's intervention, because it would have broken his loyal little heart to be separated from Angel and me. He was highly ornamental, too, as he collected the choir offertory in a little velvet bag, his tiny surplice jauntily bobbing, and the back of his neck, as an old lady once said, more touching than the sermon.

Angel had a voice like a flute.

Beyond the tall choir-stalls I could catch fleeting glimpses of Jane's little face beneath her daisied hat, looking on the same prayer-book with Margery. I swelled my chest beneath my surplice, and chanted my very loudest in the hope that Jane might hear me. "O ye Showers and Dew, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

Her dreamy blue eyes peered over the edge of the book, the daisies on her hat nodded, she smiled; I smiled ecstatically back at her, and so two childish hearts stemmed the flood of praise that rose above the old gray pillars.

At dinner, over his bread pudding, the Seraph murmured in a throaty voice: "When you is in love, first you burns yike a furnace, an' en you shwivel up wiv the cold. It 's a vewy bad fing to be in love."

I threw Angel a bitter look. This was his doing. So contemptuously had he treated my confidence, made as man to man. To tell the irresponsible Seraph of all people!

"What 's that, Alexander?" questioned Mrs. Handsomebody, sharply.

"It 's love," replied the Seraph, meekly; "you catch it off a girl. John 's got it."

Mrs. Handsomebody sank back in her chair with a groan.

"Alexander," she said solemnly, "I *tremble* for your future. You are not the boy your father was. I tremble for you. John," she continued, turning to me, "you will come into the parlor with me. I wish to have a talk with you. David and Alexander, you may amuse yourselves with one of my bound volumes of 'The Quiver.' "

I followed her with burning cheeks into the stiff apartment dominated by a case of stuffed birds and a portrait of the late Mr. Handsomebody in mutton-chop whiskers and a cynical smile.

Needless to recall the lecture I received, the probing into my reluctant heart, the admonitions which I could not heed for my fearful watching of that hard, gray face. But at last it was over. I slipped into the hall, closing the door softly behind me, and listened. Silence abounded. On tiptoe I made my way to the kitchen. It was clean and empty. I noiselessly opened the back door. On the door-step sat the Seraph busily engaged with a caterpillar.

"Where 's Angel?" I demanded curtly.

"I fink," breathed the Seraph, stroking the caterpillar the wrong way and then looking at his fingers—"I fink that he 's w'itin' to father to tell on you. So there!"

I waited to hear no more. Casting my care behind me, I sped lightly down the narrow laneway between the houses, crossed the bishop's lawn, and sought Jane in the garden.

There I stood a moment dazzled by the golden August sunshine, the iridescent spray of the fountain, and the brilliant colors of the hollyhocks beside the wall.

I saw Jane there, and my heart swelled with disappointment and rage, for she was not alone!

Too late I repented my confidence to Angel; I might have known that he would never let the grass grow under his feet till he had tasted this new excitement. Well, he had not let the grass grow.

Jane, I remember, had on a pale-blue sash, and a fluffy white frock, beneath the frills of which her slender black-silk legs moved airily. By her side sauntered the traitorous Angel, his head bent toward her tenderly, and, most sickening of all, pushing before him, with an air of proprietorship, the perambulator containing the doll Dorothea. Jane was simpering up at him in a way she had never looked at me.

I saw at a glance that all was over, yet I was not to be cast aside thus lightly. I strode across the garden, and, pushing myself between them, I laid my hand masterfully on the handle of the "pram," beside Angel's. Neither of them uttered a word. So the three of us walked for a space in tense silence.

Then suddenly, Angel began to hammer my hand with his fist.

"You let go of that!" he snarled. "Ge—tout of here!"

"I won't!" I roared tragically. "She said I was the fa-ather of it."

"She did not," yelled Angel. "I 'm the father."

Jenny glanced fearfully at the windows of the bishop's house. All was silent there. Then, with a scornful little kick at me, she said:

"Go 'way, you nasty boy! *I* don't want you. I only like Angel."

There was nothing more to be said. I hung my head and, with a sob in my throat, turned away. I could hear them whispering behind me.

Before I reached our own yard Angel came running after me.

"Tell you what I 'll do, John," he said as he came abreast—"tell you what I 'll do: I 'll fight you for her. Like knights of old, you know. We could go down to the coal-cellar and have a reg'lar tourney. It 'u'd be bully fun. We could have pokers for lances. Say, will you?"

I was not in a fighting mood, but I had never refused a challenge, and somehow the thought of bloodshed eased my pain a little. So, half reluctant, I followed him as he eagerly led the way to the coal-cellar.

Even on this August day it was cold down there. Long cobwebs trailed specter-like from the beams, and a faint squeaking of young mice could be heard in the walls.

We searched among the debris of years for suitable weapons. Finally, brandishing pokers, and with two rusty boiler-lids for shields, we faced each other, uttering our respective battle-cries in muffled tones. Angel had put a battered coal-scuttle over his head for a helmet, and through a break in it I could see his dark eyes gleaming threateningly.

With ring of shield we clashed together. I delivered, and received, stunning blows. Dust, long undisturbed, rose, and blinded us.

How many a gallant fray has been broken up by a screaming woman! Now Mary Ellen, true to the perversity of her sex, rushed in to separate us.

"Oh, losh! I niver seen the beat o' ye!" she cried. "Ye 've scairt me out av a year's growth. Sure, the missus 'll put a tin ear on ye if she catches ye in the cellar in yer collars an' all!" Imperiously she disarmed us, and without ceremony we

were hustled up the dark stairs to the kitchen sink.

"It was a tournament, Mary Ellen, about a lady," I explained with as much dignity as I could muster. "You should n't have interrupted."

"There ain't a lady livin' that 's worth messin' up yer clane clothes for," said Mary Ellen, sternly. "Lord! to see the cinders in yer hair an' the soot in yer ears! It does bate all—" As she talked she scrubbed us vehemently with a wash-cloth.

"Ouch!" moaned Angel. "O Mary El-len, you 're *hurting* me! That 's my so-ore spot, eeeoow!"

"Well, Masther Angel," said Mary El-len, "I don't want to hurt ye, but it do make me heart-sick to see ye bashin' aitch other wid pokers fer the sake av a bit girl that 's not worth a tinker's curse to ye. Now, thin, here 's a piece of cowld puddin' to each av ye. Sit on the dure-step where the missus won't see ye an' git outside av it."

In a chastened mood we sat outside the back door and ate our pudding. It was cold, clammy, very sweet, and deliciously satisfying.

To our right the wall excluded any glimpse of the bishop's garden, and beyond loomed the cathedral, with two gray pigeons circling about its spire.

I yearned to know what was going on beyond the wall. I could not help fancy-ing that Jane, touched by remorse, was weeping by the fountain for me, and me only. Angel spoke

"I say,—" he hunched his shoulders mischievously,—"let 's go round and see what she 's doin' all alone, eh?"

I leaped to the proposal I had an in-satiable desire to hear her speak once more, if it was only to taunt me.

We made the passage stealthily; all the world seemed drowsing on that hazy Sun-day afternoon. The blinds in the bishop's study were drawn. Little did he guess the life his great-niece led!

The grass was like moist velvet beneath our feet. A pair of sparrows were quar-reling over their bath at the fountain rim. We heard a low murmur of voices. A glint of Jane's white frock could be seen behind a guelder-rose near the fountain. We crept up behind and peered through the foliage.

There on a garden bench sat Jane, and there, clasped in her slim white arms, was —the Seraph! The wretched Dorothea lay face downward on the grass at their feet.

We strained our ears to hear what was being said. Jane spoke in that silvery voice of hers:

"Say some more dreffful things, Seraph. I jus' love to hear you."

There was a moment's silence, then the Seraph said in his blandest tone the one word:

"Blood!"

Jane gave a tiny, ecstatic shriek.

"Oh, go on!" she begged. "Say more."

"Blood," repeated the Seraph, firmly, "hot blood, told blood—wed blood—thick blood—thin blood—bad blood."

Jane squealed in fearful pleasure.

"Go on!" she urged. "Worser!"

Thus encouraged, the Seraph rapped out without more ado:

"Tiger blood—effelant blood—cater-pillar blood—ole witch blood,"—then, after a pause, that the horror of it might sink deep in,—"baby blood!"

Angel and I gave each other a look of enlightenment It was gore, then, that this delicately nurtured young person craved—good red gore, and plenty of it! Well, enough; we were free. Wait! What was she saying?

"I *hate* those other boys, Seraph dar-ling. Let 's jus' you and me play to-gether always. And you shall be Doro-thea's *father,* and Dorothea shall want to paddle in the—"

Away! Away! With sardonic laugh-ter we sped along the pebbled drive, nor stopped until we reached our own do-main.

Then in the planked back yard we sat on our steps, with a volume of "The Quiver" on our knees, in case Mrs. Hand-somebody should invade our privacy, and played a rollicking game of pirates. And

when any of the fair sex fell into our hands we were none too gentle with them.

"Chuck 'em overboard, Lieutenant!" was Captain Angel's way of dealing with the case.

Just as the cathedral clock struck five the Seraph swaggered up. He stopped before us, hands deep in pockets.

"Well," said Angel, eying him resentfully, "you 'll make a nice bishop, you will, usin' the language we heard a bit ago!"

"Maybe I sha'n't have time to be a bishop, after all," replied the Seraph, condescendingly. "You see, I 'm goin' to marry Jane. It 'll keep me vewy busy."

Mother

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

HE is only sixteen years old,
And yet he has evaded
Two convictions for petty larceny.
His mother stands by him,
Patient and still trusting.
"He is not a thief;
My boy is not a thief,"
She says that over and over again.
"He has the blood of my people in his veins,
And they were always honest—always."

Then her eyes narrow,
And her pale face grows even paler,
As she remembers how her boy's father
Boasted about his salary
Before their marriage,
And yet on the first pay-day
Confessed that he had lied,
And was getting less than half that sum.

She remembers, too,
As if it were yesterday,
How she gave him one hundred dollars,
Her own hard-earned dollars,
To help him furnish their home.
He never told her what became of that money.

So she knows the warfare
In her boy's soul,
Her ancestors and her husband's ancestors
Fighting;
And she prays for her boy
As she goes about with her pinched face
And her tired eyes,
Waiting, waiting.

"My mother says: 'Gracious me! don't he look all dressed up, though!'"

The Dance

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

Illustrations by George Wright

MY mother says: "Gracious me! don't he look all dressed up, though!"

We all look and smile. My father has his broadcloth coat and velvet vest and fine boots on. He has his whiskers trimmed and his hair slicked. He always tells us he has had that coat and vest fourteen years. The vest has little flowers on it.

My mother has her best dress on, too. She has a ruche on, and her gold watch-chain is around her neck and hanging down in front. Her ear-rings have little black stones all around. She has the big cameo on. The cameo has a white house in a yard, and a girl walking there.

My brother and I are dressed up, too, only my brother has overalls on. He has to take care of the teams.

We have all the lamps lighted in the sitting-room and a good, hot fire. The parlor is all lighted up and warm, too. The stair door is open, so the heat will go up to the big room. In the kitchen they have the table pulled out. My brother is sitting by the window with a lantern. He has just put his cap and mittens on. We hear sleigh-bells up the road. My father says, "They 're beginning to come." My brother gets up, and goes out to the wood-shed door.

The sleigh-bells come jingling along until we know they are almost in front of the house. Then they are n't so loud. We know they are turning in. Pretty soon we hear them right near the house. The runners make a sort of hard, grinding sound. They always sound that way when it is so cold.

The sleigh bumps against the plank out by the door. Some one says: "Who-o-oa! Here we are! Pile out!"

They come stamping in, saying good evening, laughing, and shaking hands. They begin to take off their overshoes and overcoats and comforters and cloaks and

pile them on the chairs next to the wall. The women put some packages done up in newspapers on the table.

I know what is in the packages. It is frosted cake and pie and things like that. I hope I can stay up long enough to have some; but if I don't, my mother will save some out for me.

They all go into the sitting-room, and then more people come. Some come afoot. Grandpa Tyler and Johnny and Herb and his mother come from down the road. Grandpa Tyler is postmaster. Johnny is day operator.

Mr. and Mrs. Purdee and Uncle Anthony and Aunt Phœbe come in. Uncle Anthony says, "O' course we 're too old to dance, but we 'll look on, an' when we git tired o' that, why, we 'll come down here and have a game o' cards."

The sitting-room and the parlor are almost full now.

Grandpa Tyler looks around. He says: "Well, Si, where 's them there fiddlers o' yourn? Ain't it 'bout time they was turnin' up?"

My father says, "I don't know but 't is 'bout time for 'em."

We hear a great jingling of bells. Johnny says, "I bet that 's them." He runs to the door. He says, "Yah, here they come, sure 's you 're alive!"

We hear them stamping and taking off their things, and we hear my brother taking the horses to the barn. Then they come in. Addie is with them. One of the fiddlers is her father. The other is a sort of cousin.

They have their fiddle-boxes in their hands. Their cheeks are red; they begin to warm their hands at the stove.

Grandpa Tyler says: "Hey, Len, what you got in that there box? A baby?"

Everybody laughs. Some one always says that, and they always laugh.

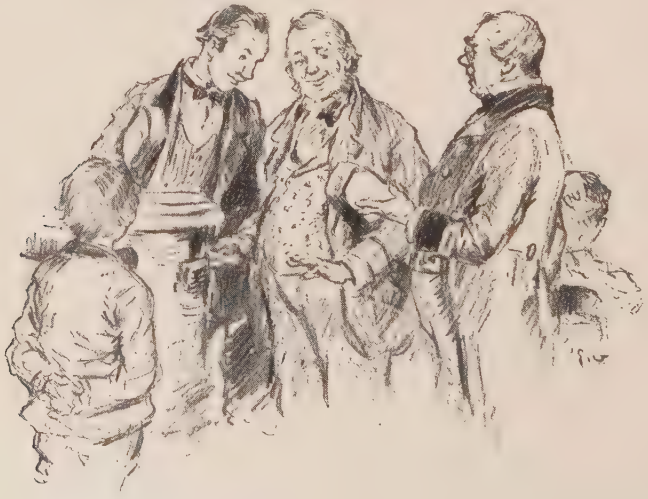
Len plays first fiddle, and old Ledley plays second. They always play together at dances. Len is younger. He calls off while he plays. His voice is high, and has a twang that some of them make fun of. Old Ledley is English. He has a big, round face and gray hair. His face is shaved, but he has whiskers all around the edge. They make me think of fringe.

They all talk and laugh. Len and old Ledley keep rubbing their hands together.

Grandpa Tyler says: "Well, Len, ain't it 'bout time to tune up? Seems to me them fingers o' yourn ort to be limbered up by this time, ort n't they?"

Len says: "Jes as you folks say. Maybe *'t is* time." He says to old Ledley, "All right, Ledley; s'posen' we go up."

Pretty soon we hear them up there tuning up. They pick the strings. We can hear the pegs snap. Then we hear a



"'Hey, Len, what you got in that there box? A baby?'"

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"They all look good-natured and happy

lot of broad strokes on the two big strings and a lot of little notes up and down on the little strings. They are getting their fingers used to it.

Len calls out: "A-a-all right, Johnny! Form on!"

Johnny jumps up, and says so everybody can hear all over the house, "Choo-o-se you-u-ur partners for a quadrille!"

Quite a few go up. Johnny goes up, too. Pretty soon we hear him call again: "Four more couples wanted! Form on!" A few more go up, and then Johnny calls, "One more couple wanted."

I run up-stairs. I want to see them begin. I sit on one of the benches. They are on both sides, along the wall. If I stand up on one of the benches, my head comes up to where the wall begins to slant.

When my father built our house, he says, he had the big room made on purpose for dances. There is a big white desk in one corner. The sitting-room stove-pipe runs up through the other end. The windows are just over the veranda roof. Len and old Ledley sit in the corner by the desk. Old Ledley is behind it.

They tune a little more, and then they stop and wait. Then Len raps the back of the fiddle with his bow, and calls out, "Pla-a-aces all!" Everybody stands ready. Len calls, "A-a-all dance!" and begins "The Campbells are Coming." Everybody begins to tread up and down. Pretty soon Len calls, "Sa-lu-ute you-u-ur pardners!" Then everybody bows. The partners bow to each other, and then to the rest. Then Len calls, "First couple lead up to-o-o the right!"

They all look good-natured and happy. Their eyes sparkle. They do a lot of different things. There is "right hand round," and "left hand round," and "do-see-do," and "allamend left," and "grand right and left," and "a-all sash-a-ay," and "promenade all," and "swing your pardners," and "cheat."

The music and the tread of the feet make me feel warm and happy. I wish I could dance, too. Everybody is laughing or smiling. They like Len's tunes and his calling off. Every time they are through with a figure they stand still a minute. They look at one another and talk and laugh. Then Len begins a new tune. This time he says "Balance all!" instead of "All dance!" but it means the same thing.

When they are through with the last figure, Len calls out, "Se-e-eat you-u-ur pardners!" Then everybody sits down on the benches.

My mother is on the opposite side of the room. I want to go over there, but I am afraid. I think everybody will look at

"He has so much fun that he forgets everything"

me. My mother is always telling me I am too bashful. My mother makes a sign to me to come and sit down by her. I put my hands on the bench and lean back. I twist my toes together and shake my head. After a while, though, I get up and walk across. I keep looking at the floor while I go. I don't dare look up. My face feels warm. The floor seems to rise up almost to my face. It is a long way across. Every one is talking, but I am afraid they will all stop and look at me.

My mother says, "Will you be my partner after a while?"

I say, "I do' want to." I don't know how I 'll ever dare to get up and dance in front of everybody.

My mother says: "Yes, you 'd better. *They* won't mind if you make a mistake. I 'll tell you what to do."

But I sit back and say, "No, I do' want to."

My mother says: "All right, if you don't feel like it. I s'pose you 're pretty small to dance yet, anyway."

Johnny calls out: "Choose your partners for a waltz!" Len strikes up "The Mississippi." When they get through, they have another square dance.

Len's boy and girl get mixed up. Len gets all out of patience. He always does when they make mistakes. He breaks off playing, and raps the back of the fiddle with his bow so hard and so quick that everybody jumps and looks scared. He looks as cross as can be. He snaps out: "Andy! Myrie! what the thunder you doin'? Confound it all! that ain't no way to dance!"

Andy does n't like it. He sticks his lips out and grumbles. He says: "Well, we 're doin' it just the way you called off. What you talkin' about?"

Len says louder and crosser than ever, "No you ain't, neither, not by a long shot!" He gets up and takes Andy by the arm. He says: "Come over here with you where you belong! Now next time pay 'tention to what I call off!"

Len goes on with the tune and the calling off. He is playing "The Wrecker's Daughter." Old Ledley calls it "The Wreckard's Daughter."

Len plays "St. Patrick's Day" next and then "Fisher's Hornpipe" for the last figure. I know almost all of Len's tunes by heart. There are "Soldier's Joy" and "Devil's Dream" and "Washing Day" and "Flowers of Edinburgh" and "Captain Jinks" and "Irish Washerwoman"

and a lot of others. My father and my brother can play them on the fiddle, too. I whistle and hum them when I am going anywhere alone, and keep step. When my brother is turning the fanning-mill or churning or when the horses are trotting along to town, I can always hear Len's tunes. A good many of them have n't names.

By and by they stop again. Pretty soon Johnny calls out, "All form on for 'Virginia Reel!' "

They always dance that and "Opera Reel" and "Money Musk" and "Irish Trot" and almost always the "Fireman's Dance." They all have fine, lively tunes, and everybody has lots of fun. I like to watch them.

My father likes "Virginia Reel" better than anybody else. He has so much fun that he forgets everything. He dances up and down so that his coat-tails flap. People get to looking at him, but he does n't care. My mother laughs. She leans over me and says: "Just look at your pa! See how his eyes pop out!"

My mother likes "Irish Trot" the best. I can tell by her face that she thinks it is lots of fun. But she does n't laugh out loud and carry on, like the rest. She sort

"Then Len begins a new tune"

of hops along and takes little steps in between.

Addie sits with me while they dance "Irish Trot." She says: "Your mother's old-fashioned way of dancing is just as pretty as it can be. I wish *I* could dance as nice as that!"

By and by Len raps his fiddle again and begins to scold Andy. Addie says, "Now, Leonard, you ought to have more patience with the boy."

But Len says: "Patience! Well, 'y gosh!"

They all smile. Len goes and sits down

" 'All right, it you don't feel like it. I s'pose you 're pretty small to dance yet, anyway' "

again. He calls out: "Pla-a-aces all! We 'll try it once more and see."

I run down-stairs again. I go down every little while. The clock says half-past eleven. Grandpa Tyler and Uncle Anthony and Mrs. Purdee and Aunt Phœbe are playing euchre. I go and stand behind Uncle Anthony.

Uncle Anthony says, "Well, shall we have another game?"

Grandpa Tyler says: "Might 's well. It 'll be quite a while yet before they have supper."

Aunt Phœbe says to me, "What be they dancin' now?"

I say, " 'Money Musk.' "

Uncle Anthony says, "Well, we 've danced them old dances a good many times in our day, ain't we?"

Grandpa Tyler says: "Well, I guess we hev! An', I declare, I 'd like to dance 'em some more, but somehow my rheumatiz is too much for me. You don't feel a powerful lot like dancin' when yer knees is a-hollerin' the way mine does."

Mrs. Purdee says: "Folks don't dance as much as what they used to when the country was first settled. When we first come, back in the early forties, they used to be a dance somewheres every Sat'day night just as sure as Sat-day night come round."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Yes, and they wa'n't so many people then, neither. Don't you remember how they used to come from miles and miles around? Seems 's if the more people they is, the less sociable they *git.*"

Mrs. Purdee lays the cards down in front of Uncle Anthony. She says, "Want to cut 'em?"

Uncle Anthony says: "No-o, I guess not. Go on and deal. I don' b'lieve you could stack 'em if you tried."

Mrs. Purdee says, "Don't you be too sure of that."

Uncle Anthony says: "No, times ain't what they was, not by a good deal. One thing is, they 's gittin' to be so many foreigners."

Grandpa Tyler says: "Don't it beat all the way they 're comin' in an' buyin' everybody out? I declare, I don't see what the country 's comin' to. The' 's gittin' to be so many Dutch around 't ye can't sleep nights fer hearin' the wooden shoes clatter."

"I wish they 'd get supper ready right away"

Then he leans forward all of a sudden and says: "Hol' on there! What 's trumps? Ain't that my trick there?"

I sit down and watch them awhile longer. I begin to feel sleepy. I run up-stairs again. They are all sitting on the benches. I go in as quickly as I can and sit down by my mother. She says: "Are you sleepy? Don't you think you 'd better go to bed?"

I say: "No, I do' want to. I want to stay up till supper."

My mother says: "Well, if you want to, you can. 'T ain't very often they come here. But I 'm afraid you 'll get awfully sleepy."

I know how it will be when supper-time comes. My mother and Addie will go down to the kitchen. Jessie will have the coffee on, and they will unwrap all the packages. There will be biscuits and butter and chicken and sliced ham and pickles and fried cakes and pies and two or three kinds of big, white, frosted cake. They will get out a lot of plates and cups and pour out the coffee. Then they will

all eat and say things to make each other laugh.

So I sit and watch them dance. They are dancing "Opera Reel" now. It takes them quite a while. The treading and the music make me feel quiet. I feel as if I 'd like to lie down. My head begins to feel heavy and my eyes want to shut. I sit up straight and open my eyes wide.

Pretty soon my eyes want to shut again. All the feet and legs and arms begin to look blurred every little while. My head almost falls. I bring it up with a jerk. I sit up straight again and again. I wish they 'd get supper ready right away.

I get so sleepy I forget about everything except trying to keep awake. I forget even about supper. I think of bed, and how nice it would feel to lie down. I think of it again, and get up and go out across to my bedroom, take my clothes off, and get in. I leave the clothes right where they come off.

Getting to bed wakes me up a little. I hear them finish "Opera Reel." They talk awhile, and then Len begins a quadrille tune. It is one my father plays on his fiddle a good deal. He calls it "My Love she 's but a Lassie yet." It goes: "Tum-a tum-tum-tum-tum tum-tum-tum, tum-a tum-tum-tum-tum tum-tum-tum." It is the tune the straw-carrier always makes me think of, and every time I hear it I think of threshing and the straw-carrier sticking out of the barn door and the dust.

The tune stops. Then by and by I hear Len call out, "Ba-al-ance all!" The fiddles and the treading begin again. This time it is one of the tunes without a name. My father can play it on the old fife. It always says: "Oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar a da-a-ay!"

Len plays the tune over and over. It makes me think of my father and the way he dances. It makes me think of the way his lip is stretched when he plays the fife. It makes me think of my mother and the way she dances. It makes me think of Len and old Ledley.

It is nice to listen to. I almost forget about the supper. I don't care. My mother will save me some of the biscuits and frosted cake and things. It is nice to be in bed. The tune keeps on, over and over again: "Oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar a da-a-ay!" It says it so plain that it is almost like talking, "Oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a, give me a—dol-lar a—give me a—dol-lar a—"

"'Oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a, give me a—dol-lar a—give me a—dol-lar a—'"

A Sheaf of Letters

From the Correspondence of Richard Watson Gilder

Edited by ROSAMOND GILDER

THE CENTURY is fortunate to be able to publish a selection from the letters of the late Richard Watson Gilder, now being collected for book publication by his daughter; for to Mr. Gilder, its editor and guiding spirit during thirty years, THE CENTURY owes more than to any one else its reputation and its place in the hearts of its readers. It will of course be realized that these fragments of his correspondence cannot fully reveal the versatility and nobility of his character. He was many men in one: poet, editor, political reformer, social worker, and humorous and philosophical friend to many of the greatest Americans of his generation. His letters cover a multitude of topics and a variety of interests. We have space in our columns for only a few, and we have therefore selected those that are mainly of editorial import—letters of advice to writers, letters about the great historical series which made THE CENTURY famous in the eighties and nineties, letters which embody his ideals and aspirations for the magazine.

The best introduction to these pages is the comment of three writers who knew him well. Bill Nye said of him, "He can return rejected manuscripts in such a way that disappointed scribblers come to him from hundreds of miles away, to thank him for his kindness and stay to dinner with him." Shortly after Mr. Gilder's death, Professor Brander Matthews said of him: "His editorial standards were high, but so was his belief in his countrymen. He acted on the assurance that what was truly good was certain to be popular. That is why it seems to me difficult to overestimate his influence upon the development of the American magazine." And George W. Cable, who knew him for many years, wrote as follows: "He was peculiarly an authors' editor and not merely a publishers'. He never dealt with one's literary products merely as wares for market, but with their source, the author, and with his pages as things still hopefully in the making. He was the authors' true friend for true service. He held the highest standards of literary art, and in striving to lift and help authors up to them he spoke with a fidelity which every now and then was unflattering and rigorous. He had no time to waste in mistaken tendernesses. It will be truly said by many that throughout his whole career he was one of the finest uplifting powers in the literary world. To me, let me testify, he was a shaping, guiding influence, noble, invaluable, and endearing. He must have been so to a multitude of others."—THE EDITOR.

[*To a novelist*]

February 1, 1882

I WISH the Fates had not placed me in a position where I must "judge" my betters. But so it is, and so I suppose it must be.

Now, about this novel. To me it is the least good work you have ever done. And yet it has in it some of your best work, and it is free from your greatest fault; namely, confusion.

I will not condemn myself by suspecting that you imagine that I object to the inculcation of morality, religion, or any kind of spiritual truth in a work of art. I will not condemn you by letting you suspect that I doubt your theories on this subject. I am very sure that we both agree that it may be done, and that the only question is, Is it well done? It seems to me that in the present story (if it is a story) your heart has got the better of your head. The story to me fails of its end because the motive is too apparent. The reader feels that it is a "put-up job";

Mr Gilder in the old Century office in Union Square

that the characters are dragged from misery to misery in order that the writer can preach his theories through them. The two principal characters are lay figures—"objects" of sympathy. You have turned your mind so completely into philanthropical work that for the time being you have lost your sense of art. I do not object to philanthropy either in life or in a book, but its expression must, in a work of art, take an artistic form. You and I do not object to the morality and spiritual teaching of Hawthorne, nor to the patriotism and philanthropy of Tourguénief (whose writings, it is said, freed the Russian serfs), because the form is always artistic.

My dear fellow, I care more for your work than for that of any other writer of fiction who has written for the magazine. As an editor I should not perhaps say this; as a friend I cannot help it. Now, there are many things that spoil a literary career. Sometimes a lack of conscience, sometimes an untrained or misapplied conscience, such as George MacDonald's. It has been the greatest pain for me to see the deterioration of MacDonald's work mainly from this last-named cause. I think you have no danger except here, if your health lasts. For heaven's sake, do not lose, break, or injure the article that you possess, and that under your direction carries spiritual food, no less than intellectual stimulus and wholesome pleasure, to so many minds!

Pardon my speaking with so much warmth. I will write now as an editor. Cannot something be done to give the story a less obviously heart-wringing and "reformatory" aspect and end? There are several minor points I will write to you about later. Meantime bear with me in this brutal attack. When my whole heart is in a thing I cannot keep from plain speech.

February 20, 1882

You are a fine fellow to take my belaboring so generously. I am sure you can make a good book out of most of those characters, and the opening is just stunning.

April 19, 1882

Did you get my telegram and understand the same? I meant that the first

instalment is up to the mark, in my judgment. If you keep on at that rate, you will have a fortunate journey and a capital book. Such fine artistic work warms the cockles of an editor's heart.[1]

EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY

[*To Maurice Thompson*]

November 1, 1886

What makes a magazine "go," from a business point of view, is not the individual writers; it is the combination which is made by the editors backed by the publishing enterprise. I would guarantee to start a magazine next year and make it a success without the use of a single well-known name in literature—simply by the combination—if I had the right kind of publishers. A literary man often sees a periodical make a lot of money apparently out of his brains. There is some truth in this, but it is a sad fact that the rewards of pure literature are slow and not necessarily moneyed in character, and that editorial and business sagacity will always bring more moneyed returns than the other. We put a poem or an artistic story in next to a war article, and that number of the magazine has a large circulation; but it is the war article that gives it the circulation, and us the power to pay authors, rather than the individual story. It is partly for this reason that I am so strongly in favor of international copyright. I want to see authors have a firmer property and better pay, and I am anxious to have all literary values increase.

But after all that can be done, it will always be hard for a conscientious man to devote his whole time to literature and support his family on the proceeds. The trouble is that even an artist in words cannot always tell whether he has produced a genuine article or not. A man builds a bridge, it carries a train of cars, and he is paid for his work. The bridge is strong; it answers the purpose and is really a bridge. A work of art is never surely a work of art. It may take a hundred years, it may take three hundred, before a man can be sure his work of art is what he hoped it should be. By that time he is a mummy, and only his immortal spirit can smile at the compliments of the press.

Nov. 18, 1886

You ask, "Has The Century any large share of Western-made literature for this largest audience?" I believe you are the man who has said about the best thing on this subject in your speech before Western authors. The only persons against whom we discriminate in The Century are foreign writers of fiction and poetry.[2] They occasionally get in, but with extreme seldomness, especially the fiction-writers. We think it our mission to cultivate American fiction, and we do this to the best of our ability and knowledge. Once or twice we have been caught, so to speak, with an American serial of inferior merit owing to the failure of writers to come up to their usual mark. Such accidents have not often happened with us, and are not likely to happen again.

You ask why certain names run like a monotone through the table of contents from year to year. In The Century we put everybody on his mettle with every separate piece of work, and if names recur, as, thank Heaven, they do recur, it is simply because, according to our perceptions, the writers continue to do good work. The fact is that we are remorseless in this office in editing. We undoubtedly make constant mistakes, but the mistakes are honest ones. A story now in our safe from one of the best writers in the country went back to that writer I think at least five times, and was improved every time. We certainly shall never accept articles from Western and Southwestern writers because they come from those sec-

[1] It is worth while to remark that the novel to which these letters refer, published at first serially, took, and still holds, a permanent place in literature.—The Editor.

[2] At the time Mr. Gilder wrote this, before the passing of the copyright law, there had come a sharp reaction against the exploitation of European writers, which virtually thrust aside the work of struggling American authors. But to-day, with the passing of the copyright law, there is no unjust discrimination in literature, and the best of Europe appears with the best of America in our high-class publications. Art has become truly international.—The Editor.

Richard Watson Gilder, from an early photograph

tions. Do you remember that Bret Harte's long novel appeared in THE CENTURY? Are Cable, Maurice Thompson, Mrs. Foote, Bill Nye, Hay, and Nicolay, John Muir, Joel Chandler Harris, Henry King, Robert Burns Wilson, E. R. Sill, Octave Thanet, Joaquin Miller, Edith M. Thomas, Edward Eggleston, Mark Twain, and a number more I could name, particularly Eastern writers? Are there any better writers in the West and South than these? Are there any as good except Miss Murfree, who has long promised to write for us? It was THE CENTURY that brought before magazine readers Eggleston, Mrs. Foote, and Harris. If there is anything more Western than the life of Lincoln as it is now appearing in THE CENTURY, please let me know by telegram what it is.

As for prices, we are always pushing them ahead here. And still this magazine business is a dangerous one. How few succeed! How many fail and fail disastrously!

[*To Henry James*]

May 29, '83

With regard to what is magazinable from points of view other than literary,

I think there is a wide distinction between what is magazinable and what is bookable. A man has a right to publish what he chooses in his own book; people seldom buy a book without knowing pretty much what is in it. The writer of a book is responsible to his own conscience and to his taste, and if these are satisfied, no criticism can or should move him. But I think it different with a magazine. People subscribe for twelve issues in advance —issues containing more than the matter of twelve books, and pay for all this beforehand, on the conviction that their contents will not unduly shock or distress them; and I think an editor is rude who does unduly shock or distress the readers of a magazine which does not intend to be a battle-ground of opinion in the sense that certain other publications are.

It requires the greatest skill, of course, to know just how far it is in good taste and good faith to go in the matter of opposing the convictions and shocking the prejudices of the readers for whom you edit. My own idea is always to be a good way in advance of the multitude, and to insist upon the literary view and upon a decided freedom of discussion both in essays and imaginative contributions. The only thing that really worries me is to be cheated into printing a thing the moral effect of which I think is bad. So far as I know I have only once been in this predicament.

[*To Horace Traubel*]

April 17, 1905

I have set aside everything, and have given myself up to your book day and night with intense interest, much keen delight, and some pain. Of course it wounds me to have the evidence of what I knew really all along, I suppose, that Walt could not understand my own aims in poetry. But I did not love him and his art for any recognition I could get from him, but because both his immense art and his personality appealed strongly to me, and I could never be grateful enough to one whose chants had thrilled me as his did, and had entered so deeply into my thought and life and into those of so many who were dear to me.

From my point of view Walt Whitman, had he not unconsciously absorbed a sense of beauty, a sense of art, which is merely right and proper the very best and noblest expression, would not have made a ripple in the current of the world's literature. A poet must have two things: insight,—the vision,—and the power of telling what he sees. Walt had the first, intensity of imaginative vision, and he had the second also; and without the second he would have been a passing prose essayist, and not a world poet such as he is.

Lord! how I envy you your opportunity of helping as you did that man! He was chock full of faults, of narrowness; but also of attractiveness, of kind heartedness, of human affection, of genius.

His poetic ability was trained by great examples, though he varied from them; but much of it, as in the case of all great artists, was instinctive. He underrated form, *but he had it!* There is no art without the *obstacle of form*. This is the reason that poetry is greater art than prose and carries further. But all this is another story.

It is a great satisfaction to know that Walt felt so kindly personally. If we had seen more of one another, he would have understood that my whole idea of life and art was different from what he supposed.

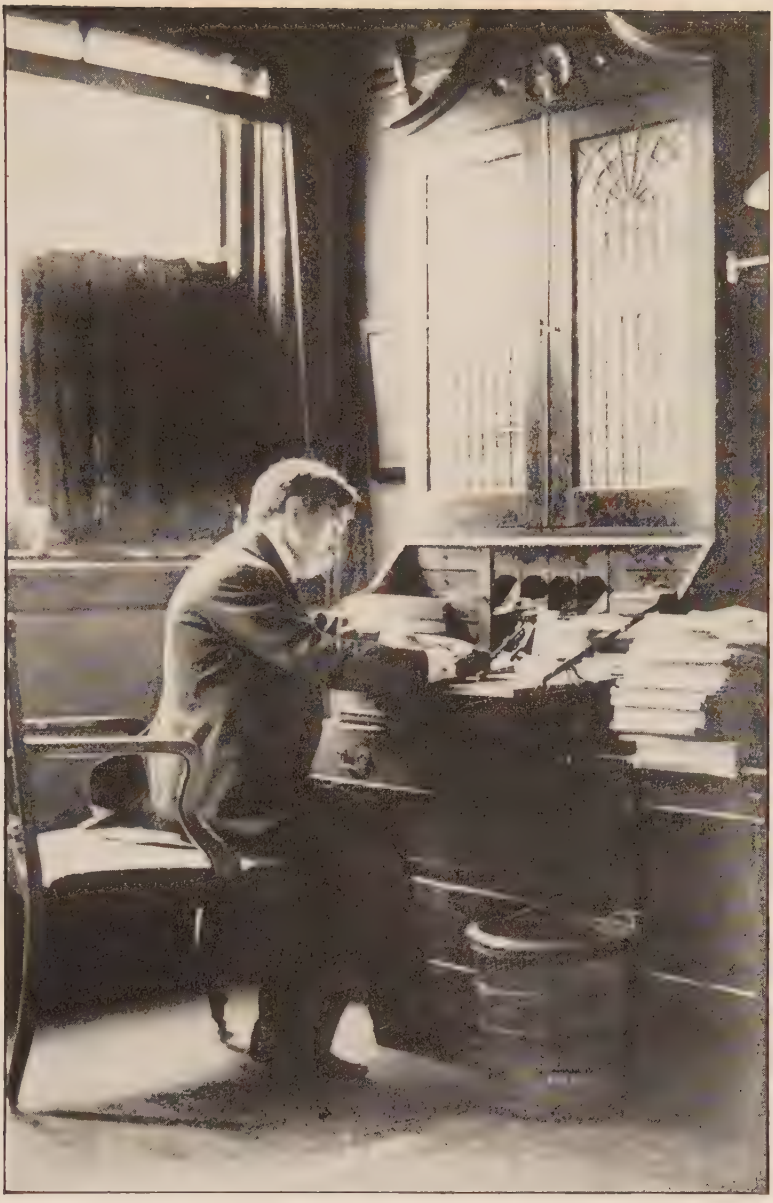
FOUR LETTERS ABOUT STEVENSON

[*To Edmund Gosse*[1]]

Feb. 6, 1883

By the way, has it ever occurred to Stevenson to do a Chaucer series *à la* Arabian Nights? Can you get a story from him for us? Is he not the "new man" you told me about when we were walking down toward the park after the Athenæum Club? He has a delicious humor. Will he keep it up, respect his talent, and have a "career"? I find he knows some of my American artist friends.

[1] Edmund Gosse was at that time the literary agent for THE CENTURY in London.



Mr. Gilder at his desk

[*To Robert Louis Stevenson*]

Dear Sir: Feb. 17, 1883

Mr. Gosse has no doubt already conveyed to you our editorial greetings and aspirations. I cannot keep from adding a more personal word, feeling that I have some nearer acquaintance with you than even through your books, on account of some of our common friends among the young American artist community, late of France. A lot of us younger men and women have had a kind of revival love-feast and experience meeting over your books lately. I would blush to tell you how much we think of them. "My wife and I" are taken by them not merely on account of their human and artistic charm and force, but for certain characteristics, such as the camping-out passion, which we

share with the author of "Travels with a Donkey."

May we not hope that you will let us see some of your handwriting, especially of the fictitious sort, with a view to publication in the magazine?

[*To Edmund Gosse*]

March 23, 1886

You remember Stevenson's gigantic and delightful project about the Rhone? He said to me that the man who did it would have to have, among other qualities, the strength of a bullock. Of course he is not likely to be able to carry it out in its entirety; but I asked Low lately if he would, in writing over, lure him with the idea of their doing one or more papers on the Rhone together. The result is Low's tragic letter from Stevenson, leaping at the idea, but saying the hemorrhages will haunt them through their journey, and that Low must not be frightened by them, and must simply take good care of him. To this Mrs. Stevenson adds a postscript, saying that the "mysterious" malady which afflicts Louis is doubtless none other than consumption, and that in one of these hemorrhages he may slip this life. Still, she is not sure that it may not be a good thing for him. You know Pennell and Miss Preston are doing the Avignon neighborhood, but the river is still open for Stevenson and Low if they can do it together. We could not well use more than three papers. We do not *need* any, but it would be such a delightful thing that I am prepared to do some squeezing to get it in. I don't see how we could handle more than three papers, and I doubt if Stevenson will have the strength to do more than one.

Low is going the first part of May to France with his wife. He will correspond with Stevenson, and learn, especially through Mrs. Stevenson, whether the expedition is desirable. Will you please watch the thing from the Stevenson end, and if he needs an advance when the time comes, you may give it to him. You understand the situation.

There was a story current in 1887 to the effect that when Stevenson came to America on his first trip, he had gone into the office of The Century (*then "Scribner's"*), *and had not been received with open arms. He had no introductions, was just off an immigrant ship, and on his way to the immigrant train in which he traveled West. He was in New York only a few hours, and he did not submit any manuscript, so that it would have been difficult for the most astute clerk in the world to know who or what he was. Writing to Mr. Talcott Williams about this tale, Mr. Gilder says:*

October 12, 1887

I have no doubt that Stevenson used the expression "fired out" with reference to his experience in our old office. That is the term he and I used in talking the thing over the other evening. I had three delightful visits in his room by his invitation, two of them very long visits, and that among other things was freely discussed. I remember asking him who it was that "fired him out." In point of fact, of course nobody fired him out. He looked at me with a quizzical expression and said:

"I don't know but it was you. Yes," he said, "I think it was you, now that I look at you."

I said:

"Oh, pshaw, now! Dr. Holland was a large likeness of me; it might have been he."

"No," he said; "I think it was you."

"Well," I said, "see here, now, when was this?"

He said it was in July.

I said:

"It might have been me if it was in July; but of what year?"

"1879."

"Hurrah!" said I; "that lets me out." And I jumped up with great delight, as you know I was in Europe from March, 1879, to June, 1880. Between you and me and the lamp-post, I have no doubt I would have made the same answer to him as was made, whatever that answer was.

He brought no MS., and simply wanted to write for the magazine. He does n't seem to remember the words of the conversation. For all that is known, he may have been asked to submit something, although he does n't say so. Of course any answer to such a vague and unintroduced application would have to be of the vaguest. He said he was rather surprised at getting in even, as he had no letter of introduction.

THE WAR SERIES AND THE LIFE OF LINCOLN

[*To Edmund Gosse*]

July 30, 1888

What you say about the war is duly noted. We know it all. We will do the best we can in the circumstances. The battles cannot stop till probably *next October*—a year. But we will give all the variety we can, and, as it happens, there will be a good deal about England. We will send you a prospectus when we have fully determined upon it, and will, in fact, make up a special one for England.

Can't you suggest a way of stirring up an interest among literary men about our war articles? I know they don't "think highly" of our war, but, after all, there was considerable of a war!

July 1

I take another sheet to scold you on. Is there nothing interesting to you but art and literature? Now let me tell you, I would rather have one article by Grant on a battle won by him—I would rather read it, print it, publish it—than twenty articles by Daudet on Mistral. And yet I know all the Provençals; one of the happiest times of my life was the few days spent among them. Daudet is enthusiastic, but not enough for me; Provence, Avignon, they are among the magic words for me. But, heavens! a great world, changing heroic events, told by the hero of it! The conquering of the Rebellion meant not only the extinction of human slavery over a vast territory, but it meant the salvation of the great experiment of self-governed in the New World. Grant was the leading military figure in that crisis, the most important that the world has ever known. Beauregard, Johnston, etc., were among his leading opponents. These men are all telling in a more intimate manner than ever before the story of their deeds; McClellan, too, Porter, and a score of other generals, whoever has some new chapter to add or old one to fill out.

Yes, bloody, indeed, all wars are, alas! bloody, and there is no blood in my sonnet, nor in Dobson's song that you like. But is there nothing stirring in blood, in heroism, in devotion to a political and moral conviction? You ought to be proud of a magazine that is conducting to unparalleled success the largest enterprise yet undertaken by a periodical. Don't let literature and art make dilettanti of us! Suppose that thirty years after Waterloo, all Wellington's generals, and the marshals of the dead Napoleon, had written out in a familiar way the stories of their campaigns and battles. How bloody it would have been, and how genuine a piece of journalism if any magazine could have published that war series! It is not for us to discriminate against ourselves in the relative importance of those and these campaigns. There were brave men in both periods, and I would like to hear them tell of their great wars.

[*To the editor of a Western newspaper*]

May 14, 1887

Will you let me say to you, privately and personally, that it is astonishing to me that any one could doubt the tone and purpose of THE CENTURY in national matters? We edit not for a single number, but for years. We try not to be patriots for revenue only. If we were sordid in our aims, we would not, on the one hand, antagonize the soldier audience by an appeal to their better nature with regard to the pension craze, and, on the other hand, endanger our entire Southern circulation by publishing the life of Lincoln, which goes into politics more deeply and dangerously than any serial ever pub-

lished in a magazine for general circulation, so far as I am aware.

[*To Edmund Gosse*]

Nov. 2, 1885

With regard to the life of Lincoln, of which Mr. Smith has told you *in confidence,* I may add that the capture of this by The Century Co. is considered by us a matter of great self-congratulation. Some months ago I made up my mind that this was the thing that would naturally succeed our War Series. I was backed up in this conviction by both the editorial and the business departments, and I wrote to the authors, who were Mr. Lincoln's private secretaries, that we wished to publish the whole thing in the magazine, and to pay them a price which would make them never regret having disposed of it in this manner. This summer I spent a couple of weeks up in the mountains by appointment; there met Nicolay, and read five hundred thousand words—about half. It is not only what you might call the secret history of the secession conspiracy and the inside history of the war, but it also contains a complete, authentic, and logical account of the great political struggle in connection with the subject of slavery. But what gives it its great value, at least in this country, is that it is the authorized, the only authorized, life of the greatest man this country has ever produced, at least since Washington; and not only the greatest, but by far the most interesting. In interest Lincoln even surpasses Washington. There is nothing so eagerly seized upon by the American public as any authentic anecdote or account of Abraham Lincoln. Now, in this history, wherein the story of his life and great work is completely told for the first time, Lincoln looms up a much greater and more important figure even than he has hitherto been supposed to be. There seems to have been no fault in his character, no spot upon his wonderful career. I don't know whether you know that Lincoln is now one of the most revered of our public men in the very South whose political unity he destroyed. They soon felt that in Lincoln's death they lost their best friend. You may have noticed that General Longstreet, who was one of the great leaders of the Southern armies, in a recent number of The Century (July, '85) declared that "Without doubt the greatest man of the Rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln."

As Mr. Smith told you, there has been a struggle to get possession of this book on the part of nearly all the publishers in the country for many years, but he did not tell you how we finally obtained it, which was by his own masterly management. The thing was narrowed between ourselves and one other house, which shall be nameless, but Mr. Smith cut the Gordian knot by one magnificent stroke—a princely figure which was almost immediately accepted, as Nicolay and Hay felt that it was both a just and a generous offer. Was ever an editor more splendidly sustained than in this audacious, but statesmanlike, action of Mr. Smith? If I had been the other house, I would have bought it if it cost twice as much! It is the only thing that we can think of that would be likely to attract away from The Century what it now has, namely, the attention of the entire country. In addition to this, the work will have a great moral and political effect in that it will help to unite the North and South as never before, around the story and experiences of the great President.

[*To the editor of a Southern periodical*]

October 16, 1886

I wish to say something to you about the life of Lincoln and about the general conduct of the magazine. You must know that we have always held definite and the same opinions in regard to the question of the war. We have our own views, and frequently express them, on other burning questions, such as the civil-service reform, church union, the labor question, Protestantism and Catholicism, art, literature,

etc. The fact that THE CENTURY publishes varying views from its contributors on these and other subjects does not imply that we have no mind of our own or no policy of our own. The great force and utility of THE CENTURY'S attitude toward the South rests on the fact that we are national and anti-slavery in our views and have been so from the beginning. It is of no particular utility to the South to have a Southern periodical manifest hospitality to Southern ideas, but it is of great use that a Northern periodical should be so hospitable to Southern writers and Southern opinion, and should insist upon giving a fair show to Southern views even when they were not altogether palatable to our Northern readers, among whom our great audience, of course, is. . . . You will remember, perhaps, the "Great South" papers wherein, soon after the war, we undertook to show to the world the evidences of returning prosperity in the South, and to help along the Union sentiment throughout the country.

After having done what we have for the South, and what we expect to do, with entire sincerity we now ask the South to listen to the story of the war from an entirely Northern point of view. . . . THE CENTURY from the beginning has tried to establish the principle of freedom of discussion, and not suppression of facts and opinions, on burning questions. It would be a sign of narrowness and provincial over-sensitiveness on the part of the South if it could not, at this late day, endure the presentation of the story of the conflict from the point of view of Lincoln and his closest companions.

[*To Edmund Gosse*]

THE CENTURY is not purely literary, purely artistic, or purely altruistic and reformatory, and yet we think we have not been without a stimulating effect upon pure literature in our own country or upon American art in all its various branches. The things that naturally bore you so, such as the War Series, which are the product of editing, not merely perfunctory, allied to magnificent and munificent publishing, are not simply pieces of successful "magazine enterprise," as I am sure you know, but underlying the plan is the purpose of helping to nationalize this gigantic country.

The Lincoln scheme is in the same line. We are often misapprehended even by our best friends, but we look years and years ahead, and so far as we know we have not made serious mistakes, but have generally accomplished the purpose aimed at. The life of Lincoln has been and will be here and there severely criticized, and thus criticized at times, perhaps, justly, but it will do its work nevertheless. It is impregnating the mind of the entire nation, lately in civil conflict, as nothing else could have done in so brief a time, with the idea of nationality; it upholds a pure and noble character for the example of young and old; and beside its great general influence, it has a number of "incidental benefits" which we are constantly made aware of as it goes on.

In the matter of education, of political purity, and of religious thought, etc., we are always holding high ideals before us and trying to bring the public to a better way of thinking. In this matter of religion, which certain literary men appear to think so unimportant, it seems to us not undesirable to help make smooth the way toward that consummation of the scientist, when we shall all crawl up to the death-line and die happily like dogs, forgetting and forgotten, forever.

[*To Mrs. Fields*]

Jan. 4, 1898

Your letter was a real pleasure and consolation. In these times of the rotary press and the cheap "process" and the "syndicate" it sometimes seems that there is less discrimination than in the old days. People suspect repose and long for the steam whistle. They overlook serious aims, selection, the results of quiet contemplation and literary conscience. They want their literature loud and full of snap-shots.

[*To the Office*]

Europe, —— 1895

I left with you a "sketch" for an editorial for the Nov. number. There is a reference in it to a certain deficiency for the moment in our American literature (as I remember it). Kindly guard that well—perhaps eliminating it—by saying that *if* there is a lack of energy or a lack of quantity and quality in our literary output, it can only be temporary. For our condition is not only full of social, political, and industrial problems, of interesting social movements, etc., but also of moral opportunities, of strenuous exertion of every kind, of themes and thoughts fit to inspire literary art. Our life is rich in feeling and action and meaning.

[*To W. W. Ellsworth*]

Europe, —— 1895

The culture of the mind and soul, of the generous and intellectual life, is what we need in America. I am full of thoughts about these things, as you may imagine, passing here from country to country and from civilization to civilization. I wish I had a hundred lives and a thousand times more ability to help on the nobler life of our people.

[*To a friend*]

I am, as a rule, not very enthusiastic about meeting people, because people I meet usually carry concealed MSS. One man waylays me on Broadway with what you may call an air-gun. He gets his poem by heart, meets me accidentally when I come down to the office from lunch, and recites it as we walk along.

P.S. I am not afraid of *real* writers, so don't feel snubbed.

SOME EDITORIAL APHORISMS

What is needed in my business is "ideas" allied to conscience and good taste. Lots of people have one of these three, but few have all in good and effective combination.

I remember Colonel Higginson saying that it was not necessary to eat a whole turkey to know whether it was fit or unfit to eat. My experience with manuscripts is very much the same.

It is a question of tact, how to buttonhole a couple of million readers! If you don't get them by the buttonhole, they slip past, and you have only a special audience instead of the audience that one naturally aims at when publishing in THE CENTURY.

There must always be a steam-engine in an establishment, and the editor-in-chief must not repine if he has to perform that function, no matter how hard the work done by others.

Thank you for sending me the opening chapter of your novel. It starts out well, but you can sharpen it a bit more. Remember, every paragraph is to be as sharp, as interesting, as you can make it, and each paragraph must not only introduce the reader to the next, but make him eager for the introduction. Not till you have written your fifth successful book can you venture to bore your reader even for a moment. By that time, tho' some may say you have fallen off, others will find in the boring parts the deepest philosophic note you have yet struck.

I don't know what definite advice to give you: the only way I know of is to seize upon every opportunity of writing for the press or of writing for yourself. No time will be wasted spent in the record of events from the personal, social, interior point of view. I don't mean necessarily great events, but *any* event that suggests thought or reveals character or has novel and picturesque qualities.

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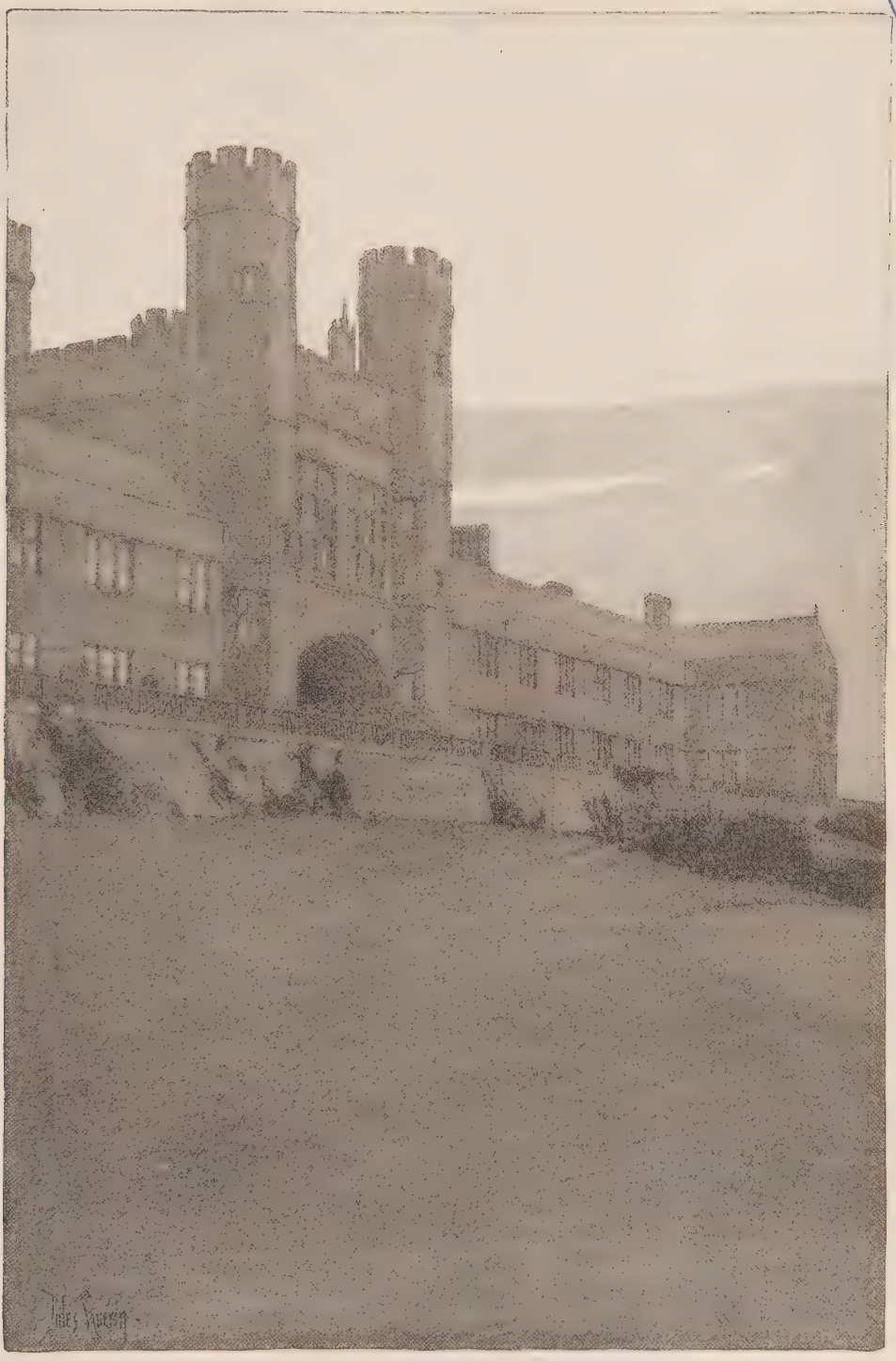


Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri

From a painting made for THE CENTURY by Jules Guérin

In a Time of Dearth

By AMY LOWELL

BEFORE me,
On either side of me,
I see sand.
If I turn the corner of my house,
I see sand,
Long, brown
Lines and levels of flat
Sand.

If I could only see a caravan
Heave over the edge of it:
The camels wobbling and swaying,
Stepping like ostriches,
With rocking palanquins
Whose curtains conceal
Languors and faintnesses,
Muslins tossed aside,
And a disorder of cushions.
The swinging curtains would pique and solace me.
But I only see sand,
Long, brown sand—
Sand.

If I could only see a herd of Arab horses
Galloping,
Their manes and tails pulled straight
By the speed of their going;
Their bodies sleek and round
Like bellying sails.
They would beat the sand with their fore feet,
And scatter it with their hind feet,
So that it whirled in a cloud of orange,
And the sun through it
Was clip-edged, without rays, and dun.
But I only see sand,
Long, brown, hot sand—
Sand.

If I could only see a mirage,
Blue-white at the horizon,
With palm-trees about it;
Tall, windless palm-trees, grouped about a-glitter.
If I could strain toward it,
And think of the water creeping round my ankles,
Tickling under my knees,
Leeching up my sides,
Spreading over my back.
But I only feel the grinding beneath my feet.
And I only see sand,
Long, dry sand,
Scorching sand—
Sand.

If a sand-storm would only come
And spit against my windows,
Snapping upon them, and ringing their vibrations;
Swirling over the roof;
Seeping under the door-jamb;
Suffocating me and making me struggle for air.
But I only see sand—
Sand lying dead in the sun.
Lines and lines of sand—
Sand.

I will paste newspapers over the windows to shut out the sand;
I will fit them into one another, and fasten the corners.
Then I will strike matches
And read of politics and murders and festivals
Three years old.
But I shall not see the sand any more,
And I can read
While my matches last.

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

Part VI. Chapter XV

IN the middle of the woods there was a dense thicket of lower growths on a piece of dry land lifted above the waters of a swamp. The place was the lair of such small wild things as still survived in the wilderness, once the haunt of the wolf and the wildcat, and the resort of the bear, allured by the profusion of the huckleberries which grew there. But except in the early fall, when the annual squirrel-hunt swept over the whole country-side and the summer drought had made the swamp easily passable to the gunners, the place was unmolested. Even the country boy, who seeks the bounty of nature wherever she offers it, and makes the outlying property of man his prey where nature has been dispossessed, did not penetrate the thicket in his search for hazelnuts or chinkapins; it was proofed against his venture by its repute of rattlesnakes and copperheads and the rumor of ghosts and witches. Few men or boys knew the approach to the interior by the narrow ridge of dry land lifted above the marsh, and Dylks did not stop in his flight till he reached the thicket and saw in it his hope of securer refuge. He walked round it, through the pools which the frog and turtle haunted, twice before he found this ridge, overhung by a tangle of grapevines. There his foot, by the instinct which the foot has where the eye fails of a path, divined the scarcely trodden way, and he found himself in a central opening among the thickly growing bushes. It was warm here, without the close heat of the woodland, and dry except for the spring of clear water that bubbled up in the heart of it, and trickled out over green mosses into the outer waters of the swamp.

The man stooped over, and drank his fill, and then made his greedy breakfast on the berries that grew abundantly round, and nodded hospitably to his hand. All the time he wept, and moaned to himself in the self-pity of a hunted, fearful wretch. Then he drank again from the spring, and, without rising from his knees, pushed himself back a little from it, and fell over in an instant sleep.

He slept through the whole day, and at night, falling early in the shadows of the forest which thickened over his retreat, he supped, as he had breakfasted, on the wild berries and spring water, but with protesting from a stomach habitually flattered by the luxury of fried chicken and ham and corn-pone and shortened biscuit and hot coffee, which his adorers put before him when he laid aside his divinity and descended to the gratification of his carnal greed. He was a gross feeder, and in the midst of his fear and the joy of his escape, he thought of these things and lusted for them with a sort of thankless resentment. He looked about for something he might kill, and he found a wounded pigeon which had fluttered into his refuge from the shot of some gunner. But he could not bring himself to eat it raw, and if he could have kindled a fire to cook it, he reflected, it would have betrayed him to his pursuers, who must now be searching the woods for him. He wrung the pigeon's neck and flung it into the bushes, and then fell down and wept, with his face in the grass. He had slept so long that now he could not sleep, and when his tears would come no more, he sat up, and watched the night through till the dawn grayed the blue-black sky. The noises of the noiseless woods made themselves heard: the cry of a night-

hawk; the hooting of an owl; the whirring note of the whippoorwill; the long, plunging downrush of a dead branch breaking the boughs below it; even the snapping of twigs, as if under the pressure of stealthy feet. These sounds, the most delicate of the sounds he heard, shook him most with fear and hope, and then with despair. The feet could be the feet of his enemies seeking him out, or of his friends coming to succor and save him; then they resolved themselves into the light pressure from little paws—the paws of the wildcat or the coon—and there was nothing to be feared or hoped from them. The constellations wheeled over him in the clear sky, and the planets blazed. He made out the North Star from the lower lines of the Dipper; the glowing and fading of the August meteors that flitted across the heavens seemed to leave a black trace on his straining eyes. Texts of Scripture, declaring how the splendors of the day and night showed forth the glory of the Being whose name he had usurped to the deceit and shame of those who trusted him, glowed and faded in his mind like those shooting-stars in the sky. At one time he thought he had cried aloud for destruction in the sin which could not be forgiven, but it was only a dull, inarticulate moan bursting from his tortured breast.

The place where the hair had been torn from his head burned like fire; it burned like the wound of a man whom he had once heard tell how it felt to be scalped by an Indian; the man had recovered, but the wound had always hurt; and Dylks pitied himself that it should be so with him, and cursed himself for his unguarded boast that any one who touched a hair of his head would perish. He promised that if God would show him a little mercy, and send a raven with something for him to eat, something warm, or send him a cup of coffee, somehow, or even a raw egg, he would go forth before the people, get up in the Temple amidst his believers and declare himself a false prophet and a false god. He would not care what they did to him if only he had something cooked to eat, something hot to drink.

Toward morning he slept, and then for days and nights, how many he did not know, it seemed to him that he did not wake, but dreamed through a changing time when he was dimly aware of contending voices—voices of his believers, the Little Flock, and voices of his unbelievers, the Herd of the Lost, pleading and threatening in the forest round his place of refuge. His followers were trying to bring him food and raiment, and his enemies were preventing them and boasting that they would keep guard over his refuge till they starved him out. Then all again was a blur, a texture of conscious and unconscious misery, till a night came when the woof broke and trailed away from him, and he lifted himself on his elbow and, after he had drunk a long draft from the spring, found tremulous strength to get to his feet. He tried some steps in the open space, where the light of the full moon fell, and found that he could walk. He reached the tangled entrance to his covert, and stealthily put the vines aside. He peered out into the shadows striped with moonshine and could see no one, and he was going to venture farther, when he stopped stone-still at the figure of a man crouched in the middle of the causeway. The man's head was fallen forward, and his gun lay across his lap; he must be one of the guards that his enemies had set on his refuge to keep him there and starve him out, and he must be asleep. Dylks crouched and peered into his face, and knew the man for one of the Hounds who had often disturbed his meetings; and now he looked about in the rage that surged up through his penitence and self-pity for a stone or a club to strike him senseless, or dead if need be. But there was no such weapon that he could see, and the risk of a struggle was greater than the risk of trying to pass the man without waking him. After long doubt he tried with one foot and then the other, and the man did not wake; then slowly he crept by, and then with softly dragging steps he got farther from the sleeper and pushed on through the woods in the direction of the turnpike, as he imagined it. But he came

out into a clearing where a new cabin of peeled logs showed clear in the open under the moon.

In the single room of the house a woman lay sleeping, with a little child in its cradle beside her bed. She rose up, and put out her hand instinctively to still the child; but it was sleeping quietly, and then she started up awake, and listened for the voice which she had dreamed was calling her. There was no voice, and then there was a voice calling hoarsely, weakly:

"Nancy! Nancy!"

In her dream she had thought it was the voice of her husband stealing back to her in the night, and it was in the terror of her dream that she now sprang from her bed, with her heart aching for pity of him, to forbid him and rebuke him for breaking his promise, and to scold him away. But as she stood listening, and the voice came again, she knew it was not the voice of Laban. She ran to the ladder which led to the cabin loft, and called up through the open trap-door:

"Jane! Jane! Come down here to the baby, will you? I 've got to leave her a minute."

"What for?" the girl answered sleepily. Then: "Oh, I 'll come. She ain't sick, is she, Aunt Nancy? Oh, I do hope she ain't sick!"

"No, she ain't sick," Nancy said as she put her hands up to help the girl place her feet aright on the rungs of the ladder. "But—listen!" she whispered as the voice outside called again. "It 's that miser'ble wretch! It 's Joseph Dylks! I 've got to go to him! Don't you say a word, Jane Gillespie! He 's Joey's father, and he must be at death's door, or he would n't come to mine."

She left the girl standing dazed, and ran out and round the cabin. In the shadow that it cast in the moon, Dylks crouched close in the angle made by the chimney.

"Oh, Nancy," he implored her, "do give me something to eat! Something warm. Coffee, if you 've got it. I 've been sick, and I 'm starving."

She knew without seeing it in the shadow how he was stretching out pleading hands to her, and she had mercy upon him. But she said stonily:

"Wait a minute. Don't be a cry-baby!" and ran back to the door, and called to the girl within, "Rake open the fire, Jane, and set the kittle on." Then she ran again to Dylks and stood over him. "Where you been? Don't you know they 'll kill you if they ketch you?"

"Yes, I know it, Nancy. But I knew this would be the last place they would come for me. Will the coffee be ready soon? Oh, I 'm so faint! I reckon I 'm going to die, Nancy."

"I reckon you ain't goin' to die before you get your coffee. It 'll be ready as soon as the kittle boils."

She stood looking grimly down at him while he brokenly told, so far as he knew it, the story of the days he had passed in hiding.

"I reckon," she said, with bitter scorn, "that *I* could have fetched you out. I 'd 'a' brought you some hot coffee to the door of your den, and you 'd 'a' come when you smelt it."

"Yes, that 's true," he owned in meek acceptance of her scorn.

The child cried, and she went in, but she had no need to comfort it except with a word. Jane was bending over it with a rope of her hair in her hand, which she coiled at the nape of her neck while she chirped and cooed to the little one.

"You mind her, Jane," the mother said, and she lifted the pot of coffee from the bed of coals, sending a dim glow into the room to meet the dawn at the open door. She put some sugar into the bowl she got from its shelf, and covered it with a piece of cold corn-pone, and then went out to Dylks, who had remained on his knees, and now stretched out his trembling hands toward her.

She did not speak, but poured the bowl full of the steaming coffee, and watched him while he gulped half of it down. Then he reached eagerly for the bread.

"Is it hot?" he asked.

"No, it ain't," the woman said. "You can eat cold pone, I reckon, can't you?"

"At one time he thought he had cried aloud for destruction in the sin which could not be forgiven"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes, and glad to get it. Only I thought—" He stopped and washed down the mouthful he had torn from the cake with a draft of the coffee which emptied the bowl. She filled it mechanically from the pot in her hand, and he drank again more slowly, and devoured the pone as he drank.

"Now," he said, "I should be all right if it was n't for my head where they tore out my hair. It burns like fire."

She bent over him and looked at the wound unflinchingly.

"I can't see very good in this light; if I only had some goose-grease—but I reckon hog's lard will do. Hold on till I can wash it."

"Oh, Nancy!" he moaned gratefully.

She was gone rather long, and there was talk within, and the cooing and babble of the child. When she came out with a basin of warm water and some lard in a broken saucer in her hands, and a towel caught under her arm, he suggested:

"I heard you talking with some one, Nancy."

"And I suppose it scared you," she answered unsparingly. "Well, you may thank your stars it was n't Laban. I do believe he 'd kill you, meek as he is."

Dylks drew a quivering breath.

"Yes, I reckon he would. I suppose you must have told him about me."

"Of course I did. Here! Hold still!" She had begun to wash his wound, very gently, though she spoke so roughly, while he murmured with the pain and with the comfort of the pain. "If you want to know," she continued, "it 's Jane. She 's been with me ever since that night they caught you. You made her ashamed before her father, and between her shame and his pride her and him don't speak, or hain't since then. She stays with me, and Joey stays with him."

"Our Joey?" he asked plaintively.

"*My* Joey," she returned, and she involuntarily twitched at the hair she was smoothing.

"Oh!" he cried from the pain, but she did not mind his pain.

"There!" she said, beginning to put on the lard. Then she bound over the wound the soft pledget of old linen she had brought, and tied round his head a cotton rag to hold the dressing in place. She said, "There!" again. "I reckon that will do."

He moaned gratefully.

"It 's the first time I 've been out of pain for I don't know how many days and nights. Nancy," he burst out in all recognition of her goodness, "I ought n't to have left you."

She had been kneeling before him in dressing his hurt, and then, in critically regarding her handiwork, she got to her feet.

"I know you ought n't," she retorted, "but I 'm glad you done it. And I 'm thankful every breath I draw. And now I want you to *go*. And don't you think I done what I done out of love for you, Joseph Dylks. I 'd 'a' done it for any hurt or hungry dog."

Dylks got to his feet, too, with little moans for the stiffness in his joints.

"I know you would, Nancy," he said humbly, "but all the same, I won't forget it. If there was anything I could do to show—"

"There 's something you could do besides drownin' yourself in the creek, which I don't ask you, in the first place because I don't want your death on my hands, and in the next place because you 're the unfittin'est man to die that I can think of; but there 's something else, and you know it without my tellin' you, and that is to stop all this now and forever. Don't you pretend you don't know what I mean!"

"I know what you mean, Nancy, and the good Lord knows I would be glad enough to do it if I could. But I would n't know how to begin."

"Begin," she said with a scornful glance at the long tangle of his hair—"begin by cuttin' off that horse's tail of yours, and then stop snortin' like a horse."

He shook his head hopelessly.

"It would n't do, Nancy. They would n't let me draw back now. They would kill me."

"They?"

"The—the—Little Flock," he answered shamefacedly.

"The Herd of the Lost will kill you if you don't." She said it not in mocking, but in realization of the hopeless case, and not without pity. But at his next words she hardened her heart again.

"I don't know what to do. I don't know where to go. I have nowhere to lay my head."

"Don't you use them holy words, you wicked wretch! And if you 're hintin' at hidin' in my house, you can't do it—not with Jane here. *She* would kill you, I believe—and not without her."

"No, Nancy. I can see that. But where can I go? Even that place in the woods, they 're watching that, and they would have me if I tried to go back there again."

From an impulse as of indifference rather than of consideration she said:

"Go to Squire Braile. He let you off; let him take care of you."

"Nancy!" he exclaimed. "I thought of that."

She gathered up the basin and the towel she had brought, and without looking at him again she said:

"Well, go, then," and turned and left him where he stood.

MATTHEW BRAILE was sitting in his wonted place, with his chair tilted against his porch wall, smoking. Dylks faltered a moment at the bars of the lane from the field of tall corn where he had been finding his way unseen from Nancy's cabin. He lowered two of the middle bars, and when he had put them up on the other side he stood looking toward the old man. His long hair hung tangled on his shoulders; the white bandage which Nancy had bound about his head crossed it diagonally above one eye and gave this the effect of a knowing wink, which his drawn face, unshaven for a week, seemed to deprecate.

Braile stared hard at him. Then he tilted his chair down and came to the edge of his porch, and called in cruel mockery:

"Why, God, is that *you?*"

"Don't, Squire Braile!" Dylks implored in a hoarse undertone. "They 're after me, and if anybody heard you—"

"Well, come up here," the squire bade him. Dylks hobbled slowly forward, and painfully mounted the log steps to the porch, where Braile surveyed him in detail, frowning, and twitching his long feathery eyebrows.

"I know I don't look fit to be seen," Dylks began, "but—"

"Well," the squire allowed after further pause, "you *don't* look as if you had just come 'down from the shining courts above in joyful haste'! Had any breakfast?"

"Nancy—Nancy Billings—gave me some coffee and some cold pone—"

"Well, you can have some *hot* pone pretty soon. Laban there?"

"No, he 's away at work still. But, Squire Braile—"

"Oh, I understand. I know all about Nancy and her first husband, and how he left her, and she thought he was dead, and married a good man, and when that worthless devil came back, she thought she was living in sin with that good man—in *sin!*—and drove him away. But she 's as white as any of the saints you lie about. It was *like* you to go to her the first one in your trouble. Well, what did she say?"

"She said—" Dylks stopped, his mouth too dry to speak; he wetted his lips and whispered—"she said to come to you; that you would know what it was best for me to do; to—" He stopped again and asked, "Do you suppose any one will see me here?"

"Oh, like as not. It 's getting time for honest folks to be up and going to work. But I don't want any trouble about you this morning; I had enough that *other* morning. Come in here." He set open the door of one of the rooms giving on the porch, and at Dylks's fearful glance he laughed not altogether unkindly. "Mis' Braile 's in the kitchen, getting breakfast for you, though she don't know it yet. Now, then," he commanded when he sat

down within and pushed a chair to Dylks, "tell me all about it since I saw you going up the pike."

In the broken story which Dylks told, Braile had the air of mentally checking off the successive facts, and he permitted the man a measure of self-pity, though he caught him up at the close.

"Well, you 've got a part of what you deserve, but as usually happens with us rascals, you 've got too much at the same time. And what did Nancy advise?"

"She told me to come to you—"

"What did Nancy *advise?*" the squire repeated savagely.

"She advised me to stop all this,"—he waved his hands outward, and the squire nodded intelligently,—"to tell them it was n't true, and I was sorry, and to go away—"

He stopped, and Braile demanded:

"Well, and are you going to do it?"

"I want to do it, and—I can't."

"You can't? What 's to hinder you?"

"I 'm afraid to do it."

"Afraid?"

"They would kill me if I did."

"They? Who? Not the Herd of the Lost?"

"The Little Flock."

The men were both silent, and then, after a long breath, the squire said:

"I begin to see—"

"No! no! You don't *begin* to see, Squire Braile." Dylks burst out sobbing, and uttering what he said between his sobs: "Nobody can understand it that has n't been through it! How you are tempted on step by step, all so easy, till you can't go back, you can't stop. You 're tempted by what 's the best thing in you, by the hunger and thirst to know what 's going to be after you die; to get near to the God that you 've always heard about and read about; near Him in the flesh, and see Him and hear Him and touch Him. That 's what does it with *them,* and that 's what does it in you. It 's something, a kind of longing, that 's always been in the world, and you know it 's in the others because you know it 's in you, in your own heart, your own soul. When you begin to try for it, to give out that you 're a prophet, an apostle, you don't have to argue, to persuade anybody or convince anybody. They 're only too glad to believe what you say from the first word; and if you tell them you 're Christ, did n't He always say He would come back, and how do they know but what it 's now and you?"

"Yes, yes," the squire said. "Go on."

"When I said I was God, they had n't a doubt about it. But it was then that the trouble began."

"The trouble?"

"I had to make some of them saints. I had to make Enraghty Saint Paul, and I had to make Hingston Saint Peter. You think I had to lie to them, to deceive them, to bewitch them. I did n't have to do anything of the kind. They did the lying and deceiving and bewitching themselves, and when they done it, they and all the rest of the believers, they had me fast, faster than I had them."

"I could imagine the schoolmaster hanging on to his share of the glory tooth and nail," the squire said with a grim laugh; "but old Hingston, good old soul, he ought to have let go if you wanted him to."

"Oh, you don't know half of it!" Dylks said, with a fresh burst of sobbing. "The worst of it is, and the dreadfulest is, that you begin to believe it yourself."

"What 's that?" the squire demanded sharply.

"Their faith puts faith into you. If they believe what you say, you say to yourself that there must be some truth in it. If you keep telling them you 're Jesus Christ, there 's nothing to prove you ain't, and if you tell them you 're God, who ever saw God, and who can deny it? You can't deny it yourself—"

"Hold on!" the old man said. He had risen, and he began to walk up and down, swaying his figure and tilting his head from side to side, and frowning his shaggy eyebrows together in a tangled hedge. Suddenly he stopped before Dylks. "Why, you poor devil, you 're not in any unusual fix. It must have been so with all the

"She had begun to wash his wound, very gently, though she spoke so roughly, while he murmured with the pain and with the comfort of the pain"

impostors in the world, from Mahomet up and down! Why, there is n't a false prophet in the Old Testament that could n't match experiences with you! That 's the way it 's always gone: first the liar tells his lie, and some of the fools believe it, and proselyte the other fools, and when there are enough of them, their faith begins to work on the liar's own unbelief, till he takes his lie for the truth. Was that the way, you miserable skunk?"

"It was exactly the way, Squire Braile, and you can't tell how it gains on you step by step. You see all those educated people like Mr. Enraghty, and all those good men like Mr. Hingston, taking it for gospel, and you can't deny it yourself. They convince you of it."

"Exactly! And then, when the Little Flock gathers in all the mentally lame, halt, and blind in the settlement, you could n't get out of it if you had the whole Herd of the Lost to back you, with the Hounds yelping round to keep your courage up; you 've got to stay just where you put yourself, heigh?"

"There would n't," Dylks said, drying his eyes on a tatter of his coat-sleeve, "be so much trouble if it was n't for the miracles."

"Yes," Braile replied to the thoughtful mood which he had fallen into rather than to Dylks, "the ignorant are sure to want a sign, though the wise could get along without it. And you have to promise them a sign; you have to be fool enough to do that, though you know well enough you can't work the miracle."

"You ain't sure you can't. You think, maybe—"

"Then, why," the squire shouted at him —"why in the devil's name *did n't* you work the miracle at Hingston's mill that night? Why did n't you turn that poor fool woman's bolt of linsey-woolsey into seamless raiment?"

Dylks did not answer.

"Why did n't you do it, heigh?"

"I thought maybe—I did n't know but I did do it."

"What do you mean?"

"When I came up outside and told them that the miracle had been worked and the seamless raiment was inside the bolt, I thought it must be there."

"Why, in the name of—"

"I had prayed so hard for help to do it that I thought it must be."

"You prayed? To whom?"

"To—God."

"To yourself?"

Dylks was silent again in the silence of a self-convicted criminal. He did not move.

Braile had been walking up and down again in his excitement, in his enjoyment, of the psychological predicament, and again he stopped before Dylks.

"Why, you poor bag of shorts," he said, "I could almost feel sorry for you, in spite of the mischief you 've made. Why, *you* ought n't to be sent to the penitentiary or even lynched. *You* ought to be put amongst the county idiots in the poorhouse, and—"

There came a soft plapping as of bare feet on the puncheon floor of the porch, hesitating about, and then pausing at the door of the opposite room. Then there came, with the increased smell of cooking, the talking of women. Presently the talking stopped, and the plapping of the bare feet approached the door of the room shutting the two men in. The squire set it slightly ajar in spite of Dylks's involuntary, "Oh, don't!" and faced some one close to the opening.

"That you, Sally? You have n't come to borrow anything at *this* hour of the night?"

"Well, I reckon if you was up as early as Mis' Braile, you 'd know it was broad day. No, I hain't come to borry anything exactly, but I was just tellin' *her* that if she 'd lend me a fryun' of bacon, I 'd do as much for her some day. She ast me to tell you your breakfast was ready and not to wait till your comp'ny was gone, but bring anybody you got with you."

Sally peered curiously in at the opening of the door, and Braile abruptly set it wide.

"Perhaps you 'd like to see who it is."

Sally started back at sight of the figure

within. When she could get her breath, she gasped:

"Well, for mercy's sakes! if it ain't the Good Old Man himself!" But she made no motion of revering or any offer of saluting her late deity.

"Well, now, if you 've got some bacon for Abel's breakfast, you better stop and have yours with us," the squire suggested.

"No, I reckon not," Sally answered. "I ain't exactly sure Abel would like it. He ain't ever been one of the Flock, although at the same time he ain't ever been one of the Herd—just betwixt and between, like." As she spoke she edged away backward. "Well, I must be goun', Squire. Much obleeged to you all the same."

The squire followed her backward steps with his voice. "If you should happen to see Jim Redfield on his way to his tobacco-patch, I wish you 'd tell him to come here; I 'd like to see him."

He went in again to Dylks.

"What are you going to do with me, Squire Braile?" he entreated. "You 're not going to give me up?"

"I know my duty to my Maker," the old man answered. "I 'll take care of you, Jehovah Dylks. But now you better come in to breakfast—get some *hot* pone. I 'll bring you a basin of water to wash up in."

He reopened the door in the face of Sally Reverdy, who gasped out before she plapped over to the steps and dropped away:

"I just seen Jim Redfield, and I tole him you wanted him, and he said he would be here in half an hour, or as soon as he could see that the men had begun on his tubbacco. I did n't tell him who you had here, and I won't tell anybody else; don't you be afraid."

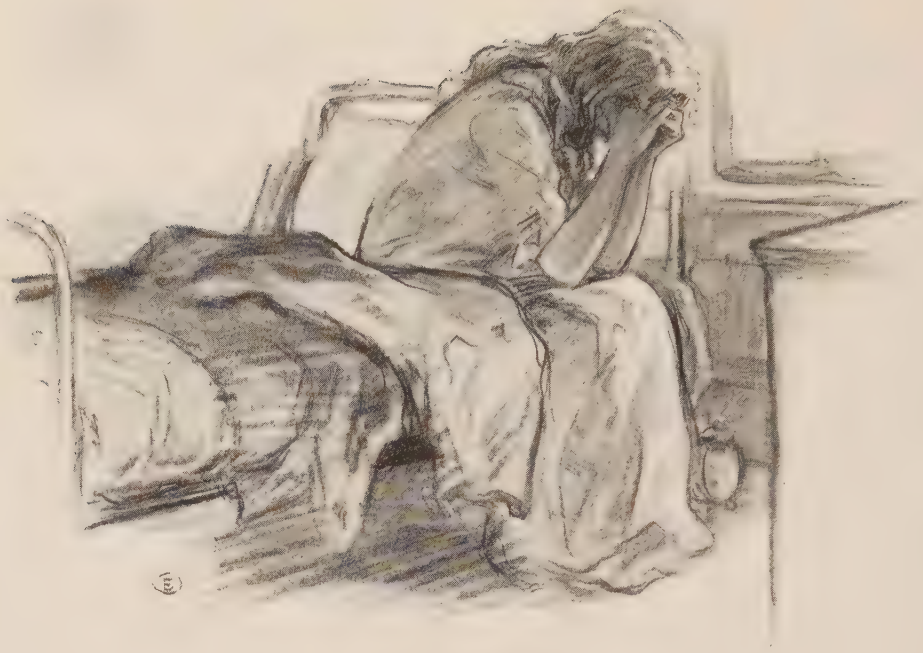
"Well, that 's a good girl, Sally. Abel could n't have done better himself," the squire called after her, and then he turned to Dylks. "Come along now and get your *hot* pone. Jim Redfield won't hurt you; I 'll go bail for him, and I 'll see that nobody else gets at you. I 've got a loft over this room where you 'll be safe from everything but a pet coon that your Joey gave me after my little boy— And I reckon the coon won't bite you. *I* would n't, in his *place*."

(To be continued)

I am a Pessimist

By MYRON ZOBEL

I AM a pessimist.
Deep in my nature lurk the currents of content.
No man shall fathom me; my joy is furtive.
Behold! they say, his soul is blackened with despair.
These are the trappings of my trade they see,
The gaudy gewgaws of deception.
I am as you, but with reversed ideals;
My happiness is cloyed that shares the common eye.
I thrive on misadventure, and my life
Is one long wail of satisfaction.
No man but I can feel the joy of failure;
None other that can suffer with delight.
Society has need of me.
I am the counterbalance of the world:
I am a pessimist.



"She sat drooping on the side of the bed, holding her face in her hands"

Miss Willett

By BARRY BENEFIELD

Author of "The Serpent," etc.

Illustrations by Walter J. Enright

TUESDAY morning Miss Willett's intermittent little alarm-clock did its third violent song and dance by the side of her bed before she mustered enough energy to reach down and switch the silencing lever. Turning her feet out on the floor, she sat drooping on the side of the bed, holding her face in her hands. After a while, standing up, she yawned and stretched with large listlessness, and walked to the one window in her second-floor rear room.

It looked out on a double row of dingy back yards belonging to the old-style, brown-stone houses that had fallen from the high estate of private residences to the low estate of converted "light-housekeeping" apartments. Directly opposite her window, in the back yard of the house fronting northward on East Thirty-sixth Street, was a small brick building. Originally, she judged, it had been used as a stable. She wondered what it was used for now; herself a "light housekeeper," she knew that they did not often keep carriages and automobiles in their back yards.

It occurred to her that she was still in her nightgown, and that her pale-yellow hair, which she had unpinned and shaken out, was falling about her shoulders, and that people might see her. What if they did? Who cared?

All at once there leaped upon the threshold of her consciousness the suspicion that some one *was* peering at her from behind the one small window in the south end of the old stable, hardly twenty feet away. The window was partly hidden by a green blind, now closed; but the slats were tilted open, and there was a

dimly silhouetting light behind the peering figure, probably from a window or door on one of the unseen sides of the building. Miss Willett could not discern the eyes clearly, but she knew now that they were there. Well, let him rubber. She did not trouble to ask why she had said to herself "him." Shifting her eyes from the stable window, she began smoothing, as if absent-mindedly, at the wrinkles in the gown about her neck.

Miss Willett was waiting anxiously and planning. Down on Third Avenue a house was being torn down to make room for a taller building. Through the irregular gap the summer sun was raking the double line of grimy back yards with a shallow, narrow shaft of warm white light rising higher every minute. Already it rested on the east side and rear of the old stable, its upper edge cutting just under the window-sill.

"If the blackguard waits, I 'll catch him with the sun," Miss Willett said savagely, straining to keep her eyes away from the window until the light should rise and enter the slats of the blind.

Over in the east a cloud slid darkly across the accomplice sun. Miss Willett shook her hair forward and began running her hands back through it, to hold the leering peeper until the revelation and the punishment. A little gray kitten came around the far corner of the stable, stepping with great daintiness through the tin cans and glass and broken furniture in the dirty yard. The big woman welcomed the little kitten; he would be a useful object upon which to attach her eyes until the proper time, and while she gathered her utmost resources to curdle her plump, kindly face in the disgusted grimace she used upon this kind of man. She had not been in department-store toilet articles ten years for nothing. And this morning she felt that it would ease her powerfully to squelch a man.

There was no need of gaps in the serried old buildings for the young summer season to get down into these back yards. It came in through the open window, touching Miss Willett. The wind was soft, like silk, and fiery sweet, like an alcoholic toilet water. There was in it the faint fragrance of millions of flowers, like the perfume she used to sell at Pfefferbaum's for five dollars an ounce.

"I 've got him!" she almost shouted to herself as the cloud slipped suddenly from across the sun. But the corners of her mouth did not draw down, and her upper lip and snub nose did not lift as if she were making desperate, but futile, efforts to avoid smelling something unspeakably evil. The brown-bearded face behind the blind, lit up for a moment, was—not what she had expected. No man's eyes had ever before looked like that at her. They were not staring; they did not leer. They had in them something akin to timidity, a fearful wistfulness, a yearning tenderness; and Miss Willett was sorry that the sun's shaft had now been blotted out by a cloud and no longer disclosed the face.

Sighing, she turned away. Pulling aside a huge-figured dust-curtain hanging across a corner of the room, she surveyed her wardrobe.

"An' not a decent dress in the lot," she summarized gloomily. "Gee! an' I ain't got no job, neither, to buy another one with."

Miss Willett had received notice the day before. For five weeks she had been earning the highest salary that had come to her in her life—twenty dollars a week as a demonstrator of Bimber's Patent Baby Bed. For five weeks, clothed in the handsome costume of a nurse (supplied by Mr. Bimber), she had stood in a show-window at Broadway and Twenty-third Street illustrating the marvelous and manifold uses of the patent baby bed, the other actor in the pantomime being a dummy baby with a celluloid head whom she called the Princess Bimberino.

According to her employer, she had not fulfilled his expectations; having learned the mechanism of the bed, she had not acted with any "ginger," she had not exhibited the hoped-for "pep." In her hands, Mr. Bimber had said the day before, when giving her notice, the Princess Bimberino was only a dummy and the

patent bed only a wearisome piece of machinery out of which she had been making twenty dollars a week and through which the company had been losing two hundred dollars.

When Miss Willett reported for work at 8:45 o'clock a mob of twenty or thirty prospective demonstrators who had answered Mr. Bimber's advertisement in the morning papers were waiting out in the hall in front of the office.

"Get on your nurse's rig, Miss Willett," he said briskly, "an' do the job while I weed out that bunch. I guess you 'll be free by noon all right—to look around for another job. But I 'm payin' you for this week, an' your time is mine if I want it."

At nine o'clock Miss Willett stepped up on the show-window stage, ran up the curtains hiding Twenty-third Street on the one side and Madison Square Park on the other, and set herself to do the last sad lap of her twenty-dollar job. Lifting the Princess Bimberino in her arms, she noticed that the long white dress of the royal infant had lost its freshness and that some of the lace at the bottom was torn and hanging. She had not noticed the princess's dress before.

"Bless her heart!" the big woman whispered contritely, squeezing the princess hard against her breast. "Bless her heart! nobody looks after *her*. Your muzzer 's goin' to make you a brand-new dress even if she is losin' her job. God knows, honey, I reckon I 'll have plenty of spare time in the next few days. It 's toilet articles again for mine, I reckon, at ten per; an', stars above! how I hate the things now!"

In the shifting hundreds that stopped and gazed in at Bimber's Patent Baby Bed exhibit during the morning there were more than the usual number of women. At almost any moment an Italian or Jewish mother with a baby in her arms joined the inlooking crowd. At the conclusion of every part of the didactic pantomime, and while she was putting on the stand the black-lettered card telling the use she had just demonstrated, Miss Willett's round, gray eyes were searching hungrily through the spectators until she found one of these mothers, and then they smiled across the silent chasm of the plate-glass window in the eager, instant intimacy of common motherhood.

During a five-minute rest in the middle of the morning, holding the royal infant close up in her arms, Miss Willett turned her chair to face the Broadway side, and sat staring out at the park, just across the street. The old trees waved their young green branches at her, beckoning her to look. The multitude of flowers, banked row on row around the leaping fountain, lifted their hot faces to the kisses of the sun. The big woman leaned over suddenly and kissed the Princess Bimberino.

At 12:30 o'clock Mr. Bimber stepped up on the stage. His large, fat-padded, black eyes were shining. His stubby hands rubbed themselves together as if they were feeling already luxury within them. His little legs were strutting.

"Do you know it 's a half an hour past your lunch-time, Miss Willett?" he asked, looking closely at her.

"No, sir; I never paid no 'tention to the clock to-day."

"Well, it is, Miss Willett. I 'll do this here three-ring circus while you 're gone."

"Must I come back?" she asked, moving slowly toward the steps. "I guess you got somebody outa that bunch, did n't you?"

"What 's happened to you, Miss Willett, that 's what I want to know?"

"Nothin' 's happened to me; only I 've lost my job."

"Lost nothing! I sent that bunch away after fifteen minutes. I got so busy writin' orders I could n't talk to 'em. I ain't even had time to go outside there to see what you been doin' up here. What 's happened, that 's what I want to know? What you been doin' up here while my back was turned, hey, Miss Willett? You got 'em comin' in droves. Where 'd you get all this here new ginger at, Miss Willett? Yesterday you had nothin'; to-day you got everything. I ain't had time to

"Her eyes leaped to the little rear window that looked up at hers"

sometimes—" The big woman stirred herself energetically, and stood up, to hurry her delicatessen and gas-stove dinner. "Because I got to do the princess's dress to-night," she said to herself, as if in explanation of her haste.

Miss Willett was awake Wednesday morning before the alarm-clock on the floor by her bed had done even one violent thing. She heard it give the premonitory click to signal all its forces to make ready for the first fiendish charge upon the quiet peace and comfort of the occupant of the bed. Reaching down, she turned the lever back to the word "Silent."

"Don't, dear," she said, patting it tenderly. "It ain't needed this mawnin'."

Getting quickly out on the floor, Miss Willett stood up without stretching or yawning. Having attended carefully to her face and hair, she raised her arms above her head to make sure that the sleeves of her nightgown would slip down over them; she knew that her arms were good to look at. Maybe they were a shade too plump, but they were straight, without a loose-jointed bend-in at the elbow, and they were round and smooth and firm and long and white.

Assured that the sleeves were in perfect working order, she walked to the window, ran up the shade, and looked straight at the green blind on the rear of the old stable. The morning was gray with clouds, but she easily made out, behind the open slats, the brown-bearded face of the day before.

"Again—all right!" she said to herself, triumphantly.

Shifting her eyes from the window, she slowly raised her arms above her head as if in a waking yawn, and shook the loosened sleeves down to her shoulders. With tremendous effort she kept her eyes drifting about the back yards in the pretense of lazy, early morning indifference. When she looked back, a hand was shoving out on the window-sill a tin can containing a geranium with one red flower open. Miss Willett smiled vaguely in the direction of the window, shifted her eyes once more, and pulled down the shade.

"I wonder what them things cost?" she said to herself. "Anyhow, I got to have one."

On the way down to Twenty-third Street it occurred to Miss Willett that he might be following her. She rather wished he would trail her to the baby-bed window; Mr. Bimber's nurse's white outfit was the handsomest costume she wore. She dawdled in front of several windows, looking furtively, anxiously back.

"Shuckin's!" she said after the third attempt, "he would n't do a thing like that—follow a lady." And she hurried on to work.

That night, though the stable window was once more dark and dead with the drawn shade, Miss Willett placed on her window-sill a small potted geranium with two open red flowers, flushing as red as they because she felt that already she was whispering to him in tones that no one else could hear. Well, anyhow, he had spoken first.

The week wore on. Mr. Bimber's enthusiasm increased as the orders kept coming in. The forelady of Pfefferbaum's "Ladies' and Misses' Dresses," an old friend of Miss Willett's, was personally supervising the alterations of "somethin' swell" for her, whom the Pfefferbaum girls called "Old Toilet Articles." Every day, across the dingy back yards, the two geraniums sent secret messages to each other; and though not again that week did the sun come out from behind the clouds in time to light the little window in the stable, yet every morning the big, blushing woman kept her tryst there with the brown beard and the tender, wistful eyes. Only once, and then for but a few seconds, had the sun lighted the gloom behind the open-slatted blind; yet her imagination, given merely a glimpse of the now familiar head, always supplied the appealing attributes that had impressed her that first morning of acquaintance.

Rising as early as usual Sunday morning, Miss Willett hurried to the window. She did not know if he would be there on Sundays. Still, if he was n't a twenty-

carat simp, he should have gathered that she, too, was a worker, and that therefore she would probably be free all day Sunday. And even if he was n't of the masher kind, surely he would have "pep" enough to seize her first free day. Miss Willett did not raise the shade; she merely peeped around the side of it. He was there all right, all right.

During the week, in the early morning pantomimes, Miss Willett had featured first her vague sweet smile, then her pale-yellow hair, her splendid arms, and her white neck, with the dimpled depression at the base of it; and yet all so diplomatically that if for any reason she should want to draw back, she felt she could say severely and convincingly: "Who are you? I never seen you before. I don't know you. On your way; don't get fresh with *me!*"

This morning she would feature the new dress; hence the window-shade would not be raised until late, maybe nine o'clock, when she would be all ready. But she desired him to know that she was up and alert. Sticking her head around the side of the shade, she smiled across the two tiny yards, and shook her hand gaily.

At 9:15 Miss Willett still stood before the dresser-glass. The shade being down, the gas was turned on. She got out in the middle of the room, making large contortions in the endeavor to see herself from all sides. Front, back, and sides, she was the best that she could achieve. The big, gracefully drooping hat was of a tint which would, in the open, she knew, emphasize the color of her wholesome complexion. The filmy sleeves revealed her opulent arms alluringly, and the dark-blue taffeta skirt rustled richly at her slightest movement. The low shoes, though topped with buckles set with brilliants, did not dim, but enhanced, the glory of the clocked silk stockings.

Taking a final supercritical view of her face within three inches of the mirror, Miss Willett turned off the gas, drew a chair against the window, ran the shade up briskly, and sat down, holding in her hand a book that seemed, from the manner in which she handled it, already to bore her considerably. Miss Willett's date was with Circumstance. She was ready; she was waiting.

From time to time she smiled incitingly across at the wistful, yearning, tender eyes she knew were behind the blind. Down on Third Avenue the elevated trains thundered, and in her mind she traced a little regretfully the glad course of the four old Pfefferbaum girls who had invited her to a Sunday in Bronx Park. If he made a move, she would suggest the park, provided he was n't dressed altogether like a rube. She was instantly ashamed of thinking that proviso; somehow she knew he would not be tacky, no matter what he wore.

It *was* a swell day. Though the elevated trains roared on north and south as usual, though the trolley-cars rattled their loose and loosening steel bones along the steel tracks, yet the harsh, clattering, shrieking week-day noises of innumerable trucks and machines and whistles were withdrawn from the general volume of sound, and the city's mighty voice was lowered and softened to its gentler Sabbath key. The west wind, coming from across how many millions of passionate fields and forests, shook out over New York the whispering ghosts of their soft summer sighs. Up in the park Minnie and the others were already rioting with the city and June and the sun. Miss Willett, gorgeous, eager, tremulous in the strain of suspense, sat by the window, holding a book, waiting.

At noon she dropped the book on the floor peevishly. "Gee! I wished the simp would make *some* kind of a move. I cain't set here *all* day. My God! on week-days I 'm fed up good an' plenty on show-window exhibitions."

As usual on Sundays, Miss Willett went down to a restaurant on Third Avenue for dinner. Coming out, she stopped to consider. What next? She thought she might be able to find Minnie and the others in the park, and it would be fun trying, anyhow. But already she was arguing for him.

"Yes, you knock the mashers," she said accusingly to herself, "an' then you throw a fit because he don't rush things like they do. Give him a little time, won't you? He'p him out. Them 's the best kind—the kind you have to he'p some. It 's a sign they ain't fresh."

So she went back to her room, sat by the window, and took up her book and waited, while the marvelous June day marched on without her.

At two o'clock Miss Willett's eyes were lounging about over the dirty back yards, as if to rest themselves after the fatigue of reading. They fell upon the little gray kitten. He came stealing around the far corner of the old stable, searching for whatever dainty adventures might come his way.

Determined to fight something and at once, he humped his back at a poor, defenseless tin can lying prostrate on the ground, sidled over to it, lashing his triple-sized tail ferociously, struck one mighty blow at the can, and ran to the fence separating the two back yards. He hesitated a moment in indecision whether to come over into foreign and fascinating, but possibly dangerous, territory; then he jumped, and so did Miss Willett. She was standing up when he reached the fence. Her plan was made.

Rushing down-stairs and through the basement apartment of the janitress, she got out in the yard. Five minutes later she was back in her room with the captive kitten. Setting him in the middle of her bed, she threw herself feverishly into the completion of her preparations for her tremendous adventure. It seemed to her that the kitten was a miraculous gift dropped straight down from heaven for a special purpose.

Tucking the strategic kitten under her left arm, Miss Willett walked out of the room, tiptoing for some vague reason, locked the door, and went noiselessly down the stairs.

Every piece of jewelry that she owned was stuck on her somewhere. The fingers of her left hand were gnarled with rings. She loathed toilet articles, having had too much to do with selling them; but now she called herself a fool for not possessing any more complicated cosmetic aids than talcum powder. Still, the touch of the rings and the other jewelry, the swish of the taffeta skirt, the soft, snug feel of the silk stockings, the clinging caress of the filmy sleeves,—all these somewhat reassured her.

At 3:30 o'clock Miss Willett was around in East Thirty-sixth Street, standing fearfully in front of the leaning, dilapidated wooden gate that must open upon the passage leading back to the primitive little stable. She did n't want to ring up the janitress of his house unless she had to. She pushed the gate, and it creaked open. Slipping inside, she closed it, and walked back along the rough, irregularly paved roadway, at the end of which she saw the dull red stable, its sliding-door slightly ajar.

It was not easy to walk down the old roadway now. She wanted to drop the kitten and flee. After a moment she did stop and drop him. But he did not run away, and thus deprive her of her innocent excuse for entering the stable of the red geranium. He humped his back and snuggled purring about her ankles. So she picked him up again.

And now she had either to go on or run back at once. She could not stand there in the yard. The houses on both sides of her were filled with windows—monstrous eyes that leered and grinned at her, eyes that seemed to know every secret thought that had passed through her mind in the last five days about this man she had come to see—thoughts some of which even she herself was not definitely aware of until now. But they did not seem new; she was certain she had had them before. The door ahead of her was ajar. She went on slowly.

At the door the big, gorgeous, tremulous, flaming woman halted again, panting, crying "Shame" at herself within her heart. And yet she knew, knew absolutely, that he would not even *think* "Shame" about her. She recollected his eyes; no eyes had ever looked like that at

her before. *He* would understand at the very first. Nothing else mattered.

High up in the house to her left a yearning beginner on the violin struggled in ecstatic pain with some vast, ancient, overpowering love-song. The softly moving wind from the west, slipping through the crevices of the crowding city, came stealing along the passage and waved the pale-yellow hair about her hot temples. Apparently unrelated thoughts, dimly noted, went swirling through her head: that the shouting of the children back there in Thirty-sixth Street sounded sweet in her ears; that she was thirty years old already; that the kitten lay warmly curled under her heart; that somehow the Princess Bimberino was very far away from her now.

Then she knocked, and, without waiting for an answer, stepped inside the door. Her eyes leaped to the little rear window that looked up at hers. But she was acutely aware of other things in the small house. There was a pungent odor of lime in the air. An old gray-bearded Italian lay asleep, snoring, on a bench against the wall. On shelves, on benches, on boxes, sitting around everywhere, were plaster figures of all sizes and shapes and colors. On the sill of the rear window sat the can with the one red geranium bloom. In front of it stood the plaster figure whose face the young summer sun had lifted up to hers. Some queer feminine impulse, in the midst of her catastrophe, demanded that she notice how he was dressed—in a sheet-like garment, with a blue border, and wearing sandals. She broke into a hysterical giggle, instantly smothered with a sob.

Miss Willett's left arm relaxed, and the kitten slipped down upon the hard floor, scratching ragged furrows in her new dress as he went. The big woman, whimpering as if she were being beaten, leaned back against the door, patting at her mouth with her ring-gnarled fingers.

"O Jesus!" she whispered, pleading, holding out her arms to the plaster figure by the window—"Jesus! I did n't know! I did n't—"

And she backed out of the door and closed it softly and went home.

But somehow after that, Miss Willett's love for the Princess Bimberino seemed even to deepen and intensify, and there was in her handling of the veteran infant an immaculate, an almost agonized, wistful tenderness which, as Mr. Bimber said, "kept 'em comin' in droves, an' with their eyes shinin'."

Tea

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THEY 've flowers and cakes and candle-light, and chair by crowded chair,
And I am very sweet and kind because I do not care.
I think that I am hoping still if I am very good
And talk to these around me as a courteous lady should,
The room will softly split across, and roll to left and right,
With all its smiling pasteboard folks and colored things and light,
And let me run into the grass and climb a sunset hill
And find three hours, one year ago, when I was living still.

The March of Progress

By J. C. SQUIRE

CHRIST as yet was not even a prophecy, and the races that were to fight in the Trojan War had not reached the Mediterranean. It was the day of the sun-god's festival in the capital city of Atlantis, and since dawn the crowds in the streets had grown steadily denser, and all the roads leading in from the country districts had been choked with carts filled with holiday-makers and decorated with branches and fillets of wool. As midday approached, the multitudes of men and women who lined the miles of the Temple Way, each clad in white and wearing the yellow disk which was the sun's symbol, hung by a chain around the neck, were pressed together to the point of suffocation, and the chatter of their voices made a noise like that of rolling waves. The sun-god himself burned fiercely from a quivering sky, pale toward the zenith, but very blue over the flat roofs and the trees. The Temple Way was straight and broad, and paved with wide, white blocks of marble; and the erect soldiers, spears at rest, whose motionless, brass-protected bodies kept back the heaving masses behind, could, when they turned their heads, see at the far southern end of it the massive square buildings of the temple. And behind the temple rose the middle and upper courses of a gleaming white pyramid as high as a small hill.

On that pyramid, at the third hour after noon, the high priest was to cut with an obsidian knife the throats of six young men and six girls. According to custom, these had been selected from among the most physically perfect of their age in the whole empire of Atlantis. Their flesh would be cut; they would bleed to death on that high altar; their bodies would be burned; and the day would end.

Three men stood on a balcony over the tall portico of a villa overlooking the tumult. The heavy, square pillars of the portico, covered with bright geometrical patterns, stood right on the road; the other sides of the house were surrounded by a large garden full of trees. Two of the men were middle-aged, one tall, lean, and determined-looking, the other shorter and corpulent; but the third was a youth. His dark hair was tossed back from a bony face, his eyes were deep-set and intense, and his lips broad and sensitive. Thousands of the little faces below turned up toward them, for they were well-known and of the nobility; but they themselves looked out over the roaring crowds and the broad road that drove far to the left and right with eyes for no person in the scene. All the city except only the public buildings was of one-storied houses; trees were plentiful; in the distance, to the south, was the great group of the temple-buildings; to the east the horizon was cut by the line of the monolith that stood in the royal gardens; and in the haze of the distance straight in front of them, over the miles of roofs and a short interval of plain, they could just see a gleam or two of water and a dark little patch that they knew to be the assembled masts of hundreds of ships in the port. In the splendid light the panorama was opulent, settled, inspiring. It looked as though nothing could disturb it. The tall man grasped the parapet with his hands, and his gaze ranged the prospect with an energetic complacency.

"Well, Colcan," he said to the young man, "we of Atlantis have something to be proud of. Civilization can scarcely go much further."

Colcan, the poet, was leaning on his elbows, looking at the unending crowds with an expression that was hardly as happy as the occasion justified. He did not turn while he replied quietly:

"Yes, Bardath, ours is an active race," and as he resumed his reverie, his companion looked significantly at the stouter man, whose face was now wet with the

heat. They were fond of their young friend, but they both knew that he disapproved of many things, and probably of this; for he was eccentric, and unwilling to think like other men.

Their guess was correct. Colcan, the poet, his chin on his hands, was shuddering at the gaiety of the city. He thought of that awful procession which would soon come into sight, and pass below and on to the end of the way: the chariots, the files of bearded priests, the king leading his white horse, and then, with the high priest at their head, the lonely little company of victims with hopelessness in their eyes. It seemed strange to him that as a boy he had come every year with his parents and watched the pageant with delight. Then—in what year he did not remember—some change had happened in his brain; and the agony of each ensuing year's festival had left behind it a sediment of continual unrest and occasional acute pain. How incredible it was! These kindly thousands, these sedate functionaries, this ordered civilization, with all its complex machinery of subsistence, law, and custom—how incredible that it should all be in essence a conspiracy the crown of whose achievement was this ritual of torture and murder! One year, when the silence of the passing victims was on the crowd, he had heard a sudden shriek and a hubbub, and then there had been a surge of the crowd to his left. "Poor woman! Her son must have been taken," whispered the people around him; and then the murmurs of compassion had faded away in the cheering that greeted the African elephants that, with the royal archers on their backs, cumbrously towered along at the rear of the procession. That mother's torment was unforgetable. Probably she was dead now, and her griefs did not matter: but here was the eternal infamy going on, the same blind acceptance, the same consecration of unspeakably bestial cruelty, the same immeasurable stupidity. He was sick at heart as he thought of it, and as the sound of beaten gongs rumbled from the distance he rose, said he was going into the garden, and left his companions alone to watch the pageant.

Colcan, the poet, descended a short stair, crossed a courtyard, and passed under a gateway to a terrace of veined agate that overlooked the garden. No birds were singing, the trees were hushed in the heat, and above the less-aggressive clamor of the crowd there penetrated to his ears the ever-approaching fury of the holy gongs. The clanging swelled and swelled until it smote his ears like blows. Then it passed, receded, and diminished toward its goal. Colcan shivered, and felt like vomiting. The doomed were moving toward their end. Their white faces and dragging feet were nearing the temple; high above them, if they had still the power to look up, they could now see the immense, dominating face of the pyramid, the converging line of the climbing steps, and, where the summit pricked the sky, the tiny square jut made by the slab of the huge altar. As once more he saw in his mind the fainting bodies in an inescapable machine, the venerable priest, the binding, the incantation, the swift slice of the knife, the blood jetting over the stone, he sprang up and began walking feverishly to and fro, with his palms pressed over his ears and his forehead sweating.

He had sat down again when Bardath and Môl stepped out from the house. Suppressed excitement had exhausted them. They lay down on two divans, and Bardath called for cooling drinks and fans. He and Môl remained for some minutes in languid silence; they refreshed their eyes with the fountain and the inky green of the cedars, and turned occasionally to scrutinize the face of their companion. He sat looking into an imaginary distance. At last Bardath spoke:

"I suppose, Colcan," he said, "that you are still brooding over what you will call the iniquity of human sacrifice?"

Colcan, in a polite, but agitated, tone, said that he was. Then his anguish forced its way out. His eyes suddenly flashed at Bardath.

"What else do you call it?" he cried fiercely. He contracted his eyes. "Oh, it 's horrible!" he gasped. "I feel unclean."

Bardath looked at him whimsically and a little paternally.

"My good Colcan," he remarked, "do not distress yourself so. There are worse things in the world than this. It is a beautiful day. Have something to drink."

"Yes," said Môl, "that 's what you want."

Colcan, with his mouth drawn and his hands trembling, stood up and faced them.

"I implore you," he said; "you do not know how brutal you are being and how men like you hold things back. I ask you, do you dare to imagine what these victims to-day have gone through?"

"I prefer not to," said Bardath, raising his knee to adjust the strap of his sandal. "At any rate, it is all over now."

"Oh, no," cried the young man again, "it is n't all over. It 's going on. The air is infected by it. We all reek of it. The state is built on it. It is one great edifice of murder. And as for us," he went on bitterly, "we don't even believe it does any good. We simply let this horror go on and on, and we don't know what it 's for. We don't even believe in the gods."

Môl's puffy face turned red, and he frowned.

"Please don't get so excited, Colcan," he said. "I sympathize with you to some extent, but you need not be blasphemous."

Their two solid figures, grouped together, suddenly seemed to Colcan to typify all the evil of the world. He felt a fire inside him.

"Oh," he thought, "my God! my God! I hate you both! You filthy beasts!" Then he checked himself, and in a voice which his self-restraint made tremble, said, "Would *you,* Bardath, if you were making a world, put *this* into it?"

Bardath was a considerate man, but he had the courage of his convictions.

"Yes, Colcan, I should," he said. "Death has to come to us all some time, and the mere infliction of death is nothing. And it is my belief that human character is such that familiarity with death and pain is the only thing which can keep it from softening into indolence and decay. The emotions of the sacrifice and the slight risk of exposure to it that each of us takes in his youth have an incalculably strengthening effect. I believe that the whole power of Atlantis, and ultimately the welfare of all mankind, is founded upon this institution which your hypersensitiveness cannot stomach."

Fat Môl was rather a sentimental man. He, too, had had his moments of doubt, and he possessed few theories. He cleared his throat and, failing to look either of his friends in the face, said:

"I don't know about that, Bardath. Suffering is very terrible, and I admit with Colcan that human sacrifice has its seamy side. All I say is that it always has been and always will be. So we had better get all the benefit of it that we can."

The sunset withered, the after-light waned, and the breeze of evening twice swished in the garden trees. In the royal palace the slaves were already arranging couches for the hundreds of guests who were expected at the banquet which once a year, on the day of this solemn festival, was given in honor of the foundation and preservation of the city and of the awful rites with which from remotest time the favor of the gods had been secured. The populace, that happy evening, also celebrated after their manner, and the three friends, sitting on their terrace, could hear the beginnings of the night's merriment in the neighboring streets; and they knew that in countless homes the lamps were being lighted and the tables spread, and the children, allowed for once to stay up, were laughing and chattering in expectation of the cutting of the ceremonial cake with a wooden model of the sacrificial knife. It grew dark. The three men rose. Bardath and Môl were going to the banquet, and retired to make themselves ready.

But the poet Colcan walked away out

of the city into the fields. The noise grew fainter behind him, the stars brighter over his head; and he walked until he came to a hill which hid the lights of the town, and he was alone in a dark, wide place under the star-scattered heaven. His heart swelled painfully because of the horror of the things that had been done since morning; and worst of all, perhaps, to him was not the agony of the poor victims who, like their murderers, accepted their fate as part of the eternal order of nature, but the blindness and callousness of those who could inflict such suffering, could calmly mutilate, or watch while others did so, the bodies of bound and helpless human beings. In truth he could not deny that his countrymen, from princes, magistrates, and priests downward, were not all ogres: he remembered Gorco, the amiable old high priest, who had often patted his head and encouraged his studies when he was a boy. What appalling curse had been spoken over the cradle of the race that such frightful perversity of unconsciousness should afflict it? What end could any god achieve by it? Why did not heaven extirpate mankind at once and have done with it? What was the use of anything while such brutality was general and remained unquestioned? Could any gods exist at all?

As he walked, the briskness of the exercise, the coolness of the wind, and the consoling company of the quiet night calmed him, and he fell imperceptibly into a milder and happier train of thought. He dreamed of a day when the eyes of civilized mankind would be opened; when the streets of a later Atlantis would know nothing of the great pyramidical altar, and a more enlightened priesthood would look back in uncomprehending disgust on the sacrificial knife. It was a wild dream, and he knew it. Did human nature ever really change? Was there, in fact, any hope at all that an institution so ancient and hallowed as the altar of blood would ever be abandoned? He knew he was dreaming, but it comforted him to dream; and deep in his mind was a conviction, based on nothing more than the strength of his own longing, that what ought to come must come.

Centuries before Homer was born they buried Colcan. He had reached a great age: his songs were sung throughout the length and breadth of Atlantis; the peasants sang them at harvest-time, and the sailors as they pulled at their ropes. The Government built him a large tomb by the sea's edge, and as a special tribute to his fame and as a solace to his shade they killed a young girl at the doorway of the tomb.

When a few more kings had reigned, the earth trembled, and an immense tidal wave swept over the whole continent of Atlantis and submerged it.

Insomnia

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

A HUMAN drift that from day's pounding deep
Seeks anodyne upon a lotus strand,
Striving with vain endeavorings to land,
To moor a little while his beaten bark;
Hopeless at last, a derelict of the dark,
Surf-baffled from the pleasant shores of sleep.

CURRENT COMMENT

Loyalty and Language

GERMAN solidarity in the United States has brought us great benefits. It has focused upon us a splendid culture and the most coherent philosophy of social well-being in the world to-day. It has set up German ideals as better than our own, and often they are. But it has its vulnerable points.

The language of this country is not German, never will be German; but that it is English does not mean that we are a mere province of English culture. We have fought England twice, and we have a right to claim that language as our own. Not till German-Americans have fought *their* fatherland can they lay title to such independence. Yet in this country of general English speech hundreds of thousands of Germans are continuing to use their own language not only as a matter of convenience, but as a matter of principle. That is the real rock on which their divided loyalty splits. The German-language press is by far the most powerful foreign press in this country; it is the only foreign press which substantially represents the views of a major European power. Russian subjects coming here read a press frankly revolutionary; Italians, Greeks, and Scandinavians have a press entirely unaffected by home-controlled objects; the French, Belgians, and Dutch are negligible factors in our population. The case of the Germans is unique.

German is not merely a language; it is a propaganda. Men like Professor Münsterberg constantly hold American civilization up to scorn for being wedded to English, and the German societies in Hoboken have often urged their members to speak German in all their dealings, to force its importance on the American mind in every way possible. This is the attitude of a belligerent German minority, and that minority controls the German movements in this country. It is a situation which does not exist, could not exist, in any other country in the world. No Polish papers applaud "Polish-German" doings in German Posen; little Polish boys are whipped for even speaking Polish in the schools. French in Alsace-Lorraine and Danish in Schleswig-Holstein are similarly hindered by innumerable patient restrictions. The German cultural conquest in Austria-Hungary has been marked with one long, continuous policy of language discrimination. No one knows better than the Germans themselves the kinship of language and loyalty.

We cannot suppress German papers, as the Germans would do if they were in our place. But we can insist in our private capacity as citizens that Germans long enough in this country to learn English shall speak English, shall think English, like other Americans. We must make German-Americans who speak English know what we think of them for relying for their politics solely on papers published in a language foreign to this country. We must make it absolutely clear that no single factor is hindering Americanism so much as the German language. In the future we must become a one-idealed, one-languaged, one-loyaltied people.

The Poe Portrait—a Final Statement

WITH reference to Mr. J. H. Whitty's letter in the August issue, concerning Miss Shepherd's portrait of Poe, THE CENTURY wishes to state that the editors have seen the will of Louisa G. Allan, and can verify Mrs. W. R. Pryor's claim to have received a great many things by that will; and that Mrs. Allan's personal effects were not sold at auction. THE CENTURY is also satisfied that the testimony concerning Mrs. Allan in the will case mentioned by Mr. Whitty was false, and apologizes for its appearance in the magazine.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

If Gray Had Had to Write His Elegy in the Cemetery of Spoon River instead of in that of Stoke Poges

By J. C. SQUIRE

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The whippoorwill salutes the rising moon,
And wanly glimmer in her gentle ray
The sinuous windings of the turbid Spoon.

Here where the flattering and mendacious swarm
Of graven epitaphs their secrets keep,
At last incapable of further harm
The lewd forefathers of the village sleep.

The earliest drug of half-awakened morn,
Cocaine or hashish, strychnine, poppy-seeds,
Or fiery produce of fermented corn
No more shall start them on the day's misdeeds.

For them no more the whetstone's cheerful noise;
No more the sun, upon his daily course,
Shall watch them savoring the genial joys
Of murder, bigamy, arson, and divorce.

Here they all lie. And, as the hour is late,
O stranger, o'er their tombstones cease to stoop,
But bow thine ear to me and contemplate
The unexpurgated annals of the group.

There are two hundred only; yet of these
Some thirty died of drowning in the river,
Sixteen went mad, ten others had D.T.'s,
And twenty-eight cirrhosis of the liver.

Several by absent-minded friends were shot,
Still more blew out their own exhausted brains,
One died of a mysterious inward rot,
Three fell off roofs, and five were hit by trains.

One was harpooned, one gored by a bull-moose,
Four on the Fourth fell victims to lockjaw,
Ten in electric chair or hempen noose
Suffered the last exaction of the law.

Stranger, you quail, and seem inclined to run;
But, timid stranger, do not be unnerved.
I can assure you that there was not one
Who got a tithe of what he had deserved.

Some poor bucolic Borgia here may rest
Whose poisons sent whole families to their doom,
Some hayseed Herod who, within his breast,
Concealed the sites of many an infant's tomb.

Types that the Muse of Masefield might have stirred,
Or waked to ecstasy Gaboriau,
Each in his narrow cell at last interred,
All—all are sleeping peacefully below.

Enough, enough! But, stranger, ere we part,
Glancing farewell to each nefarious bier,
This warning I would beg you take to heart:
"There is an end to even the worst career."

Salt River Anthology

By CAROLYN WELLS

ALICE BEN BOLT

I COULD N'T help weeping with delight
When the boys kissed me and called me sweet.
It was foolish, I know,
To weep when I was glad;
But I was young and I was n't very well.
I was nervous, weak, and anemic,
A sort of human mimosa; and I had n't much brains,
And my mind would n't jell, anyhow.
That 's why I trembled with fear when they frowned.
But they did n't frown often,
For I was sweetly pretty and most pliable.
But, oh, the grim joke of asking Ben Bolt if he remembered me!
Me!
Why, it was Ben Bolt who—
Well, never mind. He paid for this granite slab,
And it 's as stylish as any in the churchyard.
But I wish I had a more becoming shroud.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

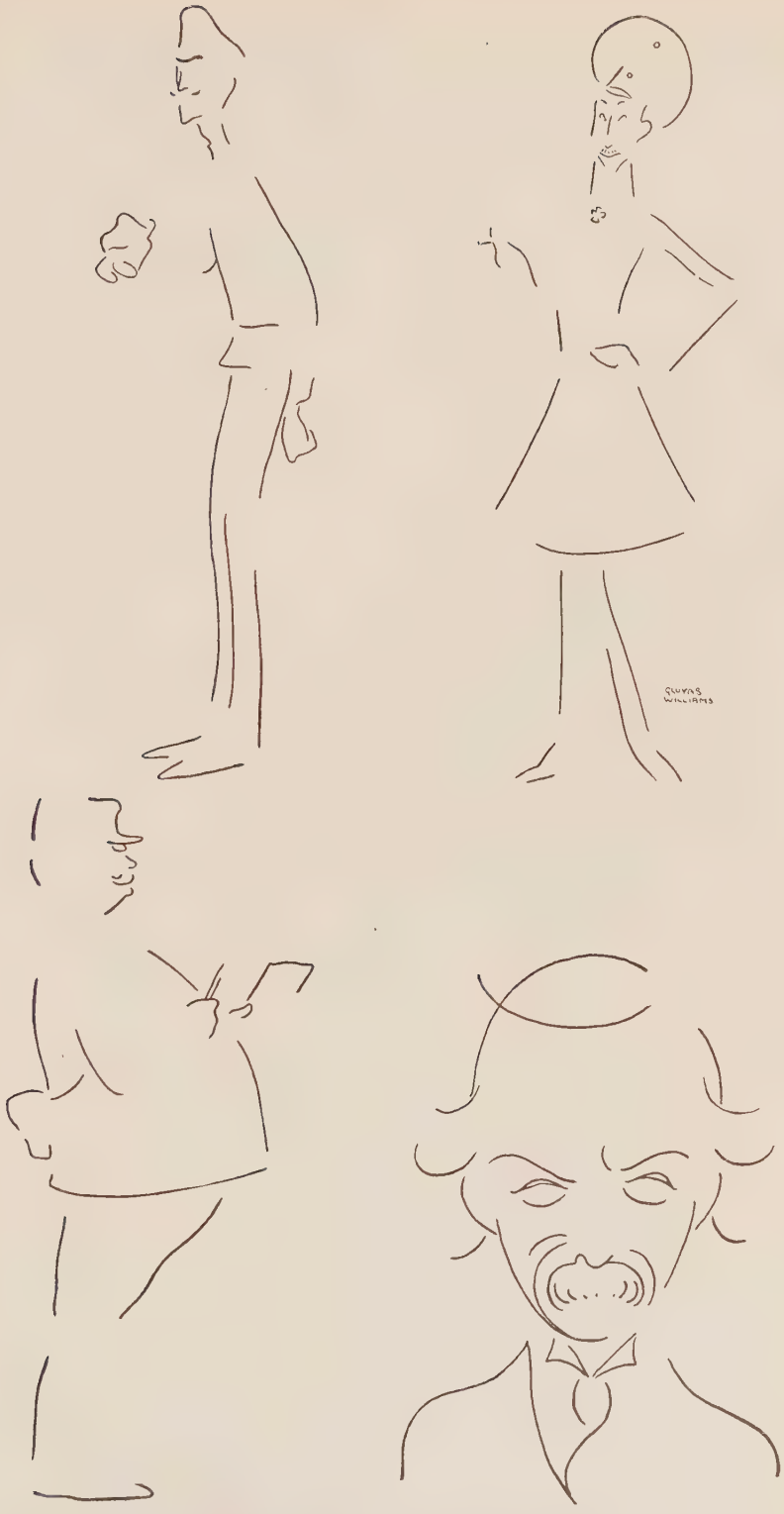
I WAS one of those long, lanky, loose-jointed girls
Who fool people into believing
They are willowy and psychic and mysterious.
I was always hungry; I never ate enough to satisfy me,
For fear I 'd get fat.
Oh, how little the world knows of the bitterness of life
To a woman who tries to keep thin!
Many thought I died of a broken heart,
But it was an empty stomach.
Then Mr. Rossetti wrote about me.
He described me all dolled up in some ladies' wearing apparel
That I wore at a fancy ball.
I had fasted all day, and had had my hair marcelled
And my face corrected.
And I *was* a dream.
But he seemed to think he really saw me,
Seemed to think I appeared to him after my death.
Oh, fudge!
Those spiritualists are always seeing things!

ENOCH ARDEN

YES, it was the eternal triangle,
Only they did n't call it that then.
Of course everybody thought I was all broken up
When I found Annie wed to Philip,
But, as a matter of fact,
I did n't care so much;
For she was one of those self-starting weepers,
And a man can't stand blubbering all the time.
And, then, of course,
When I was off on that long sea trip—
Oh, well, you know what sailors are.

LITTLE EVA

To be honest,
I did n't mind dying,
For I had
One of these here now
Dressy deaths.
It was staged, you know,
And, like Samson,
My death brought down the house.
I was a smarty kid,
And they were less frequent then than later.
Oh, I was the Mary Pickford of my time,
And I rest content
With my notoriety.



Four Conspicuous Europeans

Indicated by Gluyas Williams

"He loved her all the more for her girlish impetuosity"

None but the Brave

Our Patent Summer Story

After the Manner of Numerous Authors in Numerous Magazines

By E. L. Mc KINNEY

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

LEON VINCENT was a man's man. His was a powerful pair of shoulders and a wiry muscular body, and yet on it all a man's brain and a man's point of view. He was the sort of man who struck one. Coming to Harvard from an obscure night school in Kansas, he had worked his way through the university by serving as steward in one of the fashionable "frats"; and in so determined a fashion had he surmounted obstacle after obstacle that when he was graduated with highest honors a few years later he was the best hurdler on the track-team, the leader of the banjo-club, the most-feared full-back on the foot-ball-team, and by common consent the most popular fellow in his class. Despite this, there was nothing he said or did even to suggest it.

Commencement day, with its gay "proms" and "spreads," had come and gone, and now Leon was earning enough

money to send his mother to South America for her health by waiting on the table at the Ugottahunch Inn in the beautiful Blue Mountains. The position was galling indeed to the pride of such as Leon. Often a thoughtless word from one of the rich young guests would send the color surging to the roots of his hair, and one encounter between him and Gerald de Gennerett, the fashionable young New-Yorker, was the talk of the hotel. "Waiter," Gerald had cried,—Gerald had been drinking,—"bring me a hard-boiled egg." Leon had been on the point of replying fittingly to this caddish remark, but at the thought of his mother in South America he had bitten his lip firmly and resolutely, and walked coolly out of the room in the direction of the hen-house.

Now Leon stood on the serving-porch tuning the finger-bowls, and he looked resentfully in the direction of the tennis-court, where Allina Carbert was playing with Gerald de Gennerett. He could hear "Fifteen-love," "Thirty-love," "Forty-love," and "Game!" in Allina's clear falsetto, and Gerald's hearty cries of "Love-fifteen," "Love-thirty," "Love-forty," and "Game." Leon put away the furniture-polish, wiped his hands on his waiter's apron, and dragged himself up the twelve long flights that led to his room.

When blue, Leon resorted to music, for he loved music. He had loved the violoncello ever since he could distinguish it from a second violin. In college the president, or "prexie," as the students af-

"In an instant more Leon had Allina in the canoe, and was mopping her wet face with his hands"

fectionately styled him, on his nightly rounds among the dormitories became familiar with the vibrous pizzicato from Leon's room. After a while he learned to skip that dormitory altogether.

To-day Leon took off the green flannel covering tenderly, and played Bach's "Aria in A." It soothed him somehow, and he wandered into Beethoven's "Barcarolle in B," and then into Cavalieri's "Cantata Sotto Voce ma non Troppo in C." He would gladly have drifted along to Dostoyevsky's "Fandango Spifflicato in F-sharp," but it was an old-fashioned instrument, and many of the finest gems were out of its range.

A splash of oars made him look toward the boat-house, and he saw that Allina and Gerald had finished their game and were off for a paddle. He scrutinized Gerald carelessly—a sleek young man, with shifty eyes and nicotine-tinged fingers, whose cane and wrist-watch showed him to be the darling of fashion that he was. There was something about him that Leon did not fancy.

Allina gave him her hand, stepped lightly on the gunwale of the boat, and nestled comfortably in the stern as Gerald tossed off the painter and leaped in. She was carrying his ukulele. Leon concluded they were to have music. He picked up his "cello," as he affectionately styled it, and dashed down-stairs to the boat-house.

Allina Carbert was of a type often seen, but rarely understood. Inconsequential and extravagant, she had at the same time in the back of her head a bit of old-fashioned practical common sense. She had discussed Platonic love with Leon. He had listened reflectively. He had read the "Oxford Book of English Verse" to her, and she had said it contained some lovely things. Together they had perused Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and Roget's "Thesaurus." He had come to the conclusion that, after all, there was more to the girl.

Arriving now in the boat-house, he slipped on his sweater, for he was a college man and proud of the fact, and placing his cello in a canoe, was soon progressing in easy, graceful strokes that bespoke his training on the Varsity eight. On reaching Blanchard Bay he anchored his frail craft. A few minutes later "The Angel's Serenade" might have been heard, played as never before. Leon had often played it beneath Allina's window on chilly evenings, and she had thrown him a cyclamen that she kept in a glass of water on her dressing-table. Once she had forgotten to empty out the water. He loved her all the more for her girlish impetuosity.

Suddenly a cry rent the air, and Leon turned, to see a canoe, carried by the wind, sweep by him, with Gerald clinging frantically to the keel. Over his shoulder he saw Allina's form struggling in the water. It was the work of an instant to loosen his collar and send his canoe driving in her direction. He threw himself against the paddle and cried to her to have courage. At the same instant there was a sharp crack, and the paddle snapped like a wand in his hand. A despairing wail from Allina showed that she had seen it. She threw up her hands and went down.

With a jerk, Leon pulled himself together. There was absolutely no time for anything but immediate action. He snatched up his cello, as he fondly termed it, swung it twice about his head, and flung it spinning toward the inert form of the girl now battling for her life. She saw it coming, stretched out her hands, and seized it as the water closed over her head for the third time. All this happened in less time than it takes to tell it, but not too quickly for the girl to catch a glimpse of Gerald de Gennerett on the shore. The test of courage had come, and found him wanting, and now he stood trembling on the beach, shaking with fright, and hopping on alternate feet to get the water out of his ears.

In an instant more Leon had Allina in the canoe, and was mopping her wet face with his hands. After a while she opened her eyes. Then she closed them again.

"Leon," she murmured as the damp golden curls sank on his shoulder—"Leon, let 's—let 's go back to the boat-house."

Finance and Banking

By H. V. CANN

ACCORDING to the estimate of a leading economist, internal trade of the United States in 1913 was four hundred and seventy billions of dollars. An article published in the "Annalist" last January placed the total for 1915 at five hundred and seven billions. These figures have gone unchallenged, although they show an average trade of over five thousand dollars for every man, woman, and child in the land. The estimates appear to be in improbable proportion to the total income-tax on the number of contributors thereto, yet, as will be suggested later, they shed an interesting side-light upon any study of the question whether or not the development of trade acceptances would prove helpful in the economic life and workable in the banking system of this country.

A trade acceptance is a time draft drawn by the seller of goods upon the buyer, the latter having accepted the bill by writing his name across its face. This negotiable instrument was in daily use among previous generations of American merchants and bankers, and in other countries it is to-day and always has been the common way of financing trade obligations. A growing practice abroad, which has recently been adopted here, is for bankers to come between buyers and sellers and accept drafts representing domestic trade in the way that they have long been accustomed to accept bills arising out of foreign trade. American merchants gradually gave up the use of drafts in domestic trade, and for many years have sold goods on open account. That is to say, the seller charges goods on his ledger to the buyer, whose books in turn show a corresponding credit to the seller. Such accounts remain open until payment is made. If the seller needs money to carry the transaction, he borrows from a bank on his single-name note.

During the last year or so prominent bankers, credit associations, and a few commercial houses have strongly urged a reversion to trade drafts. The movement has aroused general interest among business people throughout the country. Its supporters put forth many claims in favor of such practice, a number of which are unanswerable arguments. Briefly stated, the broad and undeniable advantages of the draft system would be: the creation from book accounts of a supply of bankable paper available as a basis for issues of currency; that two-name trade drafts would be safer and more liquid in a banker's portfolio than single-name notes; that better knowledge of a borrower's position and discretion in credits would come to a bank through discounting trade drafts instead of direct notes; that legal proceedings are simpler with drafts than open accounts. Some advocates make other claims more or less theoretical and unconvincing, such as these: drafts would reduce losses, correct trade discounts, lessen the tendency to overbuy, and so on.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of drafts and their long and proved usefulness in other countries, it must be admitted that they have fallen into disuse, if not into actual disfavor, in the United States. To find an explanation of this it is necessary to consider conditions which are peculiar to American commerce and banking. The marked preference for open accounts may be the result of a number of causes: the general wealth of the manufacturers and merchants, the vast amount of cash sales, the tendency to shorter credits, the trade discounts, the wide knowledge of credit risks, and, more than any other, the banking system. Examining these suggestions in order, it will be found that a great part of the production and distribution of merchandise in America is done by corporations possessed of assets which dwarf the resources of most of the banks. They buy for cash, pay when it suits their convenience, and do not accept drafts; commanding all the necessary cap-

ital, it is simpler for them to sell on open account. Then there are the chains of stores, the department stores, and a host of moderately rich manufacturers and traders, in all, a far larger number of well-rated business men than in any other country. Buying for cash is the rule among such concerns, and their credit in general on single-name paper is solidly established.

A rough idea of the volume of cash trading may be had by going back to the economists' estimates and comparing their figures of the whole domestic trade with the total loans and discounts of all the banks and trust companies. The loans and discounts are about seventeen billion dollars; not all trade paper, of course, but the figures will serve as an illustration. If the average term of credit were, say, three months, the total multiplied by four would show sixty-eight billions of dollars to be the amount of time credit financed in one year by the banks. Thus, according to the estimates quoted, it would appear that time credit in the banks is required for less than one seventh of the domestic trade. Allowances may be made for anything misleading in the estimates and still leave a total internal trade enormously greater than the volume of trade paper. Where American business is not done for cash the terms of credit are as a rule shorter than in other countries. Wholesale trade is conducted over great distances, which, considered with the short time the debts are outstanding, probably makes open accounts more convenient. The cash discount has become deeply rooted. A buyer having the option of taking profitable discounts by settling bills at any convenient period within ten, thirty, or sixty days will be slow to forego that privilege by accepting a draft payable at a fixed time without discount. Trade discounts, notwithstanding abuses, do accomplish their object, namely, shorter credits. Those persons who indulge in sharp practice with cash discounts would not be reformed by dealing with drafts instead of open accounts. They could be just as troublesome and unfair in either case.

The quality of a bank's commercial loans should be judged not so much upon the form of advances, be it on trade acceptance, single-name note, or even overdraft, but rather upon the integrity, experience, prudence, ability, and capital of the debtor. The ten per cent. limit imposed by Section 5200 of the Bank Act obliges the large borrower to place his paper in a number of banks, all of whom must be posted on his financial standing; consequently, credit investigations are made here in greater detail than in any other country. The system has developed commercial agencies, note brokers, credit associations, and private investigators. All these and the banks and the different lines of trade exchange advices and opinions very freely. Thus definite information concerning risks is readily available. The borrower who has a good record and can show what has come to be regarded as a standard percentage of liquid assets can readily obtain credit on open account from merchants or from banks on single-name notes.

Conditions are different abroad. Banks are few in number, but possess large capital and operate many branches. Borrowers deal with one or two banks only, and their financial standing is publicly known only in a general way. Figures are not customary. It is natural, therefore, that foreign sellers should follow old custom and require acceptances. In Canada the banks are granting more direct loans than in former times, and this to some extent curtails the volume of trade drafts discounted. As more borrowers there attain undoubted financial standing, direct loans will probably increase because of their convenience.

Note-brokers in the United States, through their enormous business in commercial paper, occupy an important and influential position between the banks and the business public. They operate branch offices in the leading money centers of the

(*Continued on page 51 following*)

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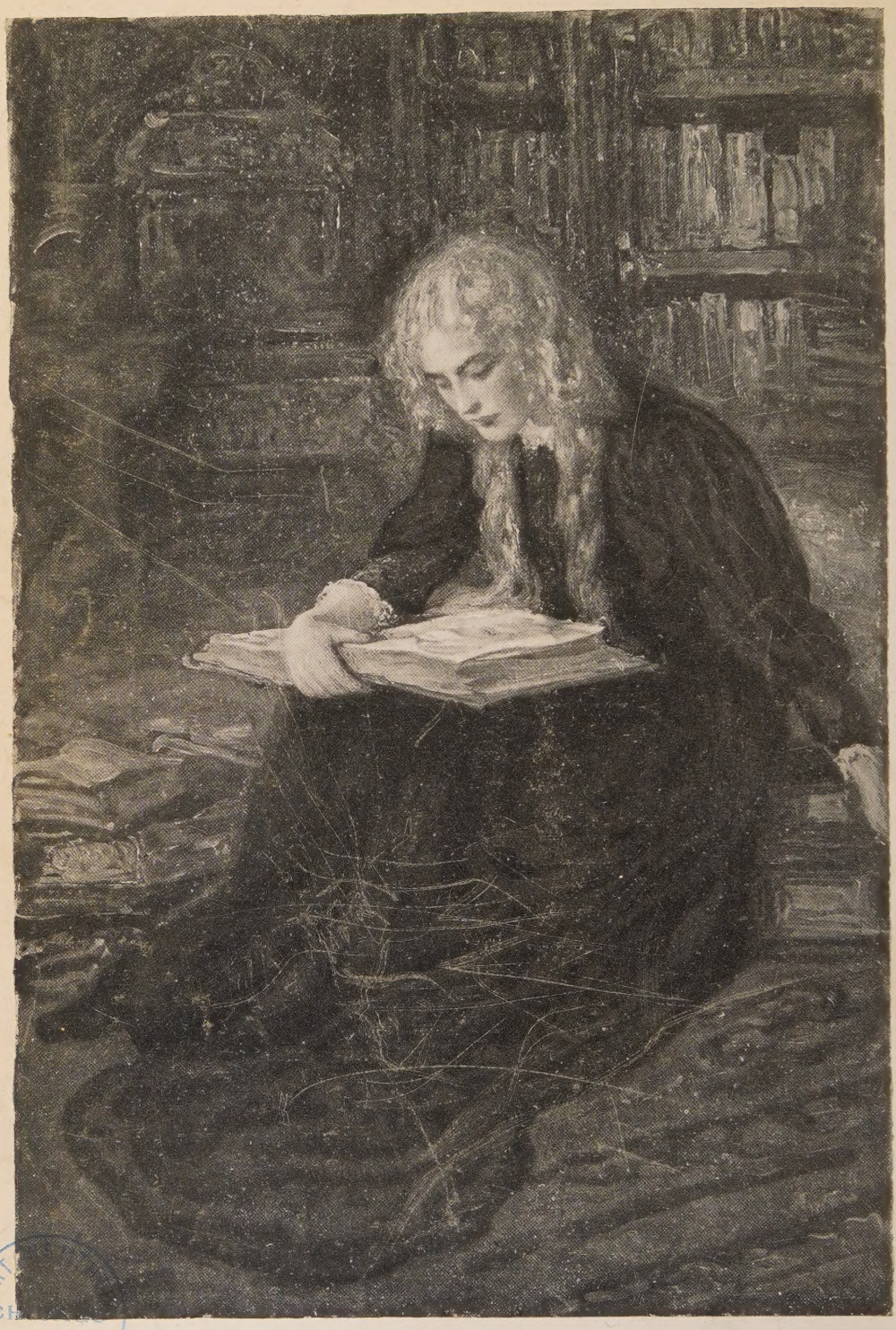

Romola

Painted by Sigismond de Ivanowski

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